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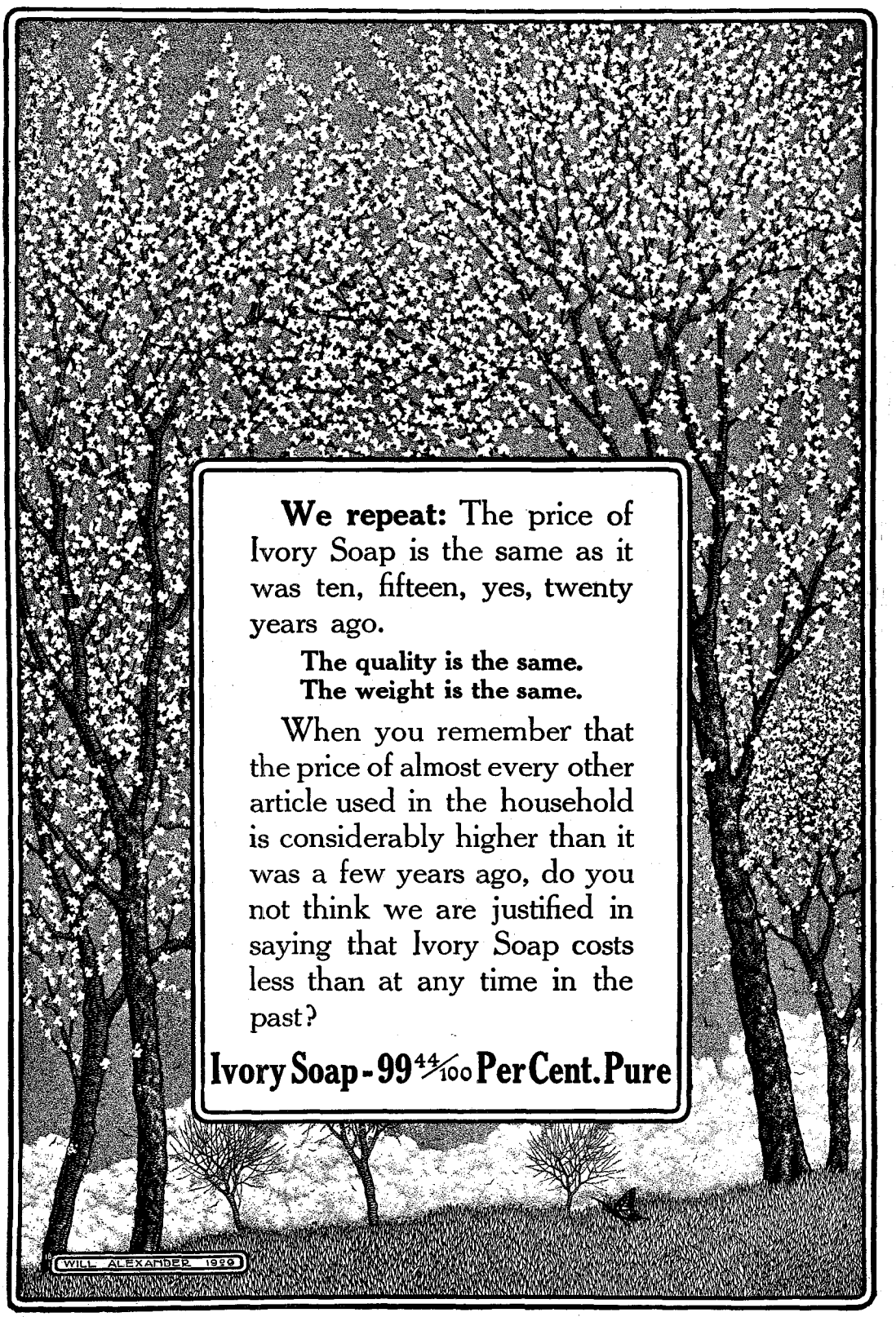
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The Outlook

MARCH 25, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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THE CORPORATION TAX

Last week the United States Supreme Court unanimously affirmed the constitutionality of the Corporation Tax Law. The law was passed in August, 1909, as a section of the Payne Tariff Bill, and is one of the features of that bill which The Outlook heartily commended at the time of its passage, believing that it went far to compensate the country for some of the manifest defects of the Payne Tariff Law. Its proposal by President Taft and its passage by Congress excited an unusual volume of public comment and consideration. An examination of the files of The Outlook shows that the law, the principles involved, and its probable effect upon the country were discussed with unusual fullness in these pages for a period covering many weeks; its constitutionality was both attacked and defended by distinguished contributors to The Outlook. The fact is worth mentioning because it is an interesting commentary upon the calm acceptance by the American people of a decision by the Supreme Court of a question regarding which they have displayed the most vital and heated differences of opinion. The constitutionality of the law was attacked before the Supreme Court on the ground that it is an income or direct tax; that it discriminates unjustly between corporations and partnerships; that it interferes with the power of the separate States over the corporations which they create by taxing a State-given franchise; and that by making public the earnings and expenses of corporations it is a dangerously inquisitorial law. On these main grounds, as well as others less important, the Court decided unanimously against the objectors. In brief paraphrase of the opinion of Justice Day, it may be said that the Federal Government may lay an excise tax on special forms of doing business; that the corporation is such a special form; and as to publicity, the Government has the right to adopt such methods as will enable it efficiently to collect the tax. Under the law $27,000,000 in taxes was collected last year. But the revenue feature forms, in our judgment, the least important part of the law. Its important feature is that it provides a means by which publicity of accounting and Government supervision are assured in the regulation of industry by law.

TWO GOVERNORS—A CONTRAST

Governor Dix, of New York, and Governor Wilson, of the neighboring State of New Jersey, present a contrast that is not merely entertaining to students of politics, but is also instructive to the voter. Both Governors belong to the same party; but in every other respect they are antipodal. Governor Dix is a "business man" of the "practical" type, not given to saying much, not able to express himself very clearly except on matters of finance and investment, not a student of social problems; a man whose ability was supposed to be in the direction of the management of administrative affairs. Governor Wilson, on the other hand, is the proverbial "scholar in politics," a ready, witty, and forceful speaker, equipped with knowledge on a wide range of historical and political topics, and accustomed to draw upon that knowledge for the purposes of instruction—emphatically a student; a man whose administrative capacity has been tested principally in an academic environment. What is most interesting and significant is that the "scholar" avows his belief that a Governor should be a leader, and is showing

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his faith by his works; while the "practical man" is basing his acts on a theory, a doctrine, of non-interference, and is showing his disbelief by his passiveness. Several weeks ago Dr. Wilson brought about a settlement of the tangled Senatorial issue in his State. Last week he appeared before a conference of the Democratic members of the New Jersey Legislature, told them what he expected them to do with regard to a measure to which he was convinced the party was pledged, and announced that if they did not act in accord with his recommendation he would take the stump and lay the case before the people. The conference voted to support the measure. Governor Dix has pursued the opposite course, if indeed anything so stationary can be called a course at all. As in New Jersey, so in New York there has been a tangled Senatorial situation. Governor Dix, besieged on all sides, urged to exert his influence, declined for weeks to interfere in what he regards as the prerogatives of the Legislature. So serious did the deadlock become as an obstruction to legislation that Governor Dix, long after sides had been taken, animosities stirred up, and the wills of the legislators and their bosses hardened into obstinacy, attempted in an apologetic letter to express his disapproval of the candidate of his party's caucus. This letter was as effective as a pebble thrown against a cliff. Governor Dix has avowed his belief that he should not interfere with legislation. He has, however, had an acquaintance at work drafting measures which have not apparently had the approval of some of his own chosen official advisers. His theories regarding non-interference with the courts are like his theories regarding non-interference with the Legislature; yet he sent an unsealed letter to the District Attorney of New York County requesting him, on the eve of the highly important investigation into alleged financial irregularities in the Carnegie Trust Company, to consult the Attorney-General. This letter from the Governor was delivered to the District Attorney by counsel for the defendants! Governor Dix has explained that this letter was not intended to call off the District Attorney from his prosecution. Furthermore, Governor Dix invited the Tammany boss to Albany, with the Mayor of New York, in order to receive their advice on the Senatorial situation. Just what good it can do to a Governor whose theory is that he can do nothing we cannot surmise. The people of New York had ample opportunity to learn what kind of Governor Mr. Dix would make by his passive ante-election campaign. They had no right to expect him to be a leader. Like many another so-called "practical man," he is really an inert theorist. His neighbor, Dr. Wilson—the student, the scholar, the thinker—is the really "practical man," the real executive.

GOVERNOR BASS A REAL GOVERNOR

A Governor who, like Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, believes that the executive should be leader is the Hon. Robert Perkins Bass, of New Hampshire. The Legislature of that State is called the General Court. In Governor Bass's first message to the General Court he called its members' attention to the fact that the platforms of both parties demand Progressive legislation, hence that legislators are in honor bound to do all in their power to carry out each and every pledge made to the people of New Hampshire and indorsed by them. The session is now drawing to a close. Bills have been introduced to enact the promises made to the people. No one of the bills demanded by the people of New Hampshire has yet been passed, and the only one of these measures finally acted upon was defeated. Such a condition of things has aroused the indignation of New Hampshire citizens in general and of their Governor in particular. In a special message just issued he says that the lower house has passed seven of the ten important bills introduced, the other three being still under consideration; in contrast with this is the record of the Senate, the upper house, which has not yet passed one of the reform measures. "In the main," says Governor Bass, "the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties were in agreement, and the appeal of each party to the voters was that, by reason of its record and the character of its candidates, it could be relied upon better than the other party to enact into law the reforms in regard to which

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both agree. There is no doubt that the people of New Hampshire want the pledges of the platform redeemed." So far the Senate has frustrated the popular will to establish a Public Service Commission and a permanent Tax Commission to equalize taxation throughout the State and to make sure that certain corporations and companies shall bear their just share of taxation, to provide for workmen's compensation, and to provide for purity of elections. It is also interesting to note that Governor Bass has been one of the leaders in a movement included in the programme of the National Progressive Republican League to provide for the election of delegates to National Conventions under the Direct Primary Law; in this special message he again recommends it. The States of New Hampshire and New Jersey have as executives men who are also large enough to assume the full responsibility of leadership.

VIRGINIA VERSUS WEST VIRGINIA

The United States Supreme Court has now solved the arithmetical puzzle of how much of the Virginian debt West Virginia should bear. Of course West Virginia's claim was that it was not liable for any. But most opinions leaned the other way. The Supreme Court's did, unanimously. For Virginia had incurred a large outstanding bonded indebtedness largely through the influence of that part of the old Commonwealth now known as West Virginia. The money was to have been used for the development of that region, especially in the construction of railways, canals, and other avenues of commerce. Moreover, in the West Virginia Constitution it was agreed, as a part of the separation, that the new State should assume its equitable share of the debt. But the amount was never paid. It will be now. This taken for granted as an ultimate fact, the real question before the Court was as to the method of determining West Virginia's exact share of the debt. The Virginian contention has been to determine it on the basis of area and of population in 1861, when West Virginia parted company with the old Commonwealth. Not so the Supreme Court's view. The opinion, written by Mr. Justice Holmes and concurred in by all the other members of the Court, determines the share on the ratio of the assessed valuation of real and personal property in West Virginia to that of Virginia as it was returned for taxation in 1861. On this basis the Court found that Virginia should pay, after certain deductions were made, 76.5 per cent of the whole debt and West Virginia 23.5 per cent. The case is interesting for two reasons. First, its age. Ever since the Civil War Virginia has been endeavoring to obtain a settlement with her offspring. Second, the inter-State interest in the matter. As Justice Holmes said, this is no ordinary commercial suit, but a quasi-international difference. In deciding this case the Supreme Court has exercised a function which it has possessed since its establishment and which makes it the forerunner of the International Court at The Hague.

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY: THE CIVIL SERVICE

A quarter-century ago the ambition of politicians for power was gratified in two directions. First, they had the power of appointment to the public service. The result was that some pot-house politician at a country cross-roads was often rewarded for party service by being appointed to a position which he was generally grotesquely unable to grace. The increasing domination of civil service rules, however, has limited the spoilsman's power. In contrast with the previous age that power looks like the map of Turkey as it exists to-day compared with the map of Turkey as it existed three hundred years ago. A realization of this comes from a reading of the Federal Civil Service Commission's just-published annual report—its twenty-seventh. Twenty-seven years ago there would have been a general outcry of "revolutionary" at any such recommendation as President Taft's in asking for legislation to permit him to arrange in various classes for examination, not only the first, second, and third class postmasters, but also all local officers whose appointments are now subject to confirmation by the Senate. If these recommendations were to be adopted, the spoilsmen would have comparatively few "jobs"

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at their disposal. It is hardly necessary to state that the Commission joins the President in these recommendations. The most important actual change during the year was the classification by Executive order of assistant postmasters and of clerks in first and second class post-offices. The excellent results already shown by this reform will doubtless lend much strength to the recommendations above mentioned of the President and the Commission. Certainly the merit system is indispensable both to economy and to efficiency. These examinations require greater efficiency, and consequently a few efficient men can do the work formerly done by a larger number of comparatively inefficient men. Thus the examination system has promoted both economy and efficiency. At the same time it facilitates the extension of governmental activities to new fields because it furnishes the best practicable means of testing qualifications for scientific, technical, and professional work. A final result of the quarter of a century history is seen in the better spirit of co-operation on the part of administration officers and the public.

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY: APPROPRIATIONS

Despite the above facts the power of certain Representatives and Senators at Washington during the past quarter-century has in another direction continued to be greater than it should be. We refer to the control of money bills. During the session of the Congress just closed a billion and twenty-five million dollars were appropriated. Since this is within a million dollars of the estimate submitted by the Executive to Congress, it testifies to the success of the President's effort in requiring closer scrutiny of the estimates by his Cabinet officers and thus reducing those estimates by millions of dollars. When the estimates are laid before Congress, they are considered in the House of Representatives by no less than eight committees. This plan of divided responsibility was adopted in 1885 by a Democratic House. But we note that ever since that date there has been an abnormal growth of public expenditures. In no inconsiderable degree this is due, we believe, to this very plan of divided responsibility. In order to have proper economy and efficiency, the present plan should be reversed. The eight appropriating jurisdictions ought to be consolidated into a single committee, to be of sufficient size to be representative of all sections of the country and of every branch of the public service. Now that the Democrats are again in control of the House of Representatives, will they have the courage to undo the wrong done by them in 1885?

THE CRAWFORD NOTCH IN DANGER

The news from New Hampshire is disquieting. It was supposed that when the Weeks Bill passed Congress, providing for the acquirement of forested watersheds, the White Mountains would thenceforth be saved from any unnecessary ax. But such is not the case. The ax is already at work, and it is at work in perhaps the most exquisite spot in the mountains, namely, the Crawford Notch. Many a lover of that place will read with indignation that lumbermen have already begun cutting down the forests which clothe its slopes. Although the State of New Hampshire has been singularly slothful in proper attention to its own forest interests, it is agreeable to know that a bill is now before the Legislature authorizing the Governor and Council to take possession of the Notch under the right of eminent domain and appropriating the sum of $100,000. Opposition to the measure comes largely from those who do not realize that the Crawford Notch forests are a State asset, that in time they will pay not only all interest charges but also the principal. This statement, however, is not accepted by many New Hampshire folk. Some of them may be surprised to know that the people of their State receive no less than $16,000,000 annually from their forests. But the chances for the passage of a Crawford Notch bill are much brighter now that New Hampshire has in its Governor a man who has shown great energy and far-sightedness in forestry work. Certainly, if the State will do its duty in saving the Crawford Notch, the Federal Government will be more apt to do its share in saving the whole White Mountain region.

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MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES

Last week brought out little of a sensational nature as regards the concentrating of United States troops in Texas. The different bodies of the army set in motion by the order of the preceding week were rapidly brought into the camps at San Antonio and put into an effective condition for maneuvering on a large scale by brigades and divisions, while evident preparations also were made for guarding our southern border and thus to prevent any improper use of our territory by the insurgents in Mexico, or any illegal assistance to them from the American side of the line. A rather delicate question has arisen over the arrest of two young Americans who undoubtedly served in the army of insurrection. These young men are now imprisoned at Juarez; it is asserted by their friends that they were captured on American soil and practically kidnapped over the border; the Mexican authorities deny this, and claim that the young men were captured in Mexican territory. This raises an issue of fact and evidence, but there is little likelihood of strained relations between the two Governments, because both are anxious to deal with such subjects in a temperate and reasonable spirit. An indication of the increasing seriousness of the insurrection in Mexico has been the adoption by a permanent commission of the Mexican Congress of President Diaz's recommendation to suspend certain constitutional guarantees, and thus to make possible the immediate trial of men charged with the destruction of railway and telegraph lines, and those who burn or destroy property. The punishment of death may be applied after such an immediate trial. On their side, the insurrectos have issued a statement declaring that they are in arms for "a free Mexico and a fair election;" that President Diaz is not the real choice of the people; that the State of Chihuahua is practically in the hands of revolutionists, and that they expect to put ten thousand men in the field within a short time. *Per contra*, the Mexican Ambassador to Washington, Mr. de la Barra, thus describes the insurrection: "In the north, in a portion of the State of Chihuahua, some forces made up of malcontents who are against the local administration, without any military organization, properly speaking, keep up a guerrilla warfare in which they will soon be subdued by force of arms, notwithstanding the advantages that kind of warfare gives them in a mountainous country." The reports as to actual operations are contradictory, but apparently the insurrectos are very active in cutting railway communications, while there have been no engagements of any consequence since that at Casas Grandes referred to last week. Reports that further orders for the concentration of United States troops in Texas were about to be issued have been contradicted, and, apparently at the request of the Mexican Government, our Navy Department has withdrawn from Mexican waters the war-ships which had been directed to cruise along the Mexican coast and enter Mexican ports. Mr. Roosevelt's comment before the Toltec Club in El Paso last week expresses American sentiment exactly: "All the United States wishes to see in Mexico is prosperity; we wish to see it have the prosperity that means material well-being, industrial success, coupled with order, justice, and independence."

A PROPHETIC SPEECH

Sir Edward Grey, in the absence of the Premier acting as the leader of the English Government, recently made a speech in the House of Commons which has attracted very wide attention, and which may ten years hence take its place as an event of the first importance. In a debate on the British naval programme he called attention to the remarkable progress toward arbitration, but declared that a long step must still be taken before arbitration will reduce the expenditures for armaments. He declared that he should perhaps have thought it unprofitable to mention arbitration had it not been for the fact that "twice within the last twelve months the President of the United States has sketched out a step in advance more momentous than any one thing that any statesman in his position has ventured to say before. His words are pregnant with very far-reaching consequences. He recently made the statement that he does not see personally any reason why matters of national honor

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should not be referred to a court of arbitration; and he expressed the opinion that if the United States could negotiate a positive agreement with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court on every question that could not be settled by negotiation, no matter what was involved, a long step forward would be taken." Sir Edward declared that, in his judgment, a statement of this kind made by a man of Mr. Taft's position should not go without response, and added: "We should be delighted to receive such a proposal. I should feel it something so far-reaching in its consequences that it required not only the signature of both Governments, but the deliberately decided sanction of Parliament. That I believe would be obtained. . . . The great nations of the earth are in bondage, increasing bondage, and it is not impossible that in some of the future years they will discover, as individuals have discovered, that the law is a better remedy than force, and that, in all the time they have been in bondage, the prison door has been locked on the inside." These statements, made with great impressiveness of manner by the leader for the moment of the English Government, were received with applause. Mr. Balfour, speaking for the Unionists, declared that the party would cordially co-operate with the Government in such a reception of proposals looking to a permanent arbitration between the two Governments. The English press generally has spoken of Sir Edward's position with the warmest approval; the "Pall Mall Gazette" declared that it "carries with it the full strength of English feeling and influence;" and many of the leading newspapers on the Continent have risen above racial and party lines and have interpreted the speech of the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs as a pronouncement of extraordinary significance and hopefulness. It will be remembered that a similar treaty negotiated by Mr. Olney and Lord Pauncefote came within four votes of receiving confirmation by the United States Senate. Since that time the education of both peoples has made rapid strides; and when the President puts his suggestion into definite form, he will undoubtedly have the people of the United States behind him.

CAMORRISTS IN CAGES

Viterbo is a town of nearly twenty thousand people, twenty-five miles north of Rome. It is an old Etrurian town surrounded by ancient walls and towers. But its reputation in history has just received the accentuation of a very up-to-date modernism, for it has been chosen as the place for trial of thirty-four members of the Camorra, the Italian politico-social secret society. The Camorra exists, it is alleged, apparently for the assassination of any who may provoke its displeasure. Among these was one Cuoccolo. Him the Camorra murdered, it is claimed, and for the reason of his opposition to Alfano, the head of the organization. Cuoccolo's wife was also murdered, because, so it is reported, had she been spared, knowing who her husband's murderers were, she would have denounced them. These crimes were revealed by an informer, one Abbatemaggio. Alfano and other Camorrists were arrested. The place of their trial is a former church. Like most in Italy, it is in the form of a cross. At the head of the cross, in the place once occupied by the choir, are the benches for the three judges, the prosecutor, and the clerk of the court. The left arm of the cross holds the seats for the jury; the right contains a great iron cage occupied by the thirty-four accused persons; and a smaller cage is occupied by Abbatemaggio, now isolated from his former associates. Between the two arms of the cross are the benches for the lawyers, and in the nave are seats for the witnesses. A place is also reserved for the public. The Italian Government's purpose in the trial is, we are sure, not only to punish murderers, but to rid Italy of an abominable secret organization. Yet so powerful is that organization that almost insurmountable difficulties arose regarding the selection of the jury. Though one was finally secured last week, the sense of intimidation will doubtless persist, influencing witnesses and jurors alike. The trial will be peculiarly interesting to Americans, for in the very first day's proceedings a report from the New York Police Department was read concerning the arrest of Alfano in America and what the American detectives had been able to discover concerning him and his associates. The report was signed

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"Joseph Petrosino." Petrosino was murdered in 1909, at Palermo, Sicily.

NAPOLEON IN LONDON

On the first day of January, 1792, Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then a lieutenant of artillery and had been studying his profession at Valence and at Auxonne, was stricken off the rolls of the regiment because he had outstayed his leave in Corsica. Did he at that time or in 1793 pay a visit of several weeks to the city of London? This interesting question has been raised again by Lord Rosebery's reply to a correspondent who asked his opinion about an old and forgotten rumor to that effect, that he could not understand how anybody could credit it. Then up rose Mr. Burns, who quoted from McMichael's "Story of Charing Cross" the reported testimony of five London tradesmen living near George Street, Strand, that a young man named Bonaparte had lodged in that vicinity for five weeks in 1791 or 1792. McMichael quoted his story from Timbs, and Timbs is charged with having founded his statement on a letter which appeared in the Birmingham "Journal" in 1855. At this stage the recent discussion seemed to be on the point of dying, when Mr. Burns revived it by an extract from "Kelly's Wars," a book published during Napoleon's lifetime, in which it is stated that Napoleon had come to England, but that the object of his appearance there was not known; that he lodged for a short time in the Adelphi, in the Strand, probably about the middle of the year 1793. "Kelly's Wars," however, is a work without authority, and General Miranda, who is quoted by Kelly as having asserted that Napoleon was in England, left no memoirs, so that it is impossible to check up Kelly's reference to him. Mr. Burns affirmed that between 1786 and 1794 Napoleon cannot be easily traced, which is undoubtedly true, though it proves nothing except the fact that the young man was obscure and restless. The London "Outlook" is of opinion that if Napoleon ever was in London it was in the five months between May and October, 1792, when he was unemployed, discredited, and becoming desperate. It is of the opinion that the testimony of the tradesmen who united in the declaration about the young man Bonaparte cannot arbitrarily be set aside, and that they probably believed that their testimony was true. It urges, however, on the other hand, that old men who have lived in great times are always anxious to associate themselves with the greatness of the past, and that any lodger in George Street who called attention to himself by being what they called in London "Frenchy" might easily be identified with Napoleon when he became the foremost figure in the world. More conclusive, however, is the fact that Napoleon, who talked so much about himself, and who was so much interested in all the striking aspects of his career, never referred to the London visit; that to no one of his visitors at St. Helena did he ever speak of London; and that Bourrienne, who was with him in some of the most troubled days in Paris, does not mention such a visit. During the early period Napoleon was in desperate circumstances, indebted to his friends for his dinners and to the pawnshops for his lodgings. Under these circumstances it is almost incredible that he should have made what was then an expensive journey to London, and lived in a "genteel fashion." The story of the London residence of the great Corsican belongs in that borderland between history and fiction upon which both history and fiction occasionally draw for entertaining material.

COUNT TOLSTOY'S LITERARY REMAINS

The large class of readers in America who care more for Count Tolstoy's fiction than for his philosophy will be glad to learn that among the manuscripts left by him, in a more or less finished state, are two hitherto unknown dramas; three novels, or novelettes, one of which dates from his best literary period; and a large amount of interesting matter which was included in the first drafts of his sketches and novels, but which was subsequently stricken out because it could not pass the press censorship, because it was thought by the Countess Tolstoy to be objectionable, or because it did not meet the approval of the magazine editors to whom it was originally submitted. The dramas

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are entitled, respectively, "A Learned Woman" and "A Living Corpse." The former has comparatively little interest, but the latter, which was suggested by the testimony taken in a Russian court in a remarkable criminal case, is said to be a work of originality and power. It is to be put on the stage of the Fine Arts Theater in Moscow next winter, and arrangements have already been made for its production in the principal cities of western Europe. The three unpublished stories are "Tikhon and Malanie," an unfinished novelette of Russian village life, which is said to contain character sketches and descriptions of extraordinary vividness; "Father Sergie," a story based on the life, temptation, and fall of a Russian hermit monk; and "Hadji Murat," a romantic, semi-historical tale of the Caucasus and of the struggle which the mountaineers of Daghestan made to preserve their independence under the leadership of their great hero Shamyl. The story last named is said to show all the freshness and originality of Count Tolstoy's talent in the earlier phases of its development, as well as the intimate knowledge of Caucasian scenery, customs, and character which gave so much charm to "The Cossacks." For readers who are familiar with the writings of Tolstoy as they now stand the passages stricken out prior to publication are likely to have quite as much interest as the works that are wholly new. "Childhood and Youth" was greatly mutilated by editorial and censorial excisions, and in the Sevastopol sketches—particularly "Sevastopol in August"—everything that reflected unfavorably upon Russian bureaucratic adminstration and the management of the war was either modified or wholly omitted. General Kuropatkin, in a recently published article, has expressed the opinion that in describing the heroic defense of Sevastopol Tolstoy rendered a great service to the Russian army; but when the passages that were stricken out by the press censor shall have been restored to the text, the service, from a military point of view, may not seem so great. In addition to the matter omitted from "Childhood and Youth" and the Sevastopol sketches, the next edition of Tolstoy's works will contain the concluding part of "Memoirs of a Marker," including Nekhludof's "Confession;" many new pages from the original manuscript of "The Invaders;" and an important scene from "War and Peace," which was strenuously objected to by the Countess Tolstoy, and which was three times stricken out by the author at her request. The book that will be most changed by the restoration of omitted matter is "The Cossacks." This idyl of Caucasian life, as originally written, was in two parts. Tolstoy gave it to Katkof, editor of the Moscow "Gazette" and the "Russian Messenger," in payment of a gambling debt; but he was so much displeased with the changes made by the editor in the text of the first part that he refused to furnish the manuscript of the second part, and the latter, consequently, has never been published. The new edition of Tolstoy's complete works, which will contain all of these changes and additions, is now in course of publication in St. Petersburg; but it has been delayed by the unfortunate struggle between the Countess Tolstoy and her daughter Alexandra for possession of the Count's manuscripts. Alexandra lays claim to them under the terms of her father's will, while her mother declares that most of them were given to her personally by her husband before his death. The contest may have to be settled by the courts.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

The Outlook commented several months ago on the admirable work being done in Rome by two American institutions—the American Academy and the American School of Classical Studies—the first housed in the Villa Mirafiore, with a delightful garden about it, and the other in the Villa Bonghi, not far from the Baths of Diocletian, in much smaller but very attractive grounds. These two institutions, working in different but not unrelated fields, have a certain essential kinship in their spirit and aims, and are now to be happily united. The union between the two schools is a natural outcome of their common work for American scholarship and art rather than an arbitrary consolidation imposed from without. A generous American woman, Mrs. Clara J. Heyland,

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formerly Miss Jessup, of Philadelphia. devised to the Academy her former home, the Villa Aurelia, a spacious and handsome house, surrounded by ample grounds on the summit of the Janiculum Hill, the most conspicuous point in Rome. Americans will recall the equestrian statue of Garibaldi which stands on the hill, and in certain lights almost seems to have come out of the sky. The villa commands a very extensive view of the city of Rome, and of the surrounding country from the Alban Hills almost to the Mediterranean. It is near the famous Villa Pamfili Doria, which contains one of the choicest art collections in Rome, and is not far from the Spanish Academy and within easy walk of St. Peter's and the Vatican. The villa was partially destroyed when occupied as headquarters by Garibaldi during the siege of Rome. Part of this structure incorporates the old Aurelian wall of Rome. The Academy, organized by a group of artists, sculptors, and painters, was installed in Rome sixteen years ago, and was incorporated by Congress as a National institution ten years later. During its existence sixty-four students in architecture, painting, and sculpture have pursued advanced studies with notable success. The American School of Classical Studies was organized in the same year, and has been supported by the subscriptions of individuals and appropriations from a large group of American universities and colleges. Its staff of instructors has included some of the most eminent American classical scholars, and it has afforded facilities for the most advanced work in Roman archæology, literature, and ancient art. It has rendered great service to American education in training classical scholars, teachers, and investigators for American colleges and universities and for museums. The work in both schools is done wholly by post-graduates, and neither school duplicates the work of any existing institution. The Academy forms the same sort of home for advanced American students in the arts as that afforded by the French Academy to the holders of the Grand Prix de Rome. It supplies, not definite instruction, but expert advice and direction, puts its students in touch with works of art, and associates them in an artistic community. Both of the American institutions have been the centers of delightful hospitality and of the extraordinarily interesting social intercourse made possible by the presence of cultivated men and women from all nations. The delightful situation and ample housing provided for the two institutions should make the Villa Aurelia representative of the best in American thought and interpretative of the best in American life in a city which is still in many respects the art capital of the world.

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON CHRISTIAN REVELATION

The New York "Sun" reports briefly a lay sermon on Christian revelation from the scientific point of view recently delivered by Sir Oliver Lodge at a meeting of the National Free Church Council at Portsmouth, England. Speaking of the incarnation, Sir Oliver said, among other things, that God is revealed to us in a tangible and practical way in the person of Christ, the purpose of whose life was the disclosure to man of attributes of the Deity which otherwise could not have been discovered. Sir Oliver warned his listeners always to mistrust negations, which commonly signify blindness and prejudice unless they are established and formulated in the light of experience or mathematical proof. Even then, he went on to say, he would be ready to admit the possibility of higher generalizations which may uproot them. Sir Oliver, reviewing an ancient simile, illustrated the Christian conception of God by saying that, while the sun is the center of the solar system—a glorious object full of mystery and unknown forces—the sunlight is a friendly, homelike thing that touches common objects and conduces to comfort; it is not the sun, but the human terrestrial aspect of the sun. So, in like manner, Christ is the human, practical, workaday aspect of God. He is the sunshine, that fraction of the transcendental, cosmic Deity which suffuses the earth. Sir Oliver declared that miracles are no more impossible or lawless than the interference of a human being would seem to a colony of ants and bees. "The region of the miraculous," he said, "has been hastily and illegitimately denied. So long as we do not

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imagine it to be a region denuded of a law and order of its own akin to the law and order of a psychological realm, our denial has no foundation." These brief and fragmentary statements strikingly illustrate the distinction between the narrowness of what has sometimes been miscalled the rational method of dealing with the ultimate questions of life and the method of reason. Of this latter method Sir Oliver Lodge is an interesting exponent, and his attitude shows the immense change of position which has taken place among scientific thinkers within the last generation.

THE AMERICAN INDEMNITY SCHOLARSHIPS IN CHINA

Last year the Hsio-Pu, or Chinese Board of Education, held an examination in Peking, the capital, to select students to be sent to America. In response to our remission of half of the indemnity paid by the Chinese Government as a result of American damages in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, the Chinese Government agreed to send out a hundred students every year for four years, and thereafter, for twenty-nine years, fifty students. These students are to study seven years each in America. Sixty-four dollars in gold a month is allowed to students studying in America, in addition to the payment of their traveling expenses. As the outcome of the examination of over six hundred applicants, forty-seven boys were despatched to this country under proper escort and were placed at American academies and technical schools of high standing, such as Phillips Academy at Andover, Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Lawrence Academy at Groton, and Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham. Excellent reports have been received with reference to the behavior and study record in America of all of the pupils; indeed, some have carried off first prizes at the examinations held. The question has been asked, Why were these students not distributed in American universities instead of in academies? Because the Chinese Government wished to enable them to acquire a firmer foundation for their work. In addition, a Chinese student at home might, and probably would, be prepared beyond our university entrance examinations in some subjects and not up to them in others. The students themselves have expressed their appreciation of the opportunity to prepare themselves in our academies instead of being permitted at once to enter a university.

THE NEW THEATER

The founders of the New Theater have decided to erect another and smaller edifice than their present playhouse. This does not mean in any sense the failure of the important enterprise in which New York has been so deeply interested; it only means a definite recognition of the fact, seen very early in the history of the enterprise, that the present theater is too large for the main purpose of the founders. The New Theater is admirably equipped for high-class drama, and for the treatment of players and their profession on a very high plane, and it is also a beautiful building. The auditorium is, however, too large for the kind of play which the founders had in view. This was seen on the opening night at the initial performance of "Antony and Cleopatra." The entire audience felt that the auditorium was not scaled to the play; that it was better adapted for grand opera. A few of the new plays which make large scenic demands have been beautifully presented, among them "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper;" and such plays, the founders tell us, would undoubtedly have filled the theater for the entire season; but the aims of the founders and the demands of the regular constituency of the theater call for a wider range of plays. Although during the two seasons now closing the theater has been more liberally supported than any other in New York devoted exclusively to dramatic productions, the founders feel that it will best carry out their purpose to erect on a more convenient site a theater of moderate size especially adapted to the production of classical and high-class modern plays by a stock company; and the founders propose to provide for a term of years a guaranty fund which will correspond to the subsidy by which theaters with similar aspirations are supported in many of the capitals of Europe. They also hope to maintain the

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present company of players as an organization by sending it on a tour through the country during the present year and until the new building is ready for occupancy. It is hoped that the present New Theater building, in co-operation with the Metropolitan Opera Company, will become the home for the production of such operas as require a smaller auditorium than that of the Metropolitan Opera-House. New York is under great obligations to the founders of the New Theater; and the faith and generosity with which they are trying an interesting and important experiment in the direction of establishing the art of the playwright and the player on a sound basis deserve the widest popular support.

PIER EXTENSION IN NEW YORK HARBOR

Mr. Dickinson, Secretary of War, has granted permission to the International Mercantile Marine Company to extend two of its Hudson River piers in the port of New York by a hundred feet, so as to accommodate its giant new liners. It would be dangerous for its new steamers to dock at piers shorter than their own length. It has been held that none of the existing area of waterway should be yielded so long as the largest steamships can be provided with suitable wharves at other points, even though this would require radical changes in the present system of constructing docks straight out from the shore. In other words, the piers in question could be employed as they are, while at other points, above and below, the desired length might be obtained by constructing—at an obtuse or acute angle to the shore — diagonal piers. While this suggestion may be followed in the future, for the present the cost seems prohibitive. Nor do the steamship companies favor the suggestion that piers of the desired length be constructed at other places in the harbor, for instance, at South Brooklyn or on the shores of Staten Island. Nor do they wish to develop other harbors, such as New London and Montauk Point, though doubtless at some future day those harbors may become the starting-places for a quick passage across the ocean. The port of New York City is infinitely the most convenient terminal, both to the companies and to their patrons. Hence Secretary Dickinson authorized extensions to the two piers in question, of temporary construction and removable by his order should they prove an obstruction to navigation. To some the matter may seem only of local interest. But we think it of National importance that the port of New York should be able to maintain its present commercial supremacy—a supremacy hardly threatened by reducing the fairway of the Hudson River to 2,650 feet. This width would still be much in excess of the fairway at other important ports; for instance, that of the Mersey at Liverpool is 2,000 to 2,400 feet, that of the Thames at the Tilbury Docks, London, is 1,600 feet, while in some parts of the London docks where large steamships continually come the width is reduced to 600 feet. At Antwerp the river is 2,000 feet wide, but in some turns only 1,000. At Hamburg and Rotterdam the rivers are 1,200 feet wide. It should be remembered also that twin-screw steamships of modern construction can turn and maneuver in much shorter distances than heretofore.

THE INCREASING OBSERVANCE OF LENT

It has been said that this is an irreligious age, but the increasing observance of the season of Lent is certainly no indication of it. And this observance is noticeable in a city where affairs of the world find most prominent place. Last year over fifty thousand people attended the Lenten noonday services at Trinity Church, New York City, a church located in the very heart of the financial district, for it stands in Broadway at the head of Wall Street. This year's Lent is noticeable because of the increasing number of churches holding noonday services in addition to the other services appropriate to the season. As might be expected, most of these are Protestant Episcopal churches. In addition, the striking fact is disclosed that others than Episcopalians are realizing the value to the religious life of the observance of Lent. In the borough of Manhattan, New York City, some forty Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, and other churches are having added services on week-days during Lent.

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These include the Brick Presbyterian Church, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Broadway Tabernacle, and the Madison Avenue Methodist Church. Most of these added services are in the late afternoon, and it is gratifying to note that the number who have them is this year considerably larger than ever before. For the season of Lent is larger in its significance than are the bounds of the Roman Catholic or the Anglican communions. Such a season belongs to the Church Universal.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

It must be confessed that the events of the past two weeks on the Mexican frontier, coupled with the lack of any authorized or even definite statements from Washington, are very confusing. In spite of the confusion, there are certain important historical facts which stand out clearly. A brief consideration of these facts will throw some light upon the present situation.

When the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated more than eighty years ago, there was a natural fear on the part of the United States that if it permitted any European Power to obtain a further foothold in either North or South America, it would thus be giving its enemies the advantage of position in future attacks upon its own territory. In its original form the Monroe Doctrine was purely a measure of self-protection; it has grown from that limited form into a much larger doctrine. It is now, as the "Century Dictionary" defines it, "the doctrine of the non-intervention of European Powers in matters relating to the American continents." In his article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" Professor Theodore S. Woolsey, of Yale University, gives the following interpretation of it:

> Never having been formulated as law or in exact language, the Monroe Doctrine has meant different things to different persons at different times. It has grown with the consciousness of growth in power—a curious fact, since it is founded on the right of defending interests which must be less endangered as the United States becomes greater. It has become deeply rooted in the American heart, and a permanent part of the foreign policy of the United States. It tends to change into the principle that every portion of the American continent must be free from European control. It is still coupled, however, with the converse principle that America takes no part in European politics, as the disclaimer of the American delegates to the Peace Conference at The Hague proved.

To Mr. Woolsey's illuminating comment we add that the doctrine is still more closely coupled to its corollary, namely, that the United States undertakes to protect the rights of Europe in the Western Hemisphere which it forbids Europe to protect for itself. In its modern form the Monroe Doctrine is no longer merely a measure of self-protection; it is an assumption of international responsibility. The United States now says that it will be responsible to the rest of the civilized world for the maintenance of international law, order, and justice in the Western Hemisphere. The war with Spain and the freeing of Cuba; the building of the Panama Canal; President Cleveland's startling but effective interference in the affairs of Venezuela; the assertion of the responsibility of the United States in San Domingo, where we are still collecting the customs for the benefit both of the San Domingans and their European creditors—these National acts have all sprung from the Monroe Doctrine. It is a doctrine which is espoused not merely by American Presidents, diplomatists, members of Congress, and students of international law, but by the people at large. As a people we are determined not only to maintain law, order, and justice in our relations with the rest of the world, but to insist that our neighbors on this continent shall do likewise. We do not believe that there exists any National ambition for territorial aggrandizement in connection with the general American adherence to the Monroe Doctrine; our course in Cuba has satisfied Europe of our freedom from the land-grabbing motive, and it ought to satisfy our Mexican, Central American, and South American neighbors. Cuba may be an independent nation, governing herself and holding a respected place in the international family of nations, so long as, with sincerity and with a reasonable degree of success, she maintains the law, order, and justice which are essential to domestic

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tranquillity and foreign peace; so may Mexico; so may the Central American States.

But in the last ten years it has become more and more clear to the people of Europe, as well as ourselves, that if we are to insist on prohibiting foreign intervention in North and South America, we must insist with equal effectiveness on preventing those social and political disorders which justly call for foreign intervention if they are not suppressed at home. Political conditions in Central America and even in Mexico which were tolerable a quarter of a century ago can no longer be permitted to exist, if for no other reason than because of the vital interests at stake in the Panama Canal. The United States has undertaken to build and maintain the Panama Canal; it believes that the Canal is necessary to the progress and protection of its own National life; but it also believes that in its administration of the Canal it acts as trustee for the rest of the civilized world. As such a trustee we have no ethical or political right whatever to seize Mexican or Central American territory, but we are entitled, not only by the instinctively recognized law of self-protection, but by the universally recognized justice and reason of the Monroe Doctrine, to insist that riots, brigandage, and habitual insurrection against whatever form of government may be in existence shall cease in the Spanish-American republics.

We turn now to a consideration of how these principles may be applied to the Mexican situation. All the indications point to two purposes which have prompted the Administration to mobilize troops on the Mexican frontier. The ostensible purpose is that which has been announced by the Administration itself, the desire of the War Department to conduct some army maneuvers on the open plains of Texas. The fundamental purpose we believe is to be found in the intention of the Government to say, not merely to the people of Mexico and Central America, but to the people of Europe, that we are prepared to assume all the responsibilities imposed upon us by our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The United States Government, by the conventional law of nations, is bound to prohibit by force the passage of filibustering expeditions from its own territory to that of Mexico, and Mexico may demand of us that prevention. There is, however, some question as to whether we can prevent by force the shipment of arms and ammunition from American soil to Mexican soil. By the express terms of the rules adopted at the second Peace Conference at The Hague, we are clearly not bound to prevent the export or transit of arms and ammunition for a recognized belligerent in time of war; but the question at once arises as to whether the Mexican insurrectionists are belligerents and as to whether the rule forbids the forcible seizure of arms and ammunition passing in the regular course of commerce to the insurrectionists. There are certain conditions under which human justice and equity ought to permit revolutionists to arm themselves. Do those conditions exist in this instance? Is the present Mexican Government despotic, arbitrary, unjust, and an obstructor of social progress? Or, if it is a just government, can it within a reasonable time, by its own efforts and without foreign assistance, suppress the insurrection, establish order, and protect legitimate foreign interests? Have those who assert that the insurrection is the heroic attempt of freemen to rid themselves of tyranny exhausted every reasonable and peaceable method of obtaining political reform? These questions must be answered conclusively before an armed intervention in Mexico can be sanctioned by the most ardent American supporter of the Monroe Doctrine. It is supremely important that the United States Government shall exercise the utmost wisdom and caution in defining and determining the condition of habitual and hopeless disorder which alone can justify an intervention under the Monroe Doctrine in Mexican affairs.

To recapitulate, we state our conclusions in three brief sentences:

The people and the Government of the United States are bound to exert a definite and forceful influence to promote law, order, and justice in the territory between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal.

The army movement on the Texan frontier is a perfectly legitimate method of indicating, in a manner calculated to

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arrest world-wide attention, that we shall perform, and as efficiently as we know how, the duties imposed upon us as a Nation by the Monroe Doctrine.

But the social and political condition of Mexico does not at this time justify our going beyond the limits of a demonstration into the field of actual intervention.

NATIONALISM AND DEMOCRACY

*This is the tenth of the series of editorials by Mr. Roosevelt on "Nationalism and Progress."—*THE EDITORS.

The true object of government has been happily defined as the effort to accomplish a general distribution of welfare. The true object of democracy should be to guarantee each man his rights, with the purpose that each man shall thereby be enabled better to do his duty. Government is a failure, no matter how well it preserves law and order, if it results only in securing to a few people an enormously disproportionate share of power and of material well-being, while the conditions for the great mass of men are such as to forbid them achieving success by hard, honest, intelligent work. Similarly, democracy means failure if it merely substitutes a big privileged for a small privileged class, and if this big privileged class in its turn desires nothing more than selfish material enjoyment. The man who receives what he has not earned and does not earn, the man who does not render service in full for all that he has, is out of place in a democratic community; and he is equally out of place, whether he be a man living in idle luxury on millions which he has not earned or which he has won in ways that represent no service to the State; or whether he be a man living in idle poverty, enjoying the luxury of squalid sloth, content to exist on some form of charity, or, what is still worse, on what is in its nature the plunder of the industrious. Effortless ease ignobly enjoyed and the avoidance of serious work render a man equally unfit for citizenship in a republic, whether he be a multi-millionaire or a tramp. The division between the worthy and the unworthy citizen must be drawn on conduct and character, and not on wealth or poverty. Arrogance and envy, the bitter scorn of the rich man for the poor man and the bitter hate of the poor man for the rich man, are merely the opposite sides of the same dark shield.

In this country at the moment our chief concern must be to deprive the special interests of the power to which they are not entitled and which they use for the corruption of our institutions and to our economic and social undoing. There are persons who contend that "special interests" is a vague and indeed a demagogic term, and incapable of definition. Undoubtedly it is difficult in certain cases to draw the line sharply between corporations which conduct themselves with entire propriety and are beneficial to the public, and other corporations which distinctly come in the category of the special interests, of the beneficiaries of special privilege. But such difficulties of demarcation on the border line always exist. Practically there is little difficulty in saying whether or not the average big concern is the beneficiary of special privilege. A special interest is one which has been given by law certain improper advantages as compared with the mass of our people, or which enjoys such advantages owing to the absence of needed laws. As regards certain great corporations, the facts are so patent—being often made so by confession or judicial proceeding—that no discussion of them is necessary. When the Sugar Trust, for instance, through its chief officer, testified that it subscribed to the campaign funds of both parties in order to protect itself from Governmental interference, the officer adding with cynical candor that it was Republican in Republican States and Democratic in Democratic States, it becomes easy to understand why its management should have been of such a character as to result in its having to return to the Government between two and three millions of dollars of which it had swindled the Government by debauching custom-house employees—and this aside from the fines it paid for illegally securing railway rebates. When the Southern Pacific dominated Californian politics and industry, there was no room for doubt as to its being a special

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interest. Full Government reports of investigations undertaken by the order of Mr. Garfield when he was Secretary of the Interior showed clearly to those willing to see that the Standard Oil Company, in point of power, and of its relations to competitors, to the railways, and to consumers, embodied everything which we think of as typical when we speak of a special interest. In my judgment, the way for a democracy to deal with special interests of this character is plain. The Sugar Trust should be deprived of every particle of the tariff protection which it has abused. The same is, of course, true of the Standard Oil Company. The great railway should be put completely and effectively under the control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Furthermore, as regards these two great trusts, the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil Trust, the Bureau of Corporations in the Department of the Interior should be given precisely such control as the Railway Commission now exercises over railways, precisely such control as is exercised by the German Government at this moment over potash—a control which shall be efficient and thoroughgoing in every department of the business.

I mention these three corporations merely as examples, as showing what ought to be done with all corporations of similar type. Men who believe in the democratic principle should realize that true Nationalism is only another name for true democracy. The special interests which are powerful, and therefore potentially formidable, are always of Nation-wide, and not merely State-wide, power. I cannot too often repeat that true Nationalism represents in its essence merely a demand for the people's rights, for the rights of the whole people. Therefore true Nationalism means championship of the rights of the States when insistence on their rights offers the best method of securing popular rights, and championship of the power of the Federal Government when the rights of all the people are involved, because then the rights of the people as a whole can be secured only by the action of the Federal Government. So far as the great trusts are concerned, only the National Government can deal with them, for their economic power is achieved only by reason of their participation in inter-State commerce, and so only the Federal Government can effectively control them.[1]

The democracy, if it is to come to its own in this country, must set its face like steel against privilege and all the beneficiaries of privilege. It must war to cut out special privilege from our frame of government, and in doing so it must count upon the envenomed hostility, not only of the great industrial corporations and individuals who are the beneficiaries of privilege, but of their servants and adherents in the press and in public life.

Yet it is even more important that the people should be on their guard against themselves than it is that they should be

[1] In attacking special privilege, in attacking the great moneyed interests which have exercised so sinister a control over our political and social life, we have to count not only upon the open and avowed opposition of our enemies, but on their much more dangerous indirect opposition. I earnestly commend the reading of Judge Lindsey's book "The Beast" to all men who wish to understand the methods by which these great sinister interests work. Judge Lindsey has been a true friend of the people, a fearless and incorruptible champion of genuine popular rights, and the upholder of a high standard of popular duty. He has therefore been violently assailed and vilified by the orators and newspapers directly or indirectly subsidized by the interests. One of his illuminating experiences has been with certain journals of a nominally philanthropic type. One of these was a paper nominally issued in the interest of the protection of children and dumb animals by the State itself, and another a private paper of the same type. Each is designed to influence religious and philanthropic people who mean well and do not think deeply, or who are entirely intelligent but lack the means of ascertaining the facts. Each accordingly is filled with articles advocating virtue in the abstract, or virtue somewhere else, or virtue which does not interfere with the financial well-being of the great corrupt corporations. Each will praise temperance, for instance—especially in the shape of an impractical temperance agitation—and reproduce sermons in support of the family virtues; or support a campaign against race-track gambling; and then, having thus predisposed its auditors in its favor, insert a vicious assault upon Judge Lindsey in an effort to discredit him in the minds of religious people ignorant of the facts. As an amusing incident I may mention the fact that one of these papers last summer, not deeming it wise to attack me openly for my speeches in Denver and elsewhere against the corrupt special interests, endeavored to create a feeling against me among well-meaning sentimentalists because, forsooth, I had collected in Africa, for the National Museum, a group of wild ostriches consisting of cock, hen, and eggs! The writer trusted that those of his readers who ate hens' eggs and spring chickens could, nevertheless, be moved to horror at the thought of preserving in the National Museum, for the pleasure and instruction of hundreds of thousands of visitors, the only such group of wild ostriches to be found in any American museum.

I mention Judge Lindsey's experience in Colorado merely as a sample, not as unique. In New York City the press directly or indirectly influenced by and responsive to those special interests which are as a matter of rough convenience designated as the Wall Street interests is naturally very large, and any man engaged in the effort to bring about a genuine betterment of social, political, and industrial conditions, especially if he lives in New York or the neighborhood, must accept as a matter of course the virulent hostility of this portion of the press; and the hostility shown by certain papers which pride themselves upon representing the educated classes is marked by as much mendacity as is the case with the newspapers which are frankly "yellow."

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on their guard against others. Each of us must hold his own against outsiders at times, but, after all, the chief dangers to each man dwell within that man's own heart and brain; and what is true of each of us individually is true of all of us in a mass. No man can do good work in the world for himself, for those whom he loves who are dependent upon him, or for the State at large, unless he has the great virtue of self-mastery, unless he can control his passions and appetites, and force head and hand to work according to the dictates of conscience. This is so obvious that to many people it will seem too obvious to need repetition. But, though obvious enough in theory, it is continually forgotten in practice; and the political leaders who address, not each man individually, but men in a mass, often forget to inculcate it even in theory. A flatterer is not a good companion for any man; and the public man who rises only by flattering his constituents is just as unsafe a companion for them. I do not mean that he should continually find fault with them or blame them. In private life, the nagging and fault-finding friend is often quite as unworthy a creature as the flatterer, and, moreover, cannot normally long remain a friend. So it is with the public man. Unless he genuinely loves and trusts the people, as Abraham Lincoln did, he has no real place in popular government. But he need be no more a flatterer than Abraham Lincoln; and, like Abraham Lincoln, he should steadily set before the people, not the ideal of mere ease and personal enjoyment, but the ideal of high achievement for noble ends, of work well worth doing which is worthily done.

The greatness of our Nation in the past has rested upon the fact that the people had power, and that they used it aright for great and worthy ends. Washington and Lincoln, each in the degree that his generation rendered possible, trusted to and believed in the people, steadfastly refused to represent anything save what was highest and best in the people, and by appealing to this highest and best brought it out and made it prominent. Each called upon his countrymen to lay down their lives for an ideal, and then called upon the survivors to perform the even harder task of leading their lives in such shape as to realize the ideal for which the dead men had died. Our aim, the aim of those of us who stand for true progress, for true Nationalism, for true democracy, is not only to give the people power, but, ourselves as part of the people, to try to see that the power is used aright, that it is used with wisdom, with courage, with self-restraint, and in a spirit of the broadest kindliness and charity toward all men.

At the moment we are engaged in a campaign to secure to the people the right to elect their Senators by popular vote. We hold that the recent exhibitions in Illinois, in New York, and in various other States amply warrant the change. Furthermore, we believe that, exactly as benefit came by the practical abolition of the electoral college and the substitution for it of the election of President by popular vote, so benefit will come by taking the election of the Senators away from the legislatures and giving it to the people. But it must ever be remembered that no benefit whatever will come from the change unless the people themselves are honest. A constituency which elects a Lee Neil Browne to the State Legislature has forfeited all right to complain about any deed of the Legislature which elects a Lorimer as Senator; and, indeed, such a district represents in our public life a greater menace than a corrupt Legislature itself. When corruption becomes widespread, it is not of the slightest consequence whether it is due to the efforts of great corporations to secure special privileges or to the sordid willingness of private individuals to make money out of their suffrages. In the "Review of Reviews" Dr. Albert Shaw recounts in vivid fashion just what occurred in Adams County, Ohio, where Judge Blair—a man to whom the whole Nation ought to be grateful—by a singular exhibition of fearlessness, ability, and honesty, uncovered a system of corruption so widespread that it had embraced a large minority, and possibly even a majority, of the voters of the county. If a condition of public morality such as Judge Blair exposed ever became general in this country, no shift of governmental form could save democracy from overthrow. The referendum, the

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initiative, and the recall can serve a good purpose only if the heart of the people is sound. The Roman Republic fell, not because of the ambition of Cæsar or Augustus, but because it had already long ceased to be in any real sense a republic at all. When the sturdy Roman plebeian, who lived by his own labor, who voted without reward according to his own convictions, and who with his fellows formed in war the terrible Roman legion, had been changed into an idle creature who craved nothing in life save the gratification of a thirst for vapid excitement, who was fed by the State, and who directly or indirectly sold his vote to the highest bidder, then the end of the republic was at hand, and nothing could save it. The laws were the same as they had been, but the people behind the laws had changed, and so the laws counted for nothing.

We need good laws just as a carpenter needs good instruments. If he has no tools, the best carpenter alive cannot do good work. But the best tools will not make a good carpenter, any more than to give a coward a rifle will make him a good soldier. We wish to see the mass of our people move steadily upward to a higher social, industrial, and political level. To do this we wish to change the laws, and by this change to render it steadily easier for the right type of man, the right type of woman, to achieve better conditions. But unless the man and the woman are of the right type the laws can accomplish nothing. It rests within our own hands, it rests with us, the people of America, to determine our own fate; and character is the main factor in the determination. If betterment in social and industrial conditions means merely an increase in ease and sensual enjoyment, no good can permanently follow such betterment.

Nor will any one virtue suffice. Thrift and hard work will avail no more than a cultivated taste and an amiable philanthropy if there is willful sterility in marriage, if men and women forget the great primal and elemental law of racial well-being, and this whether the fault be due to vice in its crude and repulsive forms, or to timidity and unwillingness to run risk, or to cold and selfish shrinking from the trouble and labor which are inseparable from every kind of life that is really worth living.

Moreover, as it is in the things of the home, which are most important, so it is with the things outside the home, which are only less important. It is absolutely necessary that the people as a whole should have complete control of the instrumentalities of government, for only by obtaining and retaining such control can we work out the genuine principles of democracy on this continent; but, having obtained this, our fate will be evil if we use the power in a spirit of vindictiveness toward others, or in an effort to get for ourselves something which we have not earned.

I believe that the average American citizen wishes nothing save what he can honestly obtain for himself by hard work and decent living. This is one reason why I so heartily believe in democracy. I believe in the future of the American people because I believe that fundamentally and at heart the average man and the average woman of America are sound; that, however deeply they may at times err, yet they have in them, fundamentally, the power of self-mastery, of self-control, the power to live their lives in accordance with a high and fine ideal, to do strict justice to others, and to insist upon their rights only as a vantage-point for the better performance of their duties.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE OVERCROWDED CITY

To the dweller in the uplands of Wyoming, or on the wide prairies of Kansas, or on the fruit ranches of California, or on the hillsides of New England, or among the corn and cotton fields of the South, the problems of congested New York must seem alien. But there is a real analogy between the human body and the body politic. The inflammation of a single organ makes the whole body sick.

The whole Nation is concerned with the facts that have been gathered and published by a body of men appointed by the Mayor of New York City, known as the New York City Commission on Congestion of Population. When they report that in the Borough of Manhattan there is a block

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whose density of population is 1,260 to the acre, they convey no idea of the conditions of human life which that fact involves. Suppose we attempt to put this statement into graphic form. Imagine a lot of land divided into spaces six feet square; and imagine each space occupied by a human being for the purposes of eating, sleeping, recreation, and home life in general. Even that really conveys no idea of what the fact involves. As Mr. Lawrence Veiller, formerly Deputy Tenement-House Commissioner of New York City, has said, "The only way that one can understand the real conditions is to go down into the streets of these districts and see the thousands of persons thronging them and making them impassable. So congested have become the conditions of some of the quarters of this city that it is not an exaggeration to say that there are more people living there than the land or the atmosphere can with safety sustain." In a book on the housing problem, recently published,[1] which concerns, not merely the citizens of the big cities, but also those of the smaller centers of population, Mr. Veiller, speaking as an expert, declares that the conditions of New York are without parallel in the civilized world—without parallel in Rome, London, Constantinople, Canton, Bombay. "In no other city," he declares, "are there the same appalling conditions with regard to lack of light and air in the homes of the poor."

In spite of tenement-house reform, of the efforts of the charitably inclined, of much beneficial and wise legislation for the improvement of social conditions, this congestion, the Commission declare, is increasing. They point out that there is a wide difference between "concentration" of population and "congestion" of population. The one implies simply a large population within a limited area, the other implies the overloading of the land. The reading of their figures that show how this congestion is increasing leaves one almost dazed.

What this overcrowding means to family life is scarcely even suggested by the statement of the Commission that, as the result of an investigation of a few crowded blocks, it was found that parents, children, and three to eight adult boarders occupied apartments of two, three, or four rooms. As a result of another investigation of ninety-one families in Brooklyn, it was discovered that over one-half had two or more occupants in each room. Children in a family are often required to occupy the same room with boarders.

Not only are the buildings themselves thus overcrowded, but the streets through which this mass of people must move and the children must play, and, indeed, all must find what air they can in the midst of the city's traffic, are thronged and choked. Though there seems to be as yet no limit to the height to which architects and engineers can raise buildings, there is a limit to the number of people to whom the streets can afford thoroughfare. This, however, is a matter for which the owners of the buildings that border such streets feel no responsibility. If they can fill their houses with people who can pay them a profitable rent, they do not concern themselves with the way in which those people go back and forth from their work.

The effects of such congestion upon the people are threefold. In the first place, there is the injury to the body. The children are the first to receive injury. The general death rate of children under five years of age in the city of New York is just under fifty-two per thousand; but in these congested blocks the death rate of such children ranges from nearly sixty to over ninety-two per thousand. It would seem as if the survivors would be fitted for their environment, but they are not. The ravages of consumption alone in that region show this. Then there is the effect upon the moral life of the people. The congested quarters are nurseries of crime. It is not true that the poor are particularly vicious, for, as Chief Magistrate McAdoo has stated, the people of the mountainous regions of Ireland, however impoverished, "lead clean, moral lives, stimulated under adverse conditions by high spiritual exaltation and deep reverence." It is the overcrowding that breeds crime and vice. In the third place, the effect of this overcrowding is economic.

[1] Housing Reform: A Handbook for Practical Use in American Cities. By Lawrence Veiller. Charities Publication Committee, New York. Price, postpaid, $1.25.

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Congestion at once causes steadily increasing rents and low wages. "In fact," say the Commission, "low wages, high rent, increase of land value, and the cost of construction and labor all seem to work in a vicious circle, the effect of which is, indirectly at any rate, to increase congestion and to lower the standards of life of a large part of the population which is living in the congested districts."

In order to find any cure for these conditions there must be a study of their causes. They may all be grouped under the one head—the social irresponsibility of the American people. Here is a great city of some five million inhabitants, and yet it still allows buildings to be put up at any height without regard to their theft of light and air; it has allowed factories to be crowded together in one quarter without regard to the inevitably consequent piling up of humanity in their neighborhood; it has permitted conditions of labor which have made it absolutely necessary for these workers to live near their work; it has permitted its streets and thoroughfares to be rendered impassable; it has neglected to exercise ordinary foresight in providing adequate means of transit to and fro; it has provided an educational system which fits boys and girls for nothing but city life; it has done nothing effective to turn aside the incoming stream of alien immigrants, and it has done nothing of any consequence to distribute population among the outlying boroughs; and, what is worst of all, it has allowed its own land to fall into the hands of a comparatively few owners, so that in Manhattan Borough, which contains the most congested population, one-twentieth of the total assessed land value, as measured by its total assessed valuation, is owned by eight families, estates, and corporations. In other words, as this Commission most forcibly states, "private interest has been permitted to control the development not only of Manhattan but of the other boroughs rather than the public welfare."

Nowhere in the world can there be found better material for equipping with argument those who regard the only solution to be a destruction of the present social and political system than in New York. Are the American people going to allow in their metropolis the germs of revolt and revolution to flourish and grow? If the evils of anarchy are to be avoided, the city and State and the Nation must be ready to take measures that many will regard as radical.

The power of the public to determine when and how and where men shall build upon the land must be asserted. At present that power is exercised regarding the erection of tenement-houses. The New York Tenement-House Law is conspicuous as an example of what can be done. A part of that law that pertains to overcrowding is, however, unenforced because no adequate provision is made for its enforcement. This defect should be remedied.

The sovereign power of the people should be exercised for the proper distribution of factories.

Greater powers should be given to the State Department of Labor, and there should be co-operation between that department and the Bureau of Labor of the National Government. The recommendation of the Commission that there should be a National Department of Labor coordinate with a Department of Commerce seems to us of secondary consequence to this.

The whole question of the taxation of land should be considered with a view to rendering it impossible that a small landlord class should control the human destinies of the millions in Greater New York. Regarding this particular measure, the Commission on Congestion is very cautious. There is, however, no way by which any real remedy for the evils of congestion can be found, unless it includes such control over the land by the community as to eliminate the power of a land monopoly.

In the form in which it appears in the issue for March 7 of the "City Record," which is the official journal of the city of New York, the report of the Commission is useful principally to those who are willing to set aside time and energy for the study of the problems it propounds. We wish that some one with a gift for translating technical language into the language of the people would make of this report a document that would be intelligible to every reading and thinking American.

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A MID-LENTEN THOUGHT

THE GREAT TEACHERS

The beautiful vision of the world reflected in Greek mythology and revealed in Greek art gained its radiance from an exclusion of sorrow and pain; Christianity, on the other hand, has always made its most powerful appeal because it is a religion of sorrow and pain. It is built on a profound faith in a loving God and soars like a winged thing above the dark mysteries of life, but it not only faces grief and calamity, it lives with them and plucks the heart out of their mystery by distilling from them a deeper peace.

The Christ whom it follows and with whom the peace of God came into the world was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," who was rejected by those whom he served and crucified by those he loved. In him men saw for the first time a truth which the boldest imagination could hardly have discovered, that God himself shares the human experience of suffering. Men have created many kinds of gods: gods of supreme power, of limitless energy, of ineffable beauty, of mysterious and elusive perfections of form, of appalling cruelty and relentless revengefulness; but a suffering God involved a depth of religious experience, a clarity of spiritual vision, beyond the reach of the imagination unaided by an incarnation of the spirit of God. And yet to declare that God is love is to declare that God suffers!

The passion of happiness deep in the human soul and prophetic of its highest possibilities is at war with this fact of suffering, which is as unescapable and universal as death itself. The mortal in us is always striving to put on immortality before it has risen to the height where that sublime transformation is accomplished, as the ripening of the grain comes at the end of sowing and watching, of shower and heat and harvesting. The golden bowl shrinks from the tool that makes it beautiful with a higher meaning, the clay from the hand that molds it into shapes of such exquisite line and form that the very material out of which it is fashioned seems changed into something more spiritual. We pray for strength, for purity, for the heavenly vision, and cry out against the education through which alone these great things can be attained. We demand as gifts those qualities which must grow out of our own natures through the testing and training of the sorrows of life.

The weak human faith and the short-sighted human vision would put out of life its most illuminating experiences and close the door against its greatest teachers. Sorrow and pain are not intruders from without; they are the companions of the spirit on its journey to God; they are not illusions of the human mind, to be banished by denying their existence; they are unescapable and divinely significant facts. They are to be faced with calmness and with the joy which comes to a strong man when great and sore burdens are laid on him; but they cannot be ignored or denied without putting the blight of unreality on the world and evading its deepest and richest educational processes. Happiness is not a present possession, but a goal to be touched at the end of the race; it is not release from pain and sorrow; it is peace in the midst of pain, and patient waiting for light in the time of darkness.

"I dreamed," wrote William Sharp to a friend, "that a beautiful spirit was standing beside me. He said, 'My brother, I have come to give you the supreme gift that will heal you and save you.' I answered eagerly, 'Give it me—what is it?' And the fair, radiant spirit smiled with beautiful solemn eyes and blew a breath into the tangled garden of my heart—and when I looked there I saw the tall white flower of Sorrow growing in the sunlight." The fortunate man is not he to whom ease of body and freedom from care and pain come, but he who gains courage and strength and radiant integrity through great and sore trials; the happy woman is not she whose life is a fair garden unswept by storms, but she in whose heart the flowers of purity and love grow close beside the flower of sorrow. For they whose garments are white have come through great tribulation. Lovers of ease flee from the teachers whose discipline is hard because they train for freedom and power and peace; but the wise do not turn from these mysterious teachers; they give them welcome, and pain and sorrow, in that divinely ordered

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experience of growth which we call life, become their intimate companions and friends on the heavenly way.

NOTABLE NOVELS

Among the later English novelists of the day Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Locke, Mr. De Morgan, and Mr. Arnold Bennett are most worth serious reading. Mr. Hewlett has gained rather than lost in charm of style and a certain out-of-doors brilliancy of tone, but his later stories have not been novels; they have been fascinating grown-up fairy tales told in the country "beyond good and evil," where the moral consciousness has not been born and where impulse is law; and the law, to recall a Spanish maxim, is to be obeyed, but not enforced. Mr. Locke is a good old-fashioned romancer who uses modern settings for his dramas, and is unconventional without being lawless. He has a happy gift of fresh feeling for life and for style, and he is not afraid of his emotions; he loves his characters. Mr. Bennett has Trollope's faculty of minute observation, and has drawn pictures of the shopkeeping class in small English towns that need no confirmation of statistics; they verify themselves. Mr. De Morgan began to write late in life, and, like Dr. Weir Mitchell, has quietly picked up success and reputation as if they had been waiting for him. He winds himself leisurely into his stories and into the hearts of his readers. He is slow, discursive, ruminating; he wanders far afield, but he has such a pleasant way with him that we willingly go where he takes us. His stories were eminently companionable until he wrote "An Affair of Dishonor," the sub-title of which might well have been, "A story that ought not to have been written."

Mr. Galsworthy has substance and power. He has not written pleasant stories because he has reported unpleasant aspects of society. His "Man of Property" was as convincing as an official report; his "A Country House" struck very unpleasant notes, but contained some admirable character studies and a portrait of a mother of appealing beauty and pathos. "Fraternity" seemed to many readers a waste of power on shabby materials; a dreary futility blighted its interest. Two plays, "Strife," the story of a strike, and "Justice," a story of prison life, are too close to the bare facts for the highest effectiveness; but both show a power which has tragic possibilities. He is a novelist and dramatist to be reckoned with. In "The Patrician"[1] he has made a great advance in style, in vitality of characterization, and in human interest. It is not easy to recall a more vigorous and convincing study of the aristocratic type in its strength and weakness. The average society novelist fails to give the wonderful consistency of a type developed by generations of selected breeding, so to speak, and of the almost unshakable foundations of inherited spirit, point of view, personal dignity, on which this whole order of life rests. In Lady Casterley Mr. Galsworthy has painted a portrait of wonderful vitality: an old woman in whom social training has subdued every faculty of body and mind to an exquisite harmony, in whom pride is so ancient an inheritance that it has sunk below consciousness; a woman neither heartless nor ignorant of her fellow-creatures, but so deeply imbued with the spirit of her class that the order of the world is simply a reflection of her view of life.

Mr. Galsworthy has given the aristocratic type marvelous distinctness; on the one hand, its personal distinction, high spirit, dauntless courage, resolute independence, sense of loyalty to its own standards of honor; on the other, its inability to conceive of society as organized from within instead of held together by authority imposed from above, its lack of the sense of sharing in the fortunes of the race, its insensibility to the injustice of developing the few at the expense of the many. There is an unhappy love story, a bitter struggle, and a victory which means the defeat of happiness, but which is inevitable and makes the reader glad that the novelist was too wise and sane to take the short cut marked by confused people "the way to freedom," but which is the path to disillusion and misery.

The descendants of the German colonists who made homes for themselves on some of the best land in the New World and have been miscalled the "Pennsylvania Dutch"

[1] The Patrician. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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have had a number of chroniclers, but no portraiture so lifelike as that presented in "Hearts Contending,"[1] by Georg Schock, the pseudonym for a young woman who has written short stories, but who now makes her first venture in the field of the long story. The tragedy of the radical change in the fundamental conditions of life, which is part of the evolution of society, is told with impressive simplicity and power in this tale of a patriarchal family in revolt against an upright, rigid father, whose absolute rule has been tempered only by a high sense of responsibility. When the inevitable revolt of his children comes, and his world falls crashing down about his ears, his figure gains a tragic dignity. The narrative of this domestic drama lacks flow; it has a kind of static quality; but the story is weighty with the sense of fate and life. Its truth is not photographic but vital, and the chapter in which the tragedies culminate and the relatives sit in judgment on the smitten father has an element of Job-like dignity. "Hearts Contending" is a story worthy of serious attention.

Gustav Frenssen in his "Klaus Hinrich Baas,"[2] as in his former great success, "Jörn Uhl," portrays peasant life and character with the utmost fidelity. His realism is as searching as Arnold Bennett's, but his method is less minute. The story of Klaus is more cheerful than that of Jörn Uhl, and maintains the same feeling of quiet power. A few episodes are related with a bald coarseness not agreeable to English readers, and there is one incident on which the author seems to hang a theory of social relations which is not to be tolerated. In the main, however, the narrative is strong and sincere. Klaus is a self-reliant, determined lad; he becomes an honest, resourceful Hamburg merchant and financier. He is a materialist, perhaps, but he has imagination and originally an emotional side which might have led to romance had not his inherited solidity of character turned him toward concrete achievement. He is a typical self-made man of the recent commercial development of Germany, which has greatly modified German ideals and worked great changes in German society. Both in description of German country and city life and in the consistent development of individual men and women this book is remarkable. There are many interesting minor characters, some of whom make one think of Dickens. The novel is quietly forceful.

[1] Hearts Contending. By Georg Schock. Harper & Brothers, New York.

[2] Klaus Hinrich Baas. By Gustav Frenssen. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE SPECTATOR

"You'll have to sign this," said the superintendent of the colliery. So the Spectator sat down at the desk in the office, whose dark, dirty walls betokened its relationship to the coal business. Then he read over very carefully the paper which was laid before him:

THE LACKAWANNA & WYOMING COMPANY.
OFFICE COAL DEPARTMENT.

A. N. COAL,
Superintendent. January 3, 1911.

To James Black, Foreman,
Hardly Able Colliery.

You are hereby authorized to allow The Spectator to enter Hardly Able Colliery, for the purpose of sight-seeing, provided he signs the release below.

Signed, A. N. COAL,
Superintendent.
Per James Black,
Foreman.

IN CONSIDERATION of the above order, and as a condition upon which it is issued, I, the said Spectator, assume all risks of accidents, and do hereby release, quitclaim, and forever discharge the Lackawanna & Wyoming Company and all persons who might be held liable for or on account of any personal injury or other damage sustained by me while in said Colliery, or on the property of the said Company, under said order, whether the same be caused by the negligence of the said Company, or by its employees, or otherwise.

In presence of James Black.
Signed, THE SPECTATOR.

The Spectator signed the document with compressed lips and as firm a hand as if he were a French nobleman about to give up his life at the guillotine. For how could he possibly escape with his life from the big screens, the drums, the conveyers, the pony rollers, and the cruel crushers which he expected to find in the coal-breaker and which were all the more terrible to him because he knew absolutely nothing of what they were?

Before the Spectator extended a dark, tunnel-like opening under the big breaker.

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The guide to whom he had been intrusted told him that this was where the cars were loaded to be sent away to the markets of far-away cities.

"Over two thousand tons," the guide told him in answer to a question as to how much coal was run through in a day. "You see," continued the guide, "the coal is sized up in the breaker, and each size goes into what we call pockets, which hold from fifty tons up to over one hundred and fifty. Don't you want to go under?"

The Spectator did, and he was presently in the midst of a blackness deep enough to necessitate lights on the caps or in the hands of the workmen. From the raised platform on which he stood he watched one of the men twist around a chute until it led directly into a gondola car, and then raise a lever, which permitted the coal to rush with a dull, hoarse rattle into the car.

"Don't you want to see them load a box car?" asked his guide. "Them's the hard ones."

"Then what do they send them here for?" the Spectator asked.

"Oh, they come East filled with grain or something, and the railways hate to send them back empty," was the reply.

The Spectator reflected over how a box car formerly laden with fragrant grain must feel to come into this black, dirty place and receive its load of coal. Of course there were the workmen, too, who had to come in here. But then they must be used to it. It was indeed quite a task to load the box car. The door was not large, and through this door the chute had to be swung. Arms, which the guide called "telegraphs," conveyed the coal from the chute to the two ends of the car, where men, working by the light of oil lamps, shoveled the coal into the corners of the car and leveled it to the required height. "If that were a telegraph," the Spectator mused, "then each piece of coal must be a telegram. And what various messages each one would convey: one to a factory, another to a church, one to a plain, matter-of-fact cooking-stove, another to an open grate where some woman or man or child would interpret its mystic story with the coloring of his own thoughts."

The Spectator had been to a vaudeville performance the day before at which an illustration of machine guns in action had been one of the acts. As he entered the main part of the breaker he was reminded of this feature by the sound of the clatter, clatter, of the pieces of coal as they rushed through the breaker. The grinding of mammoth machinery, the thumping and whirling of many tons of iron and steel, came into his comparison very appropriately as the heavier artillery of a battle-field, some remote, some very close at hand. It had been a long climb up from the ground, and the Spectator stood puffing for some moments near the entrance, to find a small breath of pure air in the midst of the dust which seemed to be everywhere. If he touched a sill, behold a cloud arose; if he advanced a step, it fluttered up from the floor, it blurred his sight, it filled his ears, it clogged his throat; alone it seemed sufficient to prevent more than a whisper. "Isn't it worse than usual?" he yelled, putting his mouth close to the ears of his guide. "Oh, this is nothing this morning," he was told. "You see, the air is pretty damp to-day, and that keeps the dust down a lot. You ought to be here on a clear, bright day. You kin hardly see five feet ahead of you in some parts." The Spectator decided that if he were a slate-picker he would pray for a continuous deluge the year around.

A little over a score of feet back from the point at which he had entered, and about nine feet higher, the guide pointed out an immense revolving screen of cylindrical shape which receives the coal after it has been crushed into various sizes. By means of different proportioned meshes of which it is formed, this cylinder allows the smallest-sized coal to drop into a chute directly beneath the screen, a larger size farther on into another chute, and so on until the largest-sized coal of all tumbles out of the end of the screen into a chute of its own. Athwart each of these chutes he saw, with a smile, what he supposed might be called seats on which the

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slate-pickers sit. He noticed with interest how most of them stopped the coal in its downward rush with their feet, although a few of the most aristocratic indulged in the luxury of a board. From this mixture of refuse and genuine coal they picked out with their hands the slate and rock, which they tossed aside, allowing the coal to continue in its downward course toward the pockets below. As the boys were sitting there awkwardly, they suggested to his fancy that they were coming down a long toboggan backwards and were endeavoring to stop their progress with their hands. Some of the boys had on rough gloves to protect their hands, a few of the older foreigners had wound wire about their fingers, but the majority of them had, by a painful process, hardened their fingers until they were no longer sensitive to the hard, sharp fragments of rock.

Were their lives the same way? the Spectator asked himself as he watched each one performing that tiresome, monotonous, swinging motion; first tossing out a bit of slate with his right hand, then with the left, back and forth in irregular rhythm. Was the tragedy of their lives actually only in the heart of the sensitive person who saw what they might be and were not? Were these boys blunted and undesirous of a life which would be something more than mere living? The Spectator would not believe that this was so, but if it were, was not the tragedy infinitely deeper? "Are you ready to go up on the head?" he heard his guide ask. He had thought that he was very high up in the breaker already, but as he climbed up step after step through the thick dust he decided that he could not have been any higher than the chest.

From where he stood the Spectator was able to look down a long, steep plane to where two dark mouths opened out of the earth. As he gazed, he saw five loaded cars appear at one of the mouths and come hurrying up the plane, led by a wee bit of a low-lying car to which was attached the rope which was buzzing by him. As he watched these the Spectator could not help thinking of New York Harbor and the power of the tiny tug to convoy mammoth boats along the bay. As they came up over the end of the plane on to the level of the breaker a man jumped on the foremost car and unfastened it from its little guide, which slipped quietly underneath the train, while another was throwing sprags between the wheels of the cars to prevent their crashing through the breaker. In another moment the foremost car was uncoupled from the train and pushed forward on to a swinging platform. As the car flew up into the air the Spectator thought it would surely topple completely over. But it stopped just in time, at such an angle that the coal went rushing easily through the opened door of the front of the car into the crushers, to be broken up into various sizes.

The Spectator breathed a sigh of relief as he stepped over to make the acquaintance of the docking boss, whose fame was so familiar to him.

"Don't you ever make any mistakes?" he asked, as he watched this man cut off from each car the numbered ticket which each miner is supposed to tie on to the car which he loads, to indicate its owner.

"Well, we try to be as careful as we can," he replied, as he glanced over a car to see whether the coal was too much broken, too full of rock, or not up to the required height in the car.

The Spectator went over to one of the open windows and glanced out. The culm dump, where the waste of the breaker was piled to over a hundred feet in height, was almost purple in the moist atmosphere; in another direction rose the mist-enshrouded steeples and towers of the city. To the west and north stretched the Moosic Mountains, covered with a slight fall of snow and earning their privilege on this morning to be called part of the Blue Range.

One of the workingmen came up to him in a moment of leisure.

"It's a great view," he volunteered.

"Yes," responded the Spectator, abruptly. "It's good to be able to look off and know that this breaker isn't the whole world."

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The New Secretary of the Interior

By George C. Sikes

IN accepting the position of Secretary of the Interior as successor to Richard A. Ballinger, Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, has taken upon himself the task of dealing with one of the most difficult and important problems that confront the Nation—that of the proper conservation of natural resources. The people of Chicago were not surprised that President Taft should select Mr. Fisher for this onerous work. They have been accustomed to see him undertake in their behalf the solution of problems that baffled all others. And usually they have seen him succeed. Tackling hard jobs has been Mr. Fisher's specialty. When he accepted the position of traction counsel under Mayor Dunne, five years ago, to try to straighten out Chicago's traction tangle, which had been brought into even worse confusion by the Mayor's enthusiasm for immediate municipal ownership, a friend warned him that any man who thought he could solve Chicago's traction problem was presumptively crazy. Yet Mr. Fisher worked out a solution that was approved by the people on a referendum vote. In much the same manner he has been called upon to deal with one difficult task after another. As traction counsel he received a salary from the city, but his other activities of a public nature have been carried on without pay.

The problem of Conservation, though broader in scope, partakes very much of the nature of the questions with which Mr. Fisher has been dealing in Chicago. In his efforts to establish a proper relationship between the city and its local public service corporations Mr. Fisher has received a training which must prove of great value in the working out of a policy for the wise use, without wasteful exploitation, of such natural resources as water power, timber, and the products of the mines.

Mr. Fisher is forty-nine years of age. He was born in Wheeling, West Virginia. His father, Daniel Webster Fisher, was a Presbyterian clergyman, and for many years was President of Hanover College. Shortly after finishing his law course Mr. Fisher became special assessment attorney for the city of Chicago. After a comparatively brief service in that position, he engaged in the private practice of law, taking little part in public affairs.

In 1901 the Municipal Voters' League, an organization formed in 1896 for the improvement of the City Council, needed new leadership. Mr. Fisher took the position of secretary, and Mr. Charles R. Crane the presidency. Under the direction of these two men the League became even more of a factor in the field of municipal politics than it had been before. Mr. Fisher proved a genius at this line of work. He "liked the game," and took more pleasure in circumventing the gangsters and in driving from office the "Gray Wolves"—a term coined by him to characterize the corrupt aldermen—than he did in playing golf, of which sport he is fond.

In attempting to defeat bad candidates for aldermen and to elect good ones Mr. Fisher naturally was obliged to consider the problems that confronted the Council. Those that excited the most controversy and the greatest public interest had to do with the relation of the city to the public utility corporations, especially the street railway, gas, electric light, and telephone companies. Whenever a crisis arose, Mr. Fisher would be called in, usually not in an official capacity, but as a citizen adviser. It was the man's powerful intellectual grasp of the problems involved, his reputation for honesty and absolute fair-mindedness, and his comprehension of the popular point of view, that rendered his services in these cases indispensable.

Naturally, a man of his force did not escape vilification. The public utility interests at the outset of his career abused Mr. Fisher mercilessly, because he was interfering with the political methods which underlay their long-established policy of exploitation. Later they were glad enough to have his help in securing for themselves even fair treatment at the

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hands of the representatives of a people exasperated by long-continued abuses. The extreme radicals in the community, too, have been at times bitter critics of Mr. Fisher. He has remarked occasionally that it was evident that he was pursuing a straight course "down the middle of the road," since he was getting bricks from both sides. However violent the antagonism during the period of a controversy, Mr. Fisher usually has had the respect of his opponents at its close. Lincoln Steffens once said of Fisher that he brought to the service of the people in their contests with powerful interests the kind of ability usually to be found only on the side of the corporations.

In 1905 Edward F. Dunne was elected Mayor of Chicago on the issue of immediate municipal ownership of street railways. Mr. Fisher had drafted the law authorizing municipal ownership, and had led the delegation of citizens that forced its passage through the Legislature—after several sensational incidents. One such incident was a revolutionary riot in the lower house of the Legislature, during the course of which the Speaker, who had tried to kill the bill under the gavel, fled in fear from the Speaker's chair to his private room and was not allowed to return and resume his duties until he agreed to give roll-calls on all important questions. It had not been Mr. Fisher's idea, however, that the city could actually municipalize at once under this law. The practical difficulties in the way, financial and others, were too great. While friendly to the municipal ownership idea, he is not a doctrinaire advocate. In fact, he objects to allowing doctrinaire notions to govern in the settlement of any important governmental problem. His fundamental philosophy is that the city itself should have full power to manage public utilities, or to intrust the operation to a private agency under public control, reserving the right on equitable terms to substitute the one form of management for the other at any time. With these powers in its possession, he would have the city adopt the one policy or the other in any particular exigency as might seem wise in view of the situation at the time.

After a year of floundering, Mayor Dunne and his radical advisers reached the conclusion that the street railways could not be municipalized "immediately." Following conferences, and agreement upon the main outlines of the course to be pursued, Mr. Fisher was made special traction counsel. Shortly before the close of Mr. Dunne's term as Mayor a plan of settlement was formulated which provided for a franchise grant to the companies, subject to termination by city purchase, on specified terms, at any time the city could raise the funds for the purpose. This plan had been worked out with the approval of the traction interests, the Council Committee, and Mayor Dunne. Shortly before its submission to the Council, however, Mayor Dunne, largely on account of political complications, turned against the settlement plan. Nevertheless, it was passed by the Council and approved by the people on a referendum vote, Mr. Fisher speaking for it and Mayor Dunne against it.

Mr. Fisher served as a member of the Municipal Ownership Commission named by the National Civic Federation, which made extensive investigations in this country and in Great Britain. The report submitted by this body, both in its recommendations as to policy, which showed the influence of Mr. Fisher's personality, and in its presentation of facts, is thought by many to be the best on the subject ever published in this country.

A notable tribute to Mr. Fisher's ability as a graft-fighter was his selection by the lawyer having the matter in hand, Mr. Murray Nelson, to take charge of the examination of witnesses in the Illinois Central graft case. That railway company, in the four years prior to December, 1909, had been defrauded of more than $2,500,000 through padded bills for repairs. The frauds were made possible by the connivance between important railway officials and the managers of five concerns engaged in the car repair business. The dishonesty was obviously an imitation of the corrupt system by which public money is stolen by politicians. Mr. Fisher's services have been enlisted in other cases of this general nature. He was a member of the Merriam Commission, created by resolution of the City Council, the Chairman of which, Alderman Charles E. Merriam, is now running for Mayor of Chicago, largely on the record made in that

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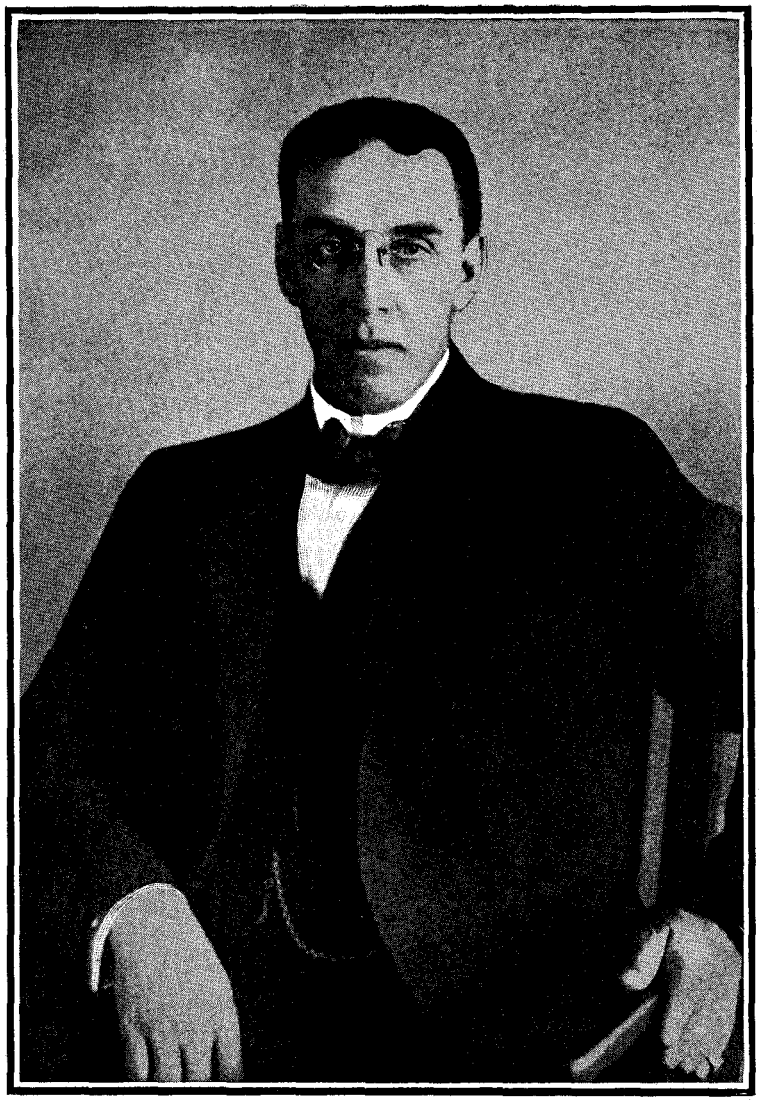

WALTER L. FISHER

connection in disclosing dishonesty and waste in the management of city affairs. Mr. Fisher served as attorney for the Merriam Commission, without salary, and conducted the examination of witnesses. At the time of his appointment as Secretary of the Interior by President Taft he was about to be made attorney for a committee of the Illinois State Senate that is planning an investigation of the "jackpot" and other scandals of the Legislature which made William Lorimer United States Senator.

For some months Mr. Fisher has been serving as a member of the Securities Commission appointed by President Taft to outline a plan for the control by the Federal Government of the stock and bond issues of railway companies. In the recent rate hearings before the Inter-State Commerce Commission he appeared on behalf of certain shipping interests.

Mr. Fisher has been deeply interested in the Conservation movement, and is in touch with its leaders. He served a term as President of the Conservation League.

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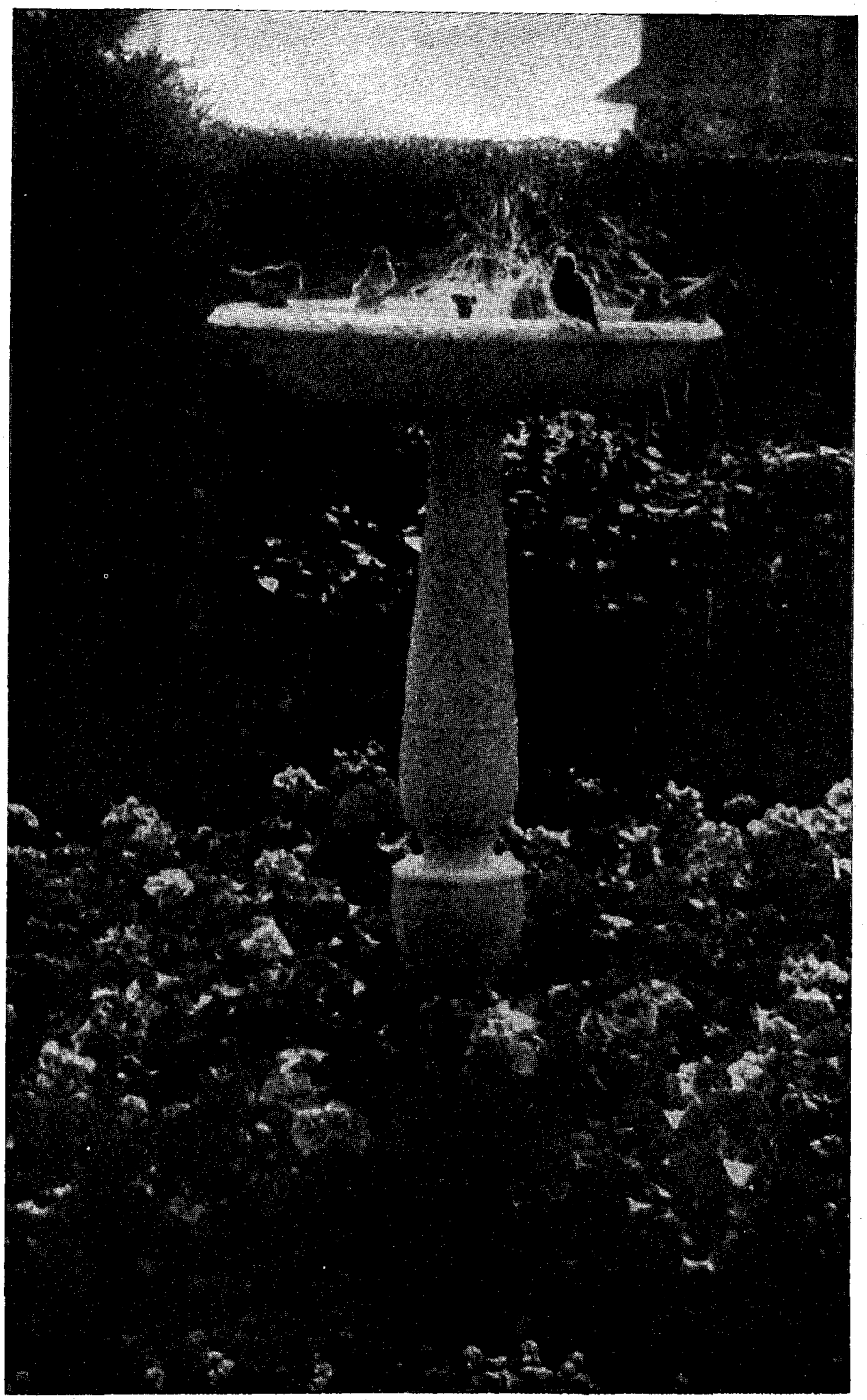

WINGED HERALDS

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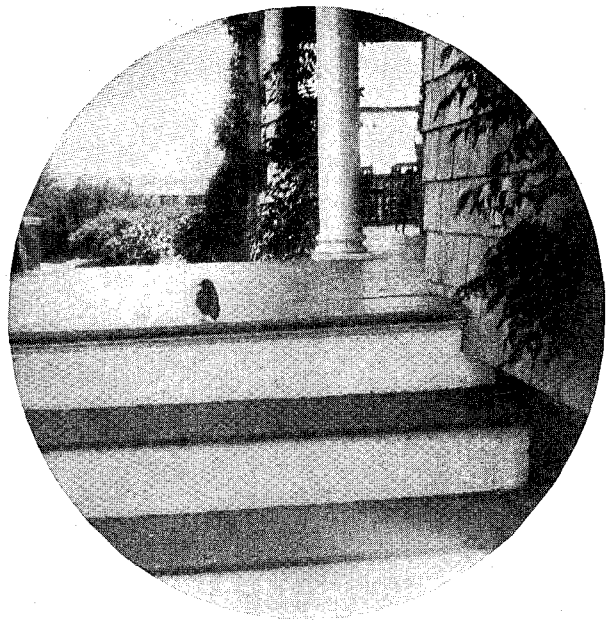

Our Tenantry

By Theron G. Strong

With Photographs by Martha Prentice Strong

Welcome are ye from far-off wandering,
Winged heralds of the balmy summer hours,
And for your home accept this offering—
Possession of our trees, and leafy bowers,
And deep-sequestered nooks to build your nests.
There, undisturbed, your little ones shall grow,
Protected by the shelter of your breasts;
And forth on joyful pinions shall ye go
To bring them sustenance, until your flight
They follow, on unsteady wing, to know
The gardens' bloom, and fountain-waters bright,
And learn the love that human hearts bestow.
And our reward shall be your happy throng,
Your wingings to and fro, and cheering song.

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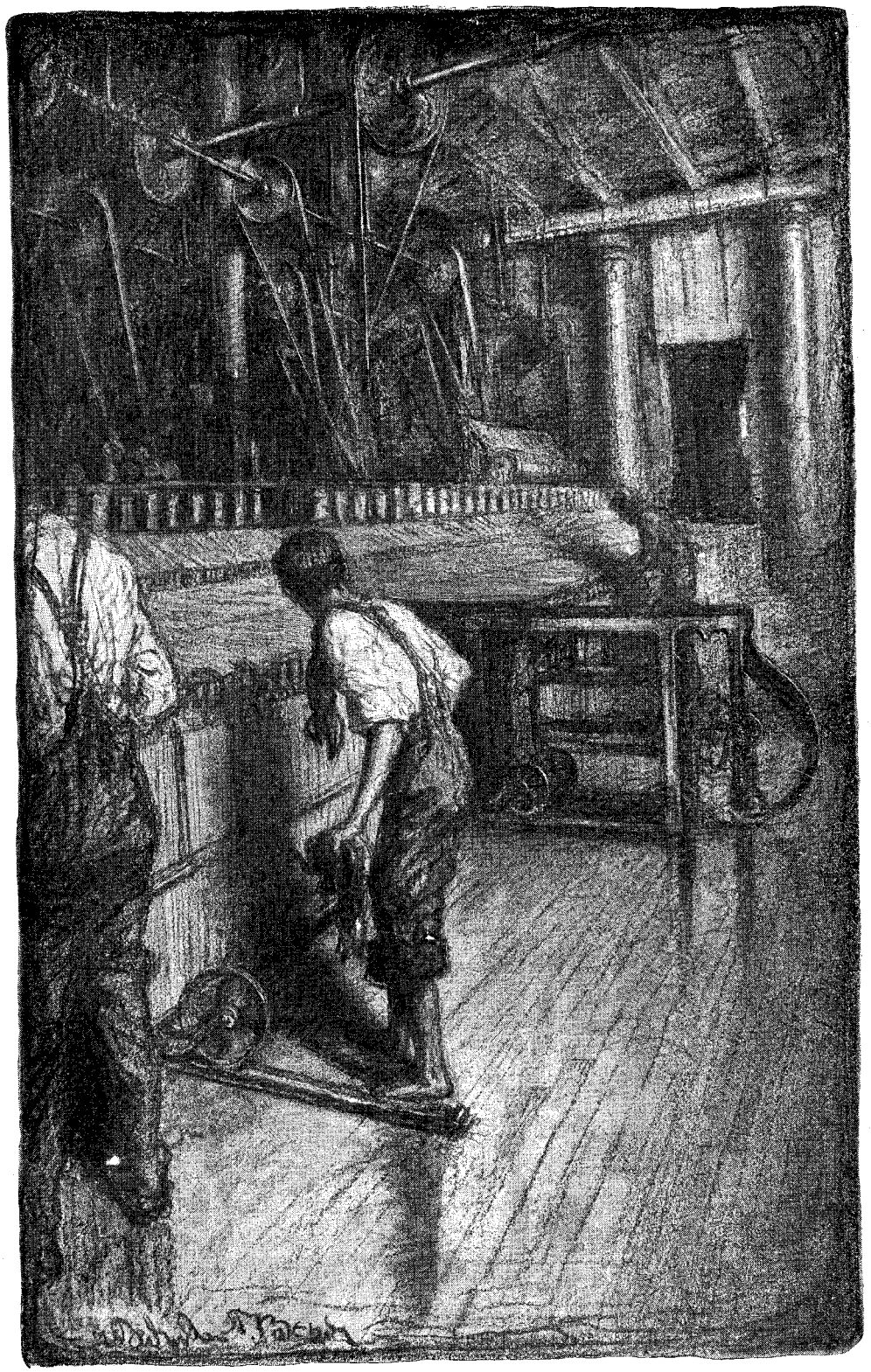

"ALL PARTS IN THE OPEN HAD GENERALLY TO BE CLEANED WHILE THEY WERE IN MOTION. OTHERWISE I HAD TO WAIT TILL NOONTIME"

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Through the Mill

By Al Priddy

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

CHAPTER VII

SHORTLY after the raid we removed to the south end of the city. Our new home stood on a corner at the junction of four streets. On the opposite corner, buried among billows of maple branches, stood an orphans' home. Uncle Stanwood, besides having skill with a flute, could also play the piano. In our new home he placed a fifteen-dollar, first-model piano, far from new. Three of the ivories were missing, one of the keys had a habit of sticking, and the whole keyboard was a deep, rich yellow.

"Wife," said Uncle Stanwood when the furniture was in, "we must have a house-warming. The spinners want to come." It was arranged for the following Saturday night. The preparations for the house-warming were easily made. The beer man called and left a half-barrel of beer, several cases of lager, and a few bottles of port wine. By eight o'clock the house-warming programme was in full operation. Tom Fellows, a tall man with a poetic face, sang an original composition entitled "Just to Come with Me to Town." The accompaniment to this was the work of a local bandmaster. Then followed drinks. Tom Fellows was followed by a deep-voiced spinner by the name of Marvin, whose contribution was "White Wings, They Never Grow Weary," etc. Then drinks were passed and gossip was indulged. Then drinks again, and after that—drinks. After that the programme was a grand disorder of oaths, drunken boastings, and calls for "More beer!" I went to bed in the next room and cried bitterly, for I had seen my Uncle Stanwood limp in a corner and my Aunt Millie, with face aflame, in a violent rage over some reproachful words Uncle had passed with her a few minutes before.

The Sunday's sun lighted up a sickening scene late the next morning. Glasses with odorous dregs of liquor in them were scattered on chairs and window-sills. Chairs were overturned, and the parlor lamp, still burning, sent out an oily, smoky smell. Uncle was still sleeping where I had seen him the night before, and Aunt Millie lay abed with her clothes unremoved. In the kitchen stood the empty beer barrel and the lager bottles.

On Monday morning I began work in the mule spinning-room. In the mule-room there are no women. A majority of the spinners are Englishmen. Their sons fill the subordinate positions, generally. My uncle proposed to teach me how to "back-boy"—that is, the art of renewing the bobbins which supply the spindles with cotton rope.

My uncle had many confidential talks with me relative to the home and to my future.

"Al," he said one day, "it's a shame that you have to stand what you do from aunt and me, and it's not proper that it should be so. Make a man of yourself, Al. Don't waste your time. Get ahead, and let drink alone. I had the chance when I was younger. I saved up enough money to take me to Ireland, Paris, and the Isle of Man. I read good books and mixed with good company. It's the beer that brought me down." One day he proposed that I should begin to practice on the piano. He drilled me on the scales, and every night helped me with a lesson on the piano. I took three regular lessons under him. The last lesson was very difficult. I practiced it faithfully and laboriously for four evenings, but could not make out the tune. It was called "an exercise" in the lesson book. Finally, on the fifth night, Uncle called from the kitchen, "Al, hurry up the tune a little." I did, and to my amazement found that it resolved itself into the very simple melody known as "Home, Sweet Home."

Besides this instruction in music, Uncle Stanwood took a great interest in my choice of reading. "Best plan to have," he advised, "is to get a book you like and read all of that author's books and get through with him." He brought me Stanley Weyman's romances, then Dumas's

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and Alger's series. He had me read at least two books a week, for the accomplishment of which he taught me the art of skipping.

Our new home was too near the saloons, and during the day, while we were at work, Aunt Millie patronized the beer wagons, which made daily rounds. In the evening she would persuade Uncle to share a few bottles with her. I cannot recollect three out of the innumerable nights they spent over their glasses when they failed to mix words and go to bed raging at one another.

Uncle and I always knew when Aunt had been drinking. Our dinners, brought by a neighbor's boy, indicated conditions faithfully. A cold meal meant a drunken aunt. These cold dinners generally consisted of jelly roll, soda-water, lamb's tongue, and store bread. With a sharp glance at the contents of the pail Uncle would look helplessly at me and murmur: "At it again, Al! What is the use of laboring if she goes on like this? She won't let me keep the pledge when I take it, and at the rate we are going we shall be fit subjects for the poor-farm."

One day no dinner came, and we had to work through the long afternoon without food. Aunt Millie was not at home at supper-time. Uncle went out and brought her home late that night; both were incoherent and helpless, and I put them to bed as best I could. The next morning Uncle did not go to work. Aunt Millie gave him a tongue-lashing, and the matter ended by Uncle packing a hand-bag and leaving for parts unknown, to return after a few days.

"Well, let him go, the old drunkard, that's what he is!" she cried, in great indignation. "We'll be better off without him. His drunken ways only make us worse off. Now off to work, Al, and remember that your pay has to keep us in groceries, pay the rent, and buy clothes." She omitted "beer" from the list. At that time I was earning four dollars and forty cents a week.

CHAPTER VIII

For the protection of minors like myself, two notices were posted in the mule-room, and in every room in the mill. They are rules which, if obeyed, would have reduced the seriousness of my mill work. The notices read:

"The cleaning of machinery while it is in motion is positively forbidden."

"All minors are hereby prohibited from working during the regular stopping hours."

If I had made any effort to obey the first law, I should not have retained my position more than two days. The mule-spinners were working by the piece, and would stop their mules only under the most exceptional stress. The back-boy who demanded that the machinery be stopped while he oiled the spindles or cleaned the fallers or the front and back wheels of the carriage was deemed incapable, unfit. It was even expected of me that I should with a hand brush clean pulleys whirling hundreds of revolutions a minute, at the risk of having my hand drawn over the belt. I had to clean fallers, which, if taken at the wrong minute, on the change, was like putting one's hands between the closing teeth of some wild creature. In cleaning the front spindles or oiling them I was in constant danger of being crushed between the carriage and the iron posts, which, when they met, left hardly an inch of space. Alfred Skinner, a close friend of mine, did get caught one day, and his body was pinned close and was crushed badly, but not too seriously to keep him from his work—at his own expense—for more than four days.

The most dangerous cleaning I had to do as a back-boy was the cleaning of the back wheels of the mule-carriage. The mule-carriage runs forward for about three yards on tracks. It starts from the frame, and spins the cotton thread as it moves ahead at a slow pace. Then, when the thread is spun, the carriage darts back swiftly and gathers the thread up on the spindles. This back motion is a swift rebound, just like a rubber ball which we throw and draw back by an elastic cord. The wheels of the carriage are about ten inches in diameter, and the tracks on which they run are sharp, like knives. It was dangerous enough to try to creep after these wheels while they were in motion, in an effort to clean them in record time, for the waste was always wrapping around the axles or being

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"I CHOSE TO SPEND THAT TIME WITH SOME PAPER OR A BOOK WHICH I HAD SMUGGLED IN, RATHER THAN TO BREAK ANOTHER RULE BY TALKING WITH THE NEXT BACK-BOY"

lumped under the wheels, and there was the added danger of not crawling back swiftly enough ahead of the rebounding carriage. But when it is known that I had to creep, almost at full length, under the frame and a long steel shaft, and crawl back out of the way of the returning carriage, that I had to estimate just how low to duck, and be careful not to back into a post or a box which would block my retreat, the danger at its full may be realized. Yet that was the process, and no spinner would stop his mule for me. If I let the waste lump under the wheels, it would lift the carriage out of gear and break over a thousand threads. When that occurred, there were oaths from the spinner, a lecture from the second-hand, and all sorts of disagreeable criticisms from the hands who were called upon to piece the broken threads. So it came about that if the waste did get tangled, as it did at almost every wheel, we always risked much to get it untangled, and, in doing so, got into trouble. One day I had my little finger dragged on the track and the end nipped. Almost every back-boy of my acquaintance had had one of

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his fingers either nipped or cut off altogether. Once in a while one of them would be caught as he backed and be severely maimed.

The only consolation we got in case of these accidents was a few days' "lay-off," always delightful, free treatment by the "company's butcher" (as we called the surgeon), and a loss of so many days' wages.

If a boy was absolutely bent on keeping that rule in regard to the cleaning of machinery, he had to leave that part of his work until the mill was stopped for dinner, or do it before the mill started in the morning. This, however, was jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, for it led to an infraction of the second rule, "All minors are hereby prohibited from working during the regular stopping hours."

It was absolutely impossible for me to do all my day's work in the ten and a half hours of the regular working day. I did not shirk my work, nor was I lazy. Neither was I undertaking more than would bring me an average wage. In fact, my weekly pay for the four mules was four dollars and a half. Not only was much of the dangerous cleaning left till the noon hour, or the hour before starting in the mornings, but there was always some unfinished chore ahead to be done before the mules started. In addition to all this, the spinners hired me to work for them during the stopping hours. They gave me a quarter for cleaning a mule-head, and so much a week for keeping their rollers in order, for helping them in piecing up whatever broken threads were found, and for work at many other details which they could leave until the noon hour.

Most of this extra work usually fell on Wednesdays and Fridays, the general cleaning days in the mill. Consequently, on these days I worked at full pressure. The hours I spent at work on Friday were divided as follows:

6 A.M. to 6:30 A.M., extra work.
6:30 to 12, regular work.
Fifteen minutes for dinner, but regularly eaten at odd minutes before noon so that I could be ready to put in a full hour.
12 to 1 P.M., extra work.
1 P.M. to 6 P.M., regular work. Against the rules to be found idle. This rule was vigorously enforced by the overseer.

From six in the morning until six at night I usually had thus but fifteen minutes, and sometimes not more than ten, for rest, and that was time taken out to bolt my cold dinner. Those twelve hours, at least twice a week, and very often three and four times in the week, left me at night worn out in strength to such a degree that I went to bed soon after supper and promised myself to make up for it on Sunday by lolling in bed till noon!

In the winter this extra work found me in the mill before all the lights were turned on, working by the dim rays which came from the one electric light in the main alley, and compelling me to work more by faith than by sight. I never stood in the daylight during those days, for it was dark again when I left my work at six o'clock.

Every once in a while a man or woman inspector would come into the mill in the morning or at noon to see if the overtime rule was being disobeyed. But we were always on the watch for them, and even suspected who they were at a distance. If they questioned us, we always told them that the work we were doing was merely extra work which we did at our own, and not the company's, option.

It must be borne in mind also that these long hours were spent in the midst of a somewhat vitiated atmosphere, never registering on the thermometer less than eighty-five degrees, and often kept at ninety-four. The air was ever filled with a whirling, half-invisible cloud of lint. Oil and hot grease were whirled on us from the newly lubricated shaftings over our heads. The floor was hot, and everything we touched, except the cotton, was greasy and odorous. Amidst all this we worked in a constant perspiration, even though we wore but a summer undershirt with the sleeves cut off and a pair of overalls with the legs rolled up above the knees. Our feet were always dirty with grease and oil, and it was impossible to protect ourselves with shoes, for with them we would slip on the dangerous parts of machinery, and, besides, there would have been little comfort wearing them in such a heat.

I have seen few prison rules which were more severe than the unwritten rules under which I worked in the mule-room.

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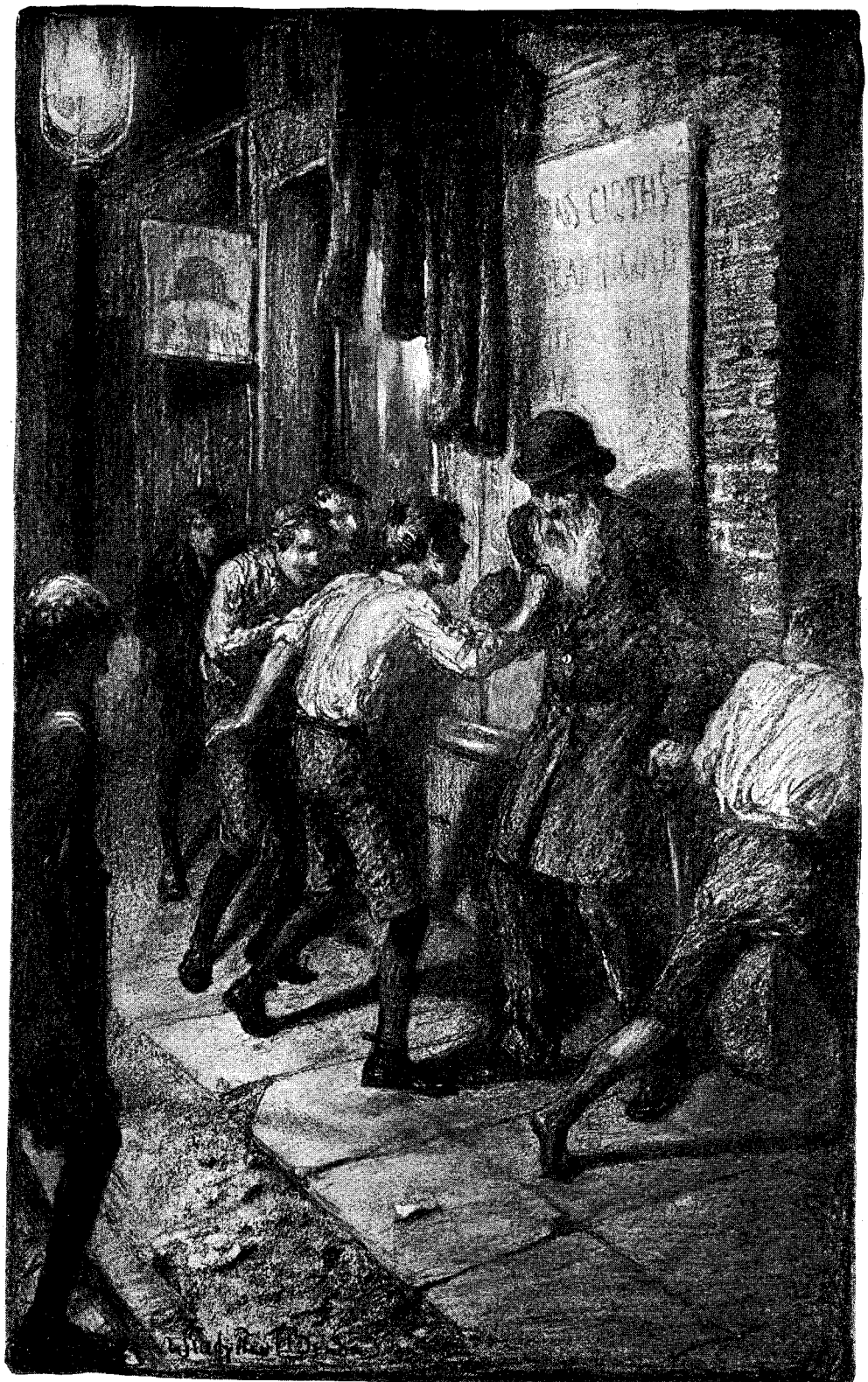

"ON THE NEXT BLOCK WE CAME ACROSS A VENERABLE ISRAELITE, LONG-BEARDED AND SOMNOLENT, WATCHING FOR CUSTOM BEFORE HIS ONE-WINDOWED CLOTHING SHOP. JAKEY McCARTY LEAPED FORWARD AND GAVE A VIGOROUS YANK ON THE VENERABLE'S BEARD, AND WE BROKE INTO A RUN, WITH A SHRIEKING, HORRIFIED GROUP OF JEWS IN MAD PURSUIT"

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Here is a list of those that were imposed upon me by a keen-eyed overseer, a surly second-hand, a spying third-hand, and sometimes a bad-tempered spinner:

"There must be no looking out of the windows."

"Under no circumstances must there be any reading of books or papers."

"Do not be seen in another part of the mill from your work."

"There must be no unnecessary talking."

"No operative must ever go out of doors or leave the room during working hours except on business."

"Sitting down is prohibited."

A rule about coming late to work was taken care of at the gate and the office. Promptly at the starting hour the watchman closed the gate, and did it with the precision of a machine. I have seen him shut out men and women who have been within three rods of the entrance! Then one had to go to the office, for a seven-foot fence, covered with four layers of barbed wire, made any other mode of entrance impossible. At the office one had to be examined by an official, who generally told the tardy one to go home and come on time the next day. One such experience would often mean the guilty one's discharge.

In order to prevent the first rule from infraction, the mill in which at this time I worked had put in glazed windows, so that from morning till night we never saw one square inch of the outside world unless we went out to dinner. When the sun shone in, the curtains had to be drawn in order to protect the moisture of the cotton.

There did come moments, far apart, when I would catch up with my work and have some spare time on my hands. I chose to spend that time with some paper or a book which I had smuggled in, rather than to break another rule by talking with the next back-boy. In order to get a chance to read, I had to see where the three bosses were, and then hide behind a box, or a post with a box in front of it, and read a chapter or two.

And if I did not want to take the risk which reading brought, and merely sat down, I had to do that very cautiously and guiltily. The bosses expected me to be on my feet for ten and a half hours every day.

To meet these exacting conditions I had insufficient strength. The muscles on my arms were no larger than eggs. I was still in a period of abnormal growth. I had to compete with young fellows who had arms knotted with pliant muscle, who could bend me during a test of strength and hardly breathe a bit the faster. In an attempt to improve my physique I took weights, jerked them up and down in a way that would have made a physical instructor wince, but exhausted rather than helped myself thereby. One of the back-boys, a veritable giant, one day completely humiliated me by tearing open my undershirt collar and thumping my chest with a force sufficient to make breathing painful for several days after, and he laughed as I doubled up. "Oh, say, he's chicken-breasted! He can't stand a feather touching him, can he?" Secretly I vowed at that time to develop a firmer and a stronger chest. To accomplish this, I inhaled and exhaled exaggerated gulps of the vitiated air of the mill, enthused by the false idea that the mere acts of lifting and lowering and throwing out the collar-bones would turn me into a second edition of Sandow, then advertising his lessons in the magazines.

But it was in my feelings that I suffered most. It was the terror of the mill that I felt. I never thought, at this time, of keeping away from work save as I had a toothache or felt ill. I grew afraid of the mill, but I knew of no other way to work. I felt that I must work! My aunt had trained me well by this time. I grew more and more hopeless when I thought about my future. If I had not been ambitious, my sufferings would have been lessened. It is the distant gleam from a lighthouse that makes the sinking of a ship three times more tragic than it would be if there were merely sullen rocks and the miserable moan of the storm about. I not only felt physically unfit for the work of the mill, and knew that I could not endure it for many years, but I also had read deeply, eagerly, believingly, in the literature of ambition, and sincerely, in my own blundering way, wanted to "make something of myself."

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It was a series of five-cent novels which, more than anything else, raised this ambition in me. It was a series having to do with The Adventures of Frank Merriwell. This young man was a manly hero, who lived an ideal life among a group of selfish, unpopular, and even villainous students at Yale College. He had the Midas touch by which every character, however gross or mean, became pure gold at his touch. He stood for decency, the "square deal," clean living, and manly loyalty to all that was highest in the moral code. True, he always knocked a home run whenever he batted at the home plate. He always made a touchdown when the odds were against his team. He could do anything in a championship manner, from throwing a lasso to taking the highest honors in Shakespearean tragedy. But there was no uncertain sound about his moral rightness. He was a "man's man." The college atmosphere in these novels was pictured so vividly and winsomely that I, too, wanted to join in the student songs, take a part in the conversations in the dormitories, sit in the classes, and join in the "rushes." I speculated about the cost in money and how much brain would be called for to be a college student. It was a romantic world in which I moved as I read those novels. They gave me the moral challenge the boys' club had neglected to give. They aroused my ambition for a college career, such as my aunt and her friends never thought or cared to arouse. Besides arousing this ambition, these stories also were the only Bible from which I learned what was expected of a man, and to what end his inclinations should be directed. They taught me forgiveness of enemies, honesty in all dealings, fair play in sport, and clean living in the midst of viciousness.

To turn, then, from this dreamlike world to the long days of work, heat, sweat, weakness, and the monotonousness of the week's routine was as disheartening as it must have been to Moses to come down from Sinai from converse with God to the worship of the calf and the profane dancing of a forgetful people in the valley. Only, Moses was so angry at it that he broke his record of his vision. I nourished mine more zealously on account of it.

There came many hours of desperation at the circumstances in the midst of which I lived and labored. But never did the ambition for an education pass from me. On those winter days, when the electric lights were turned on at three in the afternoon, I always felt as if I were being plunged into a long night of weariness, though I had only three hours longer to work. The hands on the clock hardly crawled over the dial. Five minutes stretched out into a long hour. Though completely exhausted and hardly able to accomplish the work before me, I had still three long hours to work. It would be the same to-morrow, and the day after, and the same years ahead, so far as I then could judge. The outlook was certainly disheartening. But when, in addition to this, I stopped to think of home, with its murderous assaults, and the squandering, drunken habits of my foster parents, to the encouragement of which my small wages tended; when I thought of the sunlight and the cool, sweet air outside, which I was not permitted to enjoy, and which would mean strength to my flabby muscles, then I would come to the moment, the wild, insane moment, when suicide loomed up as a safe exit from it all. There was no dramatic hair-pulling or stagy ranting when I speculated on suicide. I thought about it with the same deliberation with which I would argue that two and two made four. Putting a heavy weight on the frame above my head, balancing it on the edge so that a light touch would let it fall, crashing in my skull, I would half lift a finger towards it and argue: "Well, it's just one instant of pain, and then—death and an end! Why not? There surely is a sufficient excuse! Now it is day after day of suffering and night after night of mental distress. Your money is helping keep two people in a constant state of brawling and fighting. You never have much money or time. Just think how much a relief it would be to end it all! All you have to do is to raise up your finger and it is done. You should close your eyes and not dodge, though. Don't dodge the weight. I'll bet you're afraid, just the same!" Yes, I was afraid. I always emerged from those stoical dreams with the assurance that self-destruction was a

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coward's way of fighting against hardships.

One of the events which stimulated my ambition at this time was the advent of the College-Graduate Scrubber. He was a fat, lazy, slow-going man of thirty, who was also the first college graduate I had ever seen working in the mill. He was a great curiosity among us boys. There clustered around his lumpish head the ancient traditions of some American university. I secretly placed him on the peak of Olympus among the highest gods. I re-read my college novels with greater interest. *He* had lived in a dormitory. *He* had sat on a college fence. *He* had studied ever so many dry subjects, and *he* had rubbed shoulders with men in that dreamy, golden world which lay many leagues beyond what *we* could ever attain.

I used to watch him while he worked in his lazy way. But I did not see the sudsy mop he slapped from side to side, or judge him by the dull way he did his work. *He* was a *college graduate!* That thought lifted him above his mop and the pail of suds and the six dollars a week pay he received. I did not stop to think that the college had not taken *him* from the mill. I never stopped to ask whether he really was a college graduate. What he had done I wanted to do. From my talks with the scrubber, from his descriptions of his college days, and from his encouragements, I became more than ever out of sympathy with my mill work.

It has been said that ten righteous men can save a city. There were not quite ten really pure-minded men in the mule-room wherein I worked, but there were enough, if they had been so inclined, to have saved us boys from the immoral sweep of filthy communications which went through the mill from end to end during the noon hour and before the wheels started in the morning. Once in a while the men, most of them with boys of their own working in their vicinity, would stumble on a decent topic and continue it for some minutes, but those times were very exceptional. While they cleaned their rollers, cleaned their machines, or oiled, the spinners would *shout* what they had to say, sometimes being in communication with a man several hundred feet distant. During the noon hour nearly every spinner had to eat his dinner in the mill. They assembled in "Fat" Dunding's alley; an assembly of fathers and responsible citizens. "Fat" Dunding was the autocrat of the circle, however, and somehow it was impossible for him to get the conversation beyond brothels and lewd gossip. Once in a while some spinner would give a warning "hush" or would tell me to "run outside and not be around listening to things that weren't good for me," but it was infrequent when this caution was taken.

At this time I was working for two spinners, a French-Canadian and an Englishman. The Canadian was the best man in the mill, yet the rest of the spinners ostracized him because he was a Frenchman. This man was always kind to me, and made my work as easy as possible. The other man, on the contrary, was the most drunken and violent-tempered man in the mill, and held his position only by virtue of having married the overseer's sister. He was a stunted, bow-legged man, always in need of a shave. He wagged a profane and violent tongue, and had a reputation as a wife-beater—about which the men joked him. He always came to work on Monday mornings with severe headaches, in a surly, sullen mood, and filled himself with Jamaica ginger, which, on account of its alcoholic proportions, served the same palatable function as whisky, without making him unfit to walk up and down the alley at his work. My best could never please this man, and I was the butt of his profane vomitings. I was afraid of him, because by his complaints he could have prevailed upon his brother-in-law, the overseer, to discharge me.

CHAPTER IX

The mill-boys of the district in which I lived were organized into a "gang." After I had kicked the shins of the leader and inflicted severe pain upon that sensitive member I was admitted into the organization. We were wearing "knee-pants," but our juvenility ended there. We were called "the Point Road Gang." Our leader was a very pugnacious-tempered youth with a merry smile and long patience. We named him "Yellow Belly.' The roster included a German, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, several Englishmen and Americans.

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The first winter of our organization we spent on a drug-store corner, keeping vigil over a capacious iron drinking-trough and discussing indoor bicycle-racing, then at its glory at "the Rink."

In the spring we built an outdoor horizontal bar and exercised ourselves every evening until darkness set in. Five of the gang, including myself, bought current five-cent novels and exchanged once a week. Jakey McCarty and I separated ourselves from the main body once a week and visited the public library for the purpose of getting a book. For this habit the gang dubbed us with the flattering title "libree-struck," which has the same significance as "sun-struck." The gang intended it as an admonition against too much progress.

A list of the activities of the gang would read like a record of the Hunnish invasion. For instance, every Saturday night we migrated up Water Street along the Jewish quarter and through the center of the city to a tall building devoted mainly to a social enterprise defined in its name, "Union for Good Works." Our chief reason for a visit to such a moral atmosphere was to get a five-cent bath. I recollect a very distinctive Saturday night when, during the migration, the following activities were indulged: As we passed along the section of Water Street where grocery stores abounded, directly opposite the police station, we arrayed ourselves in a single file. Before us, just above our heads, projecting from the doorways and window-sashes, were tin advertising signs. One by one we leaped in the air and with open palms pounded the signs into a noisy clatter. Before the clerks had appeared on the scene we had passed on and mixed with the crowd. Our next stop was before a Jewish butcher shop, from the front of which, on a large hook, dangled a cow's heart. Again forming in single file, each member of the gang gave the organ a resounding slap with the palm. While we were running one of the gang stepped back and impudently called to the irate son of Israel, "Say, daddy, we'll give yer five cents if you'll let us take three more slaps." On the next block we came across a venerable Israelite, long-bearded and somnolent, watching for custom before his one-windowed clothing shop. Jakey McCarty leaped forward and gave a vigorous yank on the venerable's beard, and we broke into a run, with a shrieking, horrified group of Jews in mad pursuit. When we reached the Union for Good Works and had taken our bath and paid our five cents, we retired to the game-room. While we were busy with a game of table ninepins Jakey stood off at the opposite end of the room plastering the frescoed walls of the Union for Good Works with the pasty contents of a silver package of cream cheese to which he had helped himself at the stall of a public market. When we arrived at the South End, late that night, and were preparing to disband, this same Jakey set on view a five-pound pail of lard, a cap, and several pounds of tobacco, which he carried home and presented to his mother!

Such are only characteristic mischiefs in which we reveled. Their humor appealed to us. One Fourth of July night we roamed the city, deliberately destroying front gardens, tearing down bunting and decorative flags, and emptying the morning's milk left on grocery steps by early milkmen; yet the moral aspect of such adventures never presented itself to us with any measure of persistence.

The only religious declaration the gang made came in the winter-time, when on Sunday afternoons we made a pilgrimage to the Water Street City Mission. There the teachers filled my memory with a list of names such as Samson, David, and Paul, and forgot to take us in hand and instruct us in the rights of property and the impressive need for a moral clean-up. Of course it was the policy of the mission to avoid dogmatic religious instruction, because its roll included children of all creeds. We enjoyed the entertainments and suppers the Mission furnished, lighted our cigarettes with the Sunday-school papers they gave us, and concluded among ourselves that the fun of the thing was worth while. I covertly liked the mission because the teachers were mainly wealthy young women from the aristocratic city churches, and I had never before seen such expensive dresses or such magnificent diamond rings.

During a certain portion of the winter

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we also attended the drill practice of the city militia. After attending the first one we marched homeward with soldierly precision. When we neared home, I was thrust forward and called "Captain." As I marched on, my company threw icy snowballs at my head, and when I protested they bombarded me into flight.

When September came around and the evening schools opened, the gang was always on hand to take a part in the exercises. Four of us, Yellow Belly, Jakey, Dutchy, and myself, went with serious intentions. We planned to take arithmetic, grammar, and history.

A night school in a mill city on an opening night is a splendid commentary on the persistence of ambition. I sat in a back seat and looked on a sight which must have inspired the teachers. The man directly in front of me was a tall, bony Portuguese, the father of a family of grown-up children. He had come to study the first reader! The main portion of the scholars were foreigners, and were characterized by an intense desire to "larn de Eengleesh."

As soon as we were seated and the opening gong had sent its voice clanging through the halls, the gang began its operations. Dutchy, a very bright youth, pretended that he could not recite the alphabet. "Bunny," a young Englishman, tried to pass himself off as a Swede ignorant of English entirely. While the teachers were busy with conferences, books, cat-calls, and beans were in the air, and it was not until the special policeman on duty in the hall below had been called in that order was restored. These disturbances continued for the first week, and by that time I had become discouraged of further attendance.

The spinners at the South End, together with men from other of the mill departments, maintained a **Workingmen's Club.** They had their headquarters in a one-story frame building which stood on a corner in the midst of a tenement district. The main argument for the existence of the club was its liquor license. It was really a select saloon with the privilege of Sunday sales granted it. It was this club which inspired the gang to organize. We rented a small store, pasted the walls with pictures of actresses and baseball players, covered a small table with newspapers and cards, and began business.

The first week we occupied in sitting in front of our club, tilted back in chairs, "showing off" to the passers-by. The second week we spent indoors, indulging in boxing-matches, cards, and "twenty-for-five-cents" cigarettes. Every member of the club kept from work a day in order to lounge in the club and taste to the full his joys of membership. About the fourth week the landlord locked us out, declaring that we had become a "meddlin' set o' ne'er-do-wells."

It was in this gang that opposition to the manufacturers was first taught me. It might well have been called an embryo labor union, for whenever a circus or a fête came around and the mill authorities were determined to run their mill, we immediately resolved to keep from work. For the success of this purpose we planned, so far as we had charge of the planning, to work in the same room. There were six of us in the same mule-room, I recall, when Buffalo Bill came to the city for the first time. We six stayed away from our work in the afternoon, and the whole room was crippled and had to be closed. Two of the gang lost their work, but we called them heroes. For myself, I did not have the price of admission to the show, and had to content myself with a long-distance view from a tree-top.

(To be continued in the Magazine Number for May)

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The Ordination of John Fairmeadow

By Norman Duncan

With Drawings by Herman Pfeifer

JOHN FAIRMEADOW, at work in a ministerial way among the lumberjacks of the remoter Minnesota woods, had never attended a theological seminary. At least, not for long; and John Fairmeadow was used to explaining the mischance in this way: "Why, hang it, boys, I never had time! Honest, I was too busy; and I've been too busy ever since." But John Fairmeadow, by fortunate grace of the Superior Body of that district, was nevertheless at work among the lumberjacks in a ministerial way. He was hard at work; he was at work night and day, every day in the week, summer and winter, with all the strength that he had—strength of mind and heart and spirit and arm. No sooner had he encountered the bedraggled community of Swamp's End in the lumber woods—being then on the lookout for a location—than he threw off his pack and began to work. "Boys," said he, "I'm looking for the worst town this side of hell. Is this it?" Assured that Swamp's End was indeed the worst town this side of hell—assured that it could *beat* hell—assured that many a man had moved from Swamp's End to hell to improve his situation—John Fairmeadow had decided to settle down on the spot. "Just the live little burg I've been looking for," said he. And he had never been moved to regret his decision: he had found the place. Moreover, through all these busy years he had looked forward to ordination, notwithstanding the missing seminary years. "Follow the course of study we prescribe," the Superior Body had said, "and we shall in good time ordain you—provided, of course, that you pass a satisfactory examination."

"That's almighty good in you, boys," said John Fairmeadow.

The Superior Body, in the persons of its committee, smiled indulgently and filed John Fairmeadow's introductions.

And now, at last, the great day had come. John Fairmeadow was to be examined for ordination. If all went well—and John Fairmeadow devoutly hoped that by some extraordinary chance all might go well—if all went well, John Fairmeadow would presently become a "real" minister. That was what the boys wanted; that was what they had, with many flattering apologies, suggested. The boys naturally wanted the "real thing." The boys *ought* to have the "real thing." Nothing was too good for the boys. John Fairmeadow was bound to give them the "real thing" if he could. Consequently John Fairmeadow had for weeks—for many months, indeed—concerned himself in his leisure moments (which were few) with the sources of Christian theology, with the nature of God, with an intimate examination of the claims of the Trinity to existence in fact, with the origin of sin, and with exegesis, apologetics, Church history, and the like; but he was not at all sure, with all his labor, that his information in respect to these abstruse affairs was either accurate or anything like complete. But John Fairmeadow must do the best he could. The examining committee would presently arrive; the committee would be ushered into One-Eyed Mag's little parlor below and would there proceed with an embarrassing inquisition into John Fairmeadow's qualifications for preaching the Gospel. John Fairmeadow thought little enough of those self-same qualifications, if theological learning were to constitute them; and doubtless the examining committee would think much less of them. But John Fairmeadow, industrious to the end, conned his great text-book of systematic theology, determined to acquit himself like a man, if for nothing else than to honor the boys.

Billy the Beast, who had lain since midnight trussed up on John Fairmeadow's bed, opened his eyes.

"Parson," said he, in amazement, "what the hell are you doin'?"

Fairmeadow proceeded with his reading: "'God dwells in the universe, and is active

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in the whole of it, but is not to be conceived as wholly occupied by it, or exhausting his possibilities in conducting its processes.' "

"*Readin'?*" Billy the Beast demanded.

"'By the immanence of God,'" Fairmeadow read on, "'is meant that he is everywhere and always present in the universe, nowhere absent from it, never separated—' "

"Gimme a drink," said Billy the Beast.

"No, Billy; you can't have a drink. 'The ideas of immanence and transcendence—' "

"Gimme a drink!"

"You don't *need* a drink, Billy," Fairmeadow protested, without looking up; "you'll pull through without a drink." He went on with his reading: "'The ideas of immanence and transcendence are sometimes set in—' "

"For God's sake," the Beast wailed, "gimme a drink!"

Fairmeadow scowled. "'The ideas of immanence and transcendence,' " he read on, with a sigh, "'are sometimes set in opposition to each other, and each has even had its advocate; but this is needless and wrong. Each conception needs the other. Transcendence without immanence—' "

A flow of soft profanity issued from the Beast's dry lips.

"Quit it!" Fairmeadow commanded. "You bother me."

Billy sighed.

"'Transcendence without immanence,'" Fairmeadow read, scratching his bewildered head, "'would give us Deism, cold and barren; immanence without transcendence would give us Pantheism, fatalistic and paralyzing. The two coexist in God—' "

"Say!"

"'His omnipresent energy is His immanence; but so great is that—' "

"Say!"

"'So great is that omnipresent energy that instead of being—' "

"Say!" Billy the Beast roared; "am I goin' t' get that drink or not?"

Fairmeadow touched the Beast's pulse. "You are *not*," said he. "'Instead of being the fully worked slave of the universe that He inhabits and maintains—' "

"Say!"

"'God is its master.' "

"Say!"

Fairmeadow closed the book. "Look here, Billy!" said he. "You don't need a drink; you can pull through, this time, without a drink, and you're not going to get a drink. Be quiet. Go to sleep. Don't you see that you're bothering me? Leave me alone. I've enough on my hands to trouble me as it is. If in half an hour I don't know a good deal more about God than I seem to know at this minute," he added impressively, "I'll flunk."

"Ye'll what?"

"Flunk, I tell you!"

"That's awful!" said the Beast. "Is it deadly?"

"Not necessarily," Fairmeadow replied; "but it's a very unpleasant experience."

When Billy the Beast had been completely informed—when he understood the nature and probable event of the impending examination—when he knew that examining committee was about to arrive with certain grave questions touching the nature of God—he fell quiet. "You go right ahead with your readin', parson," said he. "Ye'll need to. Don't ye mind *me*. An', say, parson!" said he; "if them sky-pilots says you don't know more about God than they do, you come up an' loose me. That's all you got t' do, parson. You jus' come up an' *turn me loose!* I'll fix it for ye." Fairmeadow was then permitted to reopen his text-book and to proceed to discover a great deal about God's spiritual purpose in the universe, and about his right of control throughout the universe, which the young fellow had not known before, at least in positive terms.

It was unfortunate, of course, that, the night before, John Fairmeadow had gone into the Café of Egyptian Delights; it was more unfortunate still that he had been moved to glance over the collection of stupefied sots in the snake-room. The collection had been large and varied; it was Sunday night. And, however unfortunate it was that John Fairmeadow had been led to glance it over, it was more unfortunate still that he had found Billy the Beast a conspicuous member of that snoring gathering—Billy the Beast evidently come close to the drunkard's most

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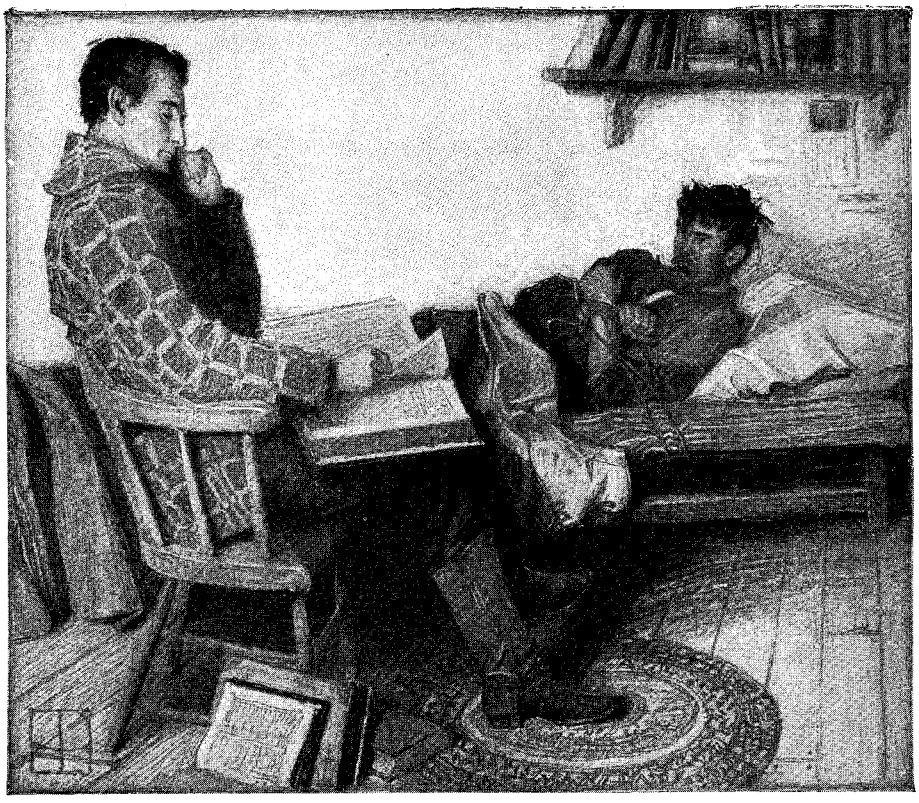

"BILLY THE BEAST, WHO HAD LAIN SINCE MIDNIGHT TRUSSED UP ON JOHN FAIRMEADOW'S BED, OPENED HIS EYES"

terrible pass. John Fairmeadow forgot the text-book of systematic theology to which he had been hurrying; he forgot even that the committee was coming, that his ordination hung in the balance, that the boys wanted the "real thing," and that he had determined to give the boys the "real thing" if he could manage it. There was only one thing to do—only one business with which a lay preacher could then properly occupy himself. Fairmeadow went for his wheelbarrow; and, having come again, shouldered the Beast, carried him through the bar-room, flung him into the barrow, trundled him home, shouldered him upstairs, and put him to bed. Fairmeadow had thereupon spent the night with the erudite research into the origin of sin and the nature of God. It was not until past dawn—not until Billy the Beast had begun to stir and moan in his sleep—that Fairmeadow trussed him up with a length of stout rope which he kept in his little room above the Mother-Used-To-Make-It Restaurant for that very purpose.

"That's not too tight," he thought, when he had accomplished this admirable precaution; "that won't hurt him."

Billy muttered restlessly.

"I wonder," Fairmeadow thought, "if God will ever save this poor fellow from his wretchedness. I'll pray again," he determined.

The which he did.

When the committee arrived, Fairmeadow bade the shivering Beast behave himself, urged him to make no disturbing noise, implored him in particular to make no effort to escape, eased his bonds a little, denied his plea for a dram of liquor, peeped for the last time into the nature of God as disclosed in the ponderous text-book of theology, and went anxiously below to One-Eyed Mag's parlor, where a committee of two genially awaited him. They were fine fellows. John Fairmeadow

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was instantly persuaded of it. One glance was sufficient. "Glad to see you, boys!" he exclaimed, heartily; "it's awfully good in you to come 'way out here to the backwoods and bother your heads with a stupid layman." And to this warm outburst—and to a hearty shake of the hand and to a friendly clap on the back—the examining committee responded with smiles equally warm. They were both young; and they were true to the type, in some respects curiously alike: they were smartly dressed in well-cut black, they were straight and virile, they displayed no marks of care, their eyes were frank, clear, intelligent. Fine fellows, both—young fellows of high ideals and easy consciences. Fairmeadow liked them. He was himself palpably inferior; he was big, and brown, and abrupt, and belligerent, and alert, and energetic, of course, but he lacked the refinement of his inquisitors—the small graces they so easily displayed—and his eyes, though frank and eager, were a bit bleared by his night's occupation, and his hair was tousled, and the legs of his trousers were tucked away in his boot-tops, and his attire was that of a lumberjack, and his face was seamed with weather and trouble. However, it seemed not to matter at all. The examining committee had evidently taken a fancy to John Fairmeadow.

"Boys," Fairmeadow apologized, "I'm afraid I'm going to make a fool of myself. You see, I've been awfully busy. Out here, you see, it's the hardest thing in the world to get a minute—"

There was a thump on the floor overhead.

"The hardest thing in the world," Fairmeadow repeated, frowning, his ears cocked for sounds from above, "to get a minute—"

The thump was repeated.

"Yes," Fairmeadow went on, awkwardly; "you see, boys, out here in the woods—"

The floor creaked overhead.

"I'm sure, Mr. Fairmeadow," one of the young ministers put in, to ease John Fairmeadow's embarrassment, "that you'll do very well. Now, let us not waste time. Let us—"

"Of course!" Fairmeadow agreed. "The sooner this thing is over," he added, with manifest anxiety to have it over and done with, the while listening, "the better I'll be pleased."

"Very well. Well, now, Mr. Fairmeadow—"

The examination of John Fairmeadow for ordination proceeded. It was not a great success. In the first place, the candidate seemed, for some strange reason, to have no realizing sense of the importance of the questions he was required to answer. Instead of heeding his examiners as a diligent student for the honor of ordination might very well be expected to do, he displayed an odd and completely unaccountable distraction; so that he frequently ejaculated, "I *beg* your pardon, boys! What *was* that last question?" Moreover, it was observed that his replies were confused, not altogether, it appeared, because of dense ignorance, but because, in part at least, of a lack of interest in the proceedings (from which his attention continuously wandered), and because of an acute and alert interest in respect to some mysterious happenings in a room above, these being quite foreign to the matter in hand. The committee was unfavorably impressed. Had the committee not been above indulging unkind suspicion, the committee might, without doing violence to its common sense, have suspected John Fairmeadow of laboring under a guilty conscience. John Fairmeadow displayed every symptom of the thing, and had it been at all possible for him to cheat the committee, under the committee's two noses, the candidate, such was his uneasiness and flushed condition and nervous demeanor, might fairly have been suspected of that disreputable business. In addition to this the candidate displayed no impressive acquaintance with the origin of sin, could barely scrape through an apology for the Trinity, was decidedly weak in respect to the origin of the Book of Genesis, was of doubtful acquaintance with the Church in mediæval times, and would be hanged (said he) if he could tell who was Cæsar of Rome when Paul preached in Athens!

The examination was eventually interrupted by a crash of glass proceeding from a room upstairs.

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"Boys," said Fairmeadow, "you'll have to excuse me. I'm busy."

"Certainly," said the committee, politely. "And at your conven—"

"I am awfully sorry it has turned out this way," Fairmeadow apologized. "I've an unexpected little job on my hands. Nothing much," he added, hastily; "but it may take a little time."

The committee bowed sympathetically. "How long will it be before—"

"Not to-day, boys," Fairmeadow replied, hastily. "I've a little job on hand that will keep me all day. The fact is—"

At that moment the door was softly opened and a frowzy head was intruded into the examination chamber.

"I found yer bottle, parson," a hoarse voice whispered.

Fairmeadow flashed about in horror.

"Parson," Billy the Beast whispered, fixing the committee with a baleful glance, "is them there little dude sky-pilots givin' ye a square deal? If they hain't, parson—*I'm loose!*"

Fairmeadow was far too genuine a man to trouble about what the examining young ministers might suspect in respect to the bottle which Billy the Beast had discovered in his room. The bottle troubled him, nevertheless; it troubled him chiefly because Billy the Beast had all too evidently absorbed its contents, and was now, beyond question, not only in a mood to indulge all the devilish propensities and perversities which were accustomed to possess him when in liquor, but was helplessly bound towards the renewal of his debauch. Moreover, in that particular stage of intoxication he was a dangerous man: he craved fight—a gigantic, savage, unkempt, flaring-eyed barbarian, spoiling for fight, in which he would not scruple to use his feet and his teeth, as well as his fists, if he could successfully employ them. And he cavorted into the room forthwith in the manner of a fighting-man, advancing and retreating with quick little steps, and feinting with his fists. He advanced, in this threatening manner, upon the smart little ministers, who promptly rose, and in some agitation, to meet him; and he demanded, with every evidence of the intention of knocking their heads together, of wringing their neatly collared, slender necks, and of eating 'em up for dinner—he demanded whether or not it was their purpose to "flunk" the parson; adding, before John Fairmeadow could interrupt, that, by the Eternal, he would instantly put them through a sausage-grinder if they should display the least idea of "trying it on." It was an awkward moment for the young ministers; their intimate and authoritative acquaintance with the origin of sin, of course, could not, as they were well aware, preserve them from the sinful conduct presently to be manifested; but they were courageous young fellows notwithstanding, and stood bravely to their guns, drawn up with dignity and flushed with resentment.

"Easy, Billy!" Fairmeadow put in, harshly. "Take care!"

Billy leaned close to the younger young minister.

"I want t' pull your nose," said he, softly.

The younger young minister would not by any means permit the indignity.

"It *needs* pullin'," Billy urged.

"Stand off!"

"An' I *feel* jus' like pullin' it," Billy added.

"Stand off!"

"Now, young feller," the Beast went on, rolling up his sleeve, "I ain't goin' t' hurt ye. Stand still, an' it'll be over in a minute."

Fairmeadow's hand fell heavily on the Beast's shoulder. "That'll do!" said he. "No more of it!"

"But, parson—"

"No more of it, I say!"

Billy the Beast felt Fairmeadow's hand slip cautiously to his wrist. At the same moment he looked into Fairmeadow's eyes and discovered Fairmeadow's purpose. And he was not caught napping. He wrenched his hand free, leaped away with an oath, and stood on guard, eying big John Fairmeadow alertly. Fairmeadow slipped out of his jacket, muttered "Excuse me for a minute, boys," to the young ministers, with much politeness, and advanced cautiously to the attack. It was a memorable engagement; at least, it was never forgotten by the young ministers who had come to determine John Fairmeadow's qualifications for preaching the Gospel to the lumberjacks

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of that section. But it was not a long engagement. John Fairmeadow was not used to long engagements of that nature; they were altogether opposed to his religion and ethical policy. He went swiftly to close quarters with the Beast, dodged a terrific swing, and struck once before he leaped away. But he had not struck hard enough. "Pshaw!" he grunted, disgusted and distressed. "I'll have to hit him again." He went in for the second time with a grim and cruel intention. It was with the purpose of hitting the Beast so hard and at a point so vital that the gigantic lumberjack would crumple up and lie still until he could be put to bed again. The affair must issue that way or John Fairmeadow's discourse would utterly fail of edifying Billy the Beast in any degree whatsoever. The Beast must not be permitted to escape to the saloons.

Fairmeadow advanced.

"D-d-don't hurt him!" the younger young minister feelingly stuttered.

Fairmeadow did not hurt the Beast. In fact—and greatly to his distress—Fairmeadow missed the Beast entirely. Whereupon the Beast, with a whoop of triumph, laid John Fairmeadow flat, leaped for the door, vanished from the room, and scampered off towards the Café of Egyptian Delights. And Fairmeadow jumped up, ejaculated, "Excuse me, boys; we'll have to postpone this examination. I *must* save that man!" and took after the lumberjack. It was night before he returned; and he was worn out then, and infinitely depressed, and hopeless concerning himself, his ministry, and all the sinful sons of men; but he had Billy the Beast in the wheelbarrow, and he carried the man upstairs and put him to bed, determined to watch with more devotion until the sot had recovered his sobriety and could control himself on the way to the camps of the Canthook cutting. In the meantime the examining committee, having grown discouraged, had departed on the evening train, leaving word, in the form of a communication couched in terms of distinguished politeness, that their findings in respect to John Fairmeadow's qualifications for ordination would in due time be reported to the Body by which they had been commissioned, and would, no doubt, eventually be communicated to John Fairmeadow himself. With this John Fairmeadow must be content. But the issue was not in doubt in his mind. They would not ordain him. How could they? Why should they? John Fairmeadow was far better aware than the examining committee of his own wretched ignorance in all things concerning the origin of sin, the authorship of Genesis, the Church in the mediæval ages, and the government of Rome in the days of the Apostle Paul. "Hang it all," he ejaculated, while he sat with Billy the Beast, now and again feeling the wretched fellow's pulse, now and again wiping the sweat from his brow, "I've no *time* to cram up those things!" And having changed the subject of his thought, he came back with admirable resolution to the old question. "I wonder," he thought, "if Almighty God will ever save this man from his wretchedness. Anyhow," he determined, "I'm going to pray once more."

The which he did.

It turned out as Fairmeadow had foreseen. In the first place, Billy the Beast survived his debauch, expressed his contrition, and returned sober, if a bit white and tremulous, to the camps of the Canthook cutting; and, in the second place, the Superior Body would not sanction the ordination of John Fairmeadow. The communication to this effect was polite; it was exquisitely delicate, indeed—a very masterpiece of literary delicacy. It conveyed praise to John Fairmeadow, it congratulated him upon the work he was doing "in the Master's vineyard," it expressed the hope that he might live long to continue it, it furnished him with a benediction; but, in terms which could not be misunderstood, it at the same time assured John Fairmeadow that he would be no less serviceable to his Master and the Church—that his reward would be quite as sure and large—if he should continue to labor as a lay preacher and should forthwith and for all time abandon his ambition to enter the rough field of the woods as a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel. The communication left out a good deal. It left out, for example, the terms of the brief and rather humorous

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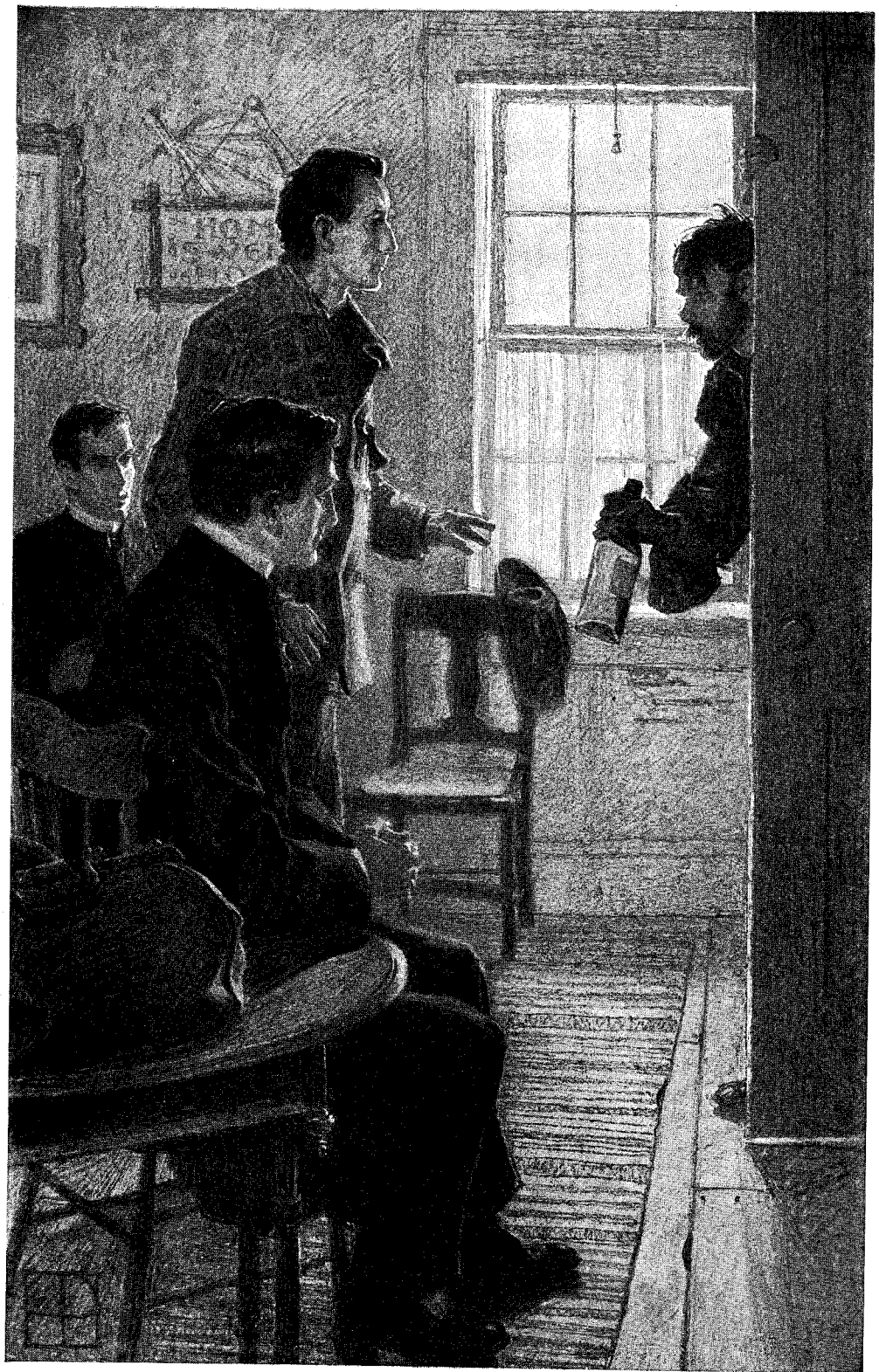

"PARSON," BILLY THE BEAST WHISPERED, FIXING THE COMMITTEE WITH A BALEFUL GLANCE, "IS THEM THERE LITTLE DUDE SKY-PILOTS GIVIN' YE A SQUARE DEAL? IF THEY HAIN'T, PARSON—I'M LOOSE!"

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discussion of the case which had taken place at a session of the Superior Body when the younger young minister of the examining committee had made his rather facetious report (he was a distinguished wag) of the occurrences in the little parlor of One-Eyed Mag's Mother-Used-to-Make-It Restaurant. It omitted, too, all reference to an exchange of opinions aboard train, in the evening of that unfortunate day, when the examining committee, with a revived sense of personal safety, was making all haste from the proximity of Billy the Beast and his like.

"What do you think, Jim?" the younger young minister inquired.

The other laughed.

"Come, now!" the younger insisted. "Be frank."

"He's a rough diamond."

"He *is* a diamond, though. That's sure. I like him."

"An admirable fellow! A splendid fellow!"

"Admirable!" the younger agreed.

"Splendid!" the other repeated. "I took a great fancy to him. But—"

"That's it," the younger interrupted, hastily. "That's the point! *But*—"

"There's the dignity of—"

"Of course! There's the dignity of the cloth to be considered."

"And—"

"Exactly!"

"I rather think he will do just as good work as a lay preacher."

"I agree with you," said the younger, emphatically. "Let us report in that way. He's pretty rough. A diamond, of course—but pretty rough. There's no reason in the world why he should be ordained. And I really think that the ministry should be protected against the invasion of ignorant and uncultivated men. I do, honestly."

Of all this, of course, John Fairmeadow knew nothing. His rejection from this body of accepted ministers—ministers in law and fact—cast him down a little, but did not discourage him; and it did not enter his head either to accuse the young committee of unfairness or to abandon the work in disgust. Nothing of the sort! It was not long, indeed, before he began to laugh at himself. "To think," he thought, in amusement with his ambition, "that a busy man like me could cram up all that stuff in the time I gave myself. What nonsense! And I never *shall* be able to cram it up. I'm too busy. But I must be ordained. If I'm to be as useful here as I might be, I must be ordained. I must have the sanction of my Church. I must have the backing of my Church. If I am to organize my work—and I *must* organize my work—I must be equal in standing with the other ministers of my Church. But I've no time—no time at all—to cram that systematic theology. They must ordain me without it. They *must!* And, by Jove, I'll tell 'em so!" It was with this object in view that John Fairmeadow replied to the communication of the Superior Body, genuinely congratulating the brethren upon the wisdom of their decision in his case, but requesting, as a peculiar indulgence, that he might have the honor of addressing the brethren in his own behalf at a future meeting. And in this John Fairmeadow displayed not only his wisdom but his goodness of heart. It was quite impossible for the Superior Body, with this limited knowledge of the applicant, to ordain John Fairmeadow, and John Fairmeadow had the good sense to know it.

The Superior Body was not behind in the display of good sense and kindness. John Fairmeadow was informed that he would in due course be notified of the time at which he would be expected to address the brethren. There was a long delay, to be sure, but in the meantime Fairmeadow was busy, and minded the months of delay not at all.

There came by and by to John Fairmeadow, busy and distracted, a politely phrased and cautious invitation to address the Superior Body—briefly to address the Superior Body—in relation to his ministerial activities in the lumber woods. John Fairmeadow was assured that the Superior Body was "back" of him in his "labor for the Lord;" that the Superior Body not only respected but prayed for him; that the brethren would be delighted to receive him, to listen to him, briefly of course, and that the brethren would doubtless be pleased to carry to their congregations news of his *most* interesting and peculiar work, to the end that some small sums might be raised to assist

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it. Wherefore John Fairmeadow was urged to make an "impression"—to "hit the bull's-eye," now that he had the chance—to "strike while the iron was hot." He was indulgently warned, moreover, that the brethren were busy men; and he was "tipped off" in this connection that brevity would be a telling point in his favor. It was an earnest, interested, wholly agreeable letter, and John Fairmeadow was delighted with it. "Now," thought he, "that's *mighty* kind in the boys. It isn't what I expected to speak to them about; but I'll do my best." It will be observed that John Fairmeadow was flattered—flattered to be brought into an accepted relationship with the ordained of his profession. And doubtless John Fairmeadow, having applied his large energy and devotion to the task, would have composed a capital address—would both have "hit the bull's-eye" and "struck while the iron was hot"—had not Long Butcher Long, one of his parishioners, developed *delirium tremens* at that inopportune moment, and needed the closest sort of attention. Worse than that, John Fairmeadow was late: the Superior Body was already in session.

When Fairmeadow arrived in the anteroom of the church at the capital where the Superior Body was deliberating, his big hand was shaken by a diffident, white-cravated, frock-coated, pale-fingered, spectacled little man, the author of the politely phrased letter, and welcomed with caution. "We're mighty glad to have you with us, Mr. Fairmeadow," said the little gentleman, his manner conveying a due sense of the honor the Superior Body had conferred upon John Fairmeadow.

"That's all right, old man," Fairmeadow responded. "I'm glad, too."

The little gentleman peered at John Fairmeadow over his spectacles. "The Superior Body is sorry, of course," said he, "that the outcome of your examination was—unfortunate."

Fairmeadow laughed. "That's all right, old man," he replied. "I'm sorry, too. So are the boys. That's why I am."

"You see, Mr. Fairmeadow," the little gentleman began to stammer in apology, "we—we have to—"

"Don't mention it," said Fairmeadow.

The little gentleman was ill at ease. "If I were you, Mr. Fairmeadow," he said at last, "I shouldn't refer to the matter in my address to the brethren."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, nothing—would be—accomplished."

"No?" Fairmeadow inquired, amused.

"Nothing whatsoever. The Superior Body has made up its mind. In certain cases, of course, ordination is conferred upon men of—well—of limited theological education; but these are extraordinary cases, and the Superior Body, in discussing your case, has determined, Mr. Fairmeadow, that your usefulness would not be increased by—"

"Just so," Fairmeadow interrupted; "but the Superior Body knows nothing about it. In point of fact, my usefulness *would* be increased. My parishioners *want* an ordained minister. They're quite right, too. And for that reason I have sought—"

"My dear fellow!"

"Now," Fairmeadow went on, "I'd like to tell the boys in there—"

"My dear fellow! Don't *think* of such a thing. Take my advice. Let the matter drop. The Superior Body has had a full and free discussion of the standard of theological training it should demand of *all* applicants for ordination—"

"Theological training?" Fairmeadow laughed.

"Yes, of course," the little gentleman replied; "and in your case—"

"I'll tell 'em about mine."

"Theological training? You've had none!"

"Oh, yes, I have, old man," said Fairmeadow, confidently. "And I'm going to tell the boys in there all about it."

"My dear fellow!"

"That's all right, old man," said Fairmeadow, positively; "but, by Jove, I *will!*"

When the chairman's attention was at last distracted from the discussion under way for John Fairmeadow's introduction, he managed to shake hands in a quick, soft way, and to whisper: "Glad you've come. Very busy, just now. Be seated somewhere. I'll call on you in due course." Then he returned on tiptoe to his little table and once more smilingly faced the busy meeting of the black-coated brethren. John Fairmeadow sat down to

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wait—to look and to listen and to marvel. The debate was prolonged and somewhat acrimonious. I have forgotten what it concerned. It was a point of order, perhaps; or it may have been the congregational squabble at Brown's Corners. I have forgotten. Perhaps it was the progress of missions among the Mohammedans of southern Arabia. This does not matter, however; it was prolonged, at any rate, and it was slightly acrimonious, so that the chairman must keep a tight rein on the brethren, who were used, at such times, being one family, to loose themselves somewhat from restraint. There were retort and rejoinder in plenty, some of it keen-edged; and there was a good deal of laughter, too. John Fairmeadow fidgeted in his pew. Time was passing; his train was due to leave within the hour; and Long Butcher Long, now reposing in the care of Plain Tom Hitch in the little room above the Mother-Used-to-Make-It at Swamp's End, would need John Fairmeadow's more knowing and more powerful attentions that night. So Fairmeadow stared and listened impatiently—and fidgeted in his pew—and wondered how much time a gathering of ordained ministers might waste with an easy conscience—and speculated upon the condition of all the parishioners who went lacking a shepherd in the meantime—and heartily wished "they'd get through." At last they did, of course; and the bewildered Fairmeadow wondered what the outcome of the discussion had been. It was not surprising: for the matter had "gone over."

In the midst of his effort to solve the riddle Fairmeadow heard the smiling chairman say:

"A few words from Brother Fairmeadow, reports of whose work among the degraded lumberjacks of our State have interested us so much, and who will *briefly* address us."

Fairmeadow rose, looked composedly around, put his hands in his pockets, squared his shoulders, and audibly sighed. Nobody knows why he sighed. I fancy that Fairmeadow himself had no idea at the time. But the sigh was so deep and frank you may believe that it was quite sufficient to procure attention and a curious silence in the church. There had been a good deal of talk about Fairmeadow. From many sources the brethren had learned a good deal about him. There had been a good deal of laughter, too. The examining committee had not failed to tell picturesque tales in the most humorous fashion in the world about the experience with Billy the Beast at Swamp's End. The Superior Body had laughed heartily in the leisure moments of the last session; and the congregations beyond—for the story was far too good to keep, embellished, as it had been, by the ingenuity of the examining committee—had echoed the laughter of the brethren. And Fairmeadow, now standing gravely before them all, clad in the lumber-woods way, still in mackinaw and heavy boots, was a figure good to look upon, if only on account of the admirable contrast he presented. A clean, true man, at work, hard at work, in the world; a big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, long-legged body, evidently with a soul to match its excellencies, and with a glowing heart and a purpose lifted high. No wonder the brethren attended. It was an occurrence out of the ordinary—*quite* out of the ordinary, believe me. And while the big man in the mackinaw looked gravely round about upon them all, seeming to pause to look into the eyes of each, the brethren settled themselves to listen, stirred by an agreeable little thrill of impending excitement.

The chairman repeated, absently:

"Will briefly a-dress-ss us-s."

"Boys," Fairmeadow began, genially, in his big, warm way, "I'm almighty sorry I can't stay very long with you."

A little laughter was provoked.

"You see, boys," Fairmeadow went on, ingenuously, "I'm a busy man, and I must get back on the job by the 6:43. Otherwise I'd be glad to talk to you all night."

Somebody called:

"Talk as long as you like!"

"Thanks, old man," Fairmeadow replied. "I'd like to. Really, I would. But—"

"Go on! Go on!"

Fairmeadow nodded and smiled his acknowledgment of this genuine interest. "What I want to talk to you about," he began, "is something you've been a good deal bothered about, and that's my ordination—"

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"The brother," said the chairman, promptly, "is out of order."

"That's all right, old man," Fairmeadow began, smiling; "but you see—

There were loud cries of—

"Let him go on! Go on, brother!"

The chairman bowed acquiescence; the wish of the brethren was evidently unanimous and far too fervent to be opposed.

"Thanks, boys," Fairmeadow responded, quietly. "That's just what I mean to do."

There was a round of applause.

Fairmeadow began at the beginning. It was a short speech. It did not take long. It was obediently brief. "Boys," said he, so gravely that his deep voice thrilled the heart of every man among them, "I am a redeemed drunkard; in this are my call and education and therein resides my right to ordination." After that the silence was not once broken. The good brethren—genuine, sympathetic fellows, every one—now sitting in the presence of a man who had suffered the fires of unrighteousness, listened, enthralled, to the story of those other days. There was not a whisper—not a movement. It was all frankly told: the tale of a young life falling into degradation—a tale of Bowery saloons, of park benches, of begging and filth and shivering nights, of hopelessness, of helpless, uttermost degradation. And then it became the narrative of a miracle—the ancient miracle of conversion worked anew in a darkened soul—and by this the brethren were more than ever amazed and uplifted. They had preached Power: they had not—not all of them—quite realized the greatness of that Power. And they were amazed—and they were uplifted. "And now, boys," Fairmeadow concluded, "I'm a rough man. God knows I'm nothing but a rough man. But you know why I'm here. You know the meaning of such a life as mine—know its significance in a world of men. You know my work, too. It's only a rough work: it's only a work for a rough man like me. You know whether or not I am called of God to do it. You know whether or not I am an instrument chosen of God to serve his purposes in these woods. I do not accuse you. God forbid! I shall go back to the woods—ordained or not—and I shall preach and work as I have never preached and worked before. You will not ordain me. No; you will not. I'm nothing but a rough man. But, boys"—the man's voice trembled—"we work in the same vineyard; let us be comrades."

He sat down.

"Brethren," said the chairman, reverently, "let us pray."

After that they ordained John Fairmeadow; and the Rev. John Fairmeadow, when he got back to Swamp's End, had much ado to keep the boys from celebrating the event according to the customs established.

COMPANIONSHIP

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

Beside a winter sea I held her hand;
  The sun, low sunken in a molten glare,
  Revealed a flitting radiance in her hair,
When darkness fell, and turned we to the land;
Reluctantly we climbed the oozing sand
  With tightened grasp, and, loving, scorned to care
  That moaning waves' complaining stilled us there
Against the din of earth's incessant band.

Oh, vast eternity, thou roaring sea
  Which through both day and darkness calleth on—
Oh, noisy time which babbleth constantly
  In earthly clamorings from sun to sun—
What if, hushed by ye twain, they silenced be,
  If two, together faring, walk as one?

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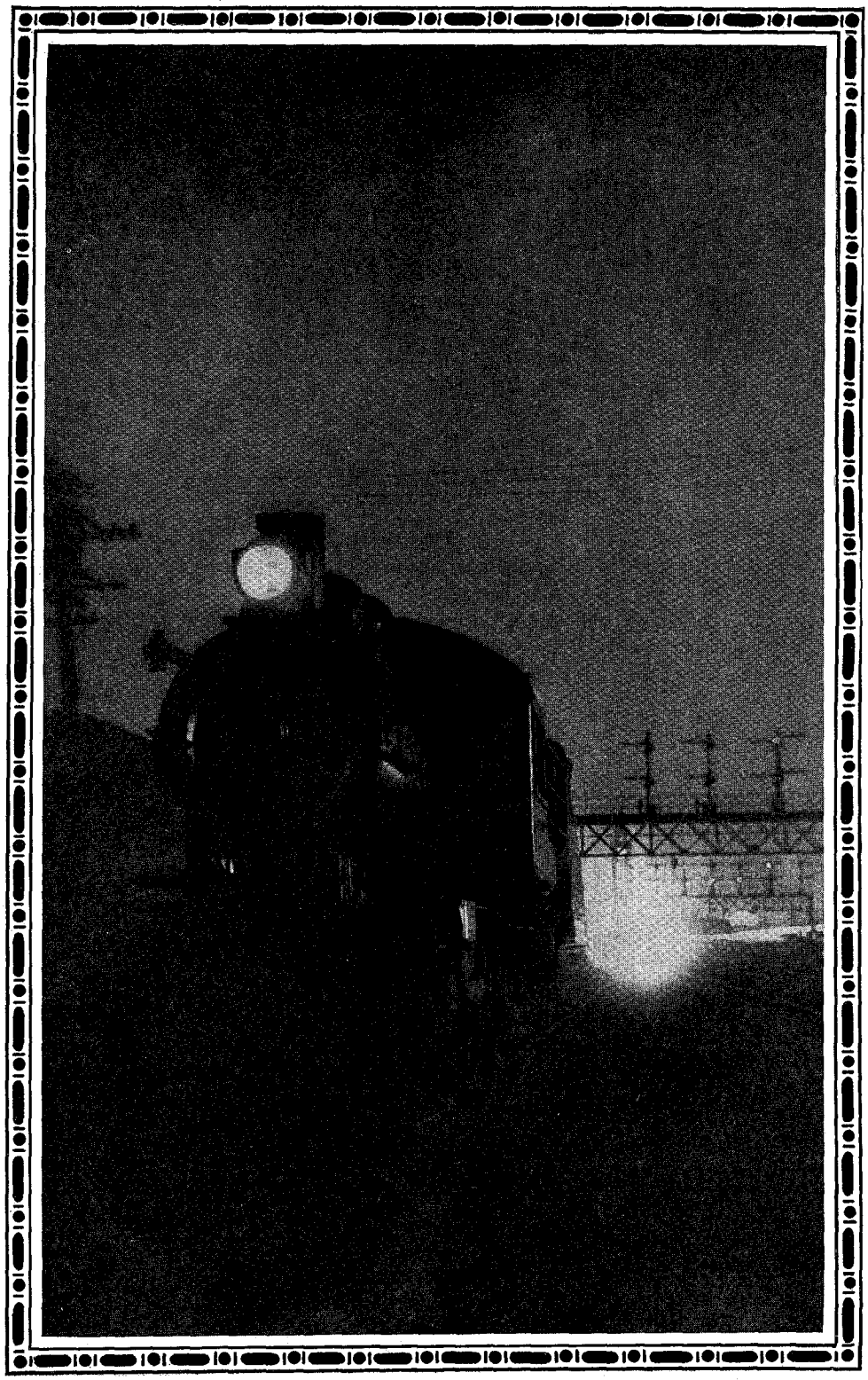

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A Railroad Yard at Night

By Harry Randolph Blythe

Faint forms of giant buildings in the night
Across the flat, steel spider-web are seen,
While like strange stars the lamps of red
and green
Hang in the ebon air at every height
In placid peace with all the lamps of white.
Beyond the bridge the weary cars convene,
Sunk in a slumber soundless and serene,
Wrapped well in robes of darkness recondite:
But here the trembling engines thunder by,
Drawing their trains of peopled palace cars,
The great black beasts of beauty sing and
sigh,
The whistles cut the air like scimetars,
And these much-traveled tracks of traffic lie
Gleaming of silver underneath the stars.

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On the Trail of the Royal Chinook

By C. E. Fisher

THE line of whipping poles suddenly stopped swishing. The boats lay motionless, and the throng of fishermen stood quietly in the bobbing boats or sat on the rough thwarts. In the boat farthest west in line an angler of fat bulk was playing his fish. The others were interested spectators. For half an hour the fat man battled, perspiration dripping from his forehead and arms. Finally he turned to a companion, and, handing him the rod, dropped exhausted into his seat. Within a few moments the newer strength triumphed and the big Chinook was alongside. A swift blow with the gaff, and a forty-pounder floundered helplessly into the boat.

I had heard of royal sport. I had dreamed of a try at the Royal Chinook as he struggled up the limpid Willamette to the distant spawning-ground at the shadowy headquarters. Jack and I had planned this trip, and now we were right in the midst of the best fishing-ground in the West. We thought we were making an early start, but by the time we had reached the falls at Oregon City and had fought our way over the rapids in the small rowboat there was but one opening in the line of boats that spread from bank to bank, just without the edge of the "dead line." Oregon protects her salmon well. Within six hundred feet of the falls one is permitted to catch a Royal Chinook if he can. Beyond that point the State fish warden extends a protecting hand. Signs at either end of the "dead line" informed us that a severe penalty would be exacted should our ambition lead us to try to pass into protected area.

We anchored in thirty feet of swift water, and dropped over the rock anchor, which the two of us could scarcely handle. In our amateur efforts to get into line we caused more or less commotion among the other fishermen, who had long since "set" in a good position, and who resented our interference. Our boat was difficult to control in the swift water, and we bumped and bobbed into several others before we were at last steadied to anchor.

We watched the old-timers to "see how it was done." The first thing that caught my attention was the tackle used

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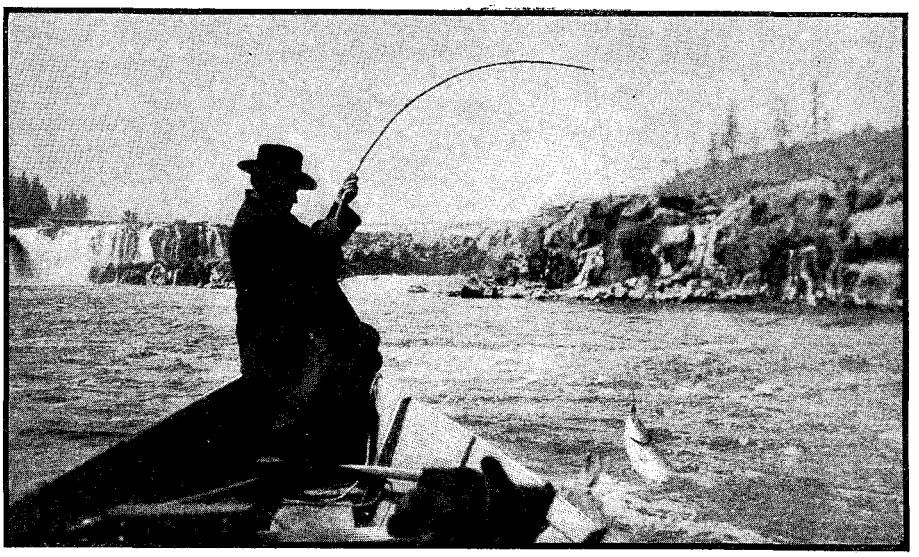
by veterans: a short, stout casting-rod, heavy reel, extra stout linen line. We had come prepared with an ample supply of spinner hooks, wire leaders, lead slugs, etc., but I looked at my light steel bait rod and small reel with dismay. How could they stand the terrific strain of casting the heavy sinker and spinner! Jack was examining his rod, after a cast. "She's bust!" he exclaimed, angrily. And sure enough the first fling had damaged his old bamboo pole. But Jack is somewhat of a mechanic, and in a few moments he had the rod wire-wound and ready for business again.

Then we settled down. Swish! swish! The lines went through the air. Plump! the spinners landed in the water as far as the light rod would allow us to fling them. And then slowly we wound in, anticipating at each cast a vicious tug from some Chinook. The minutes wagged into hours, and still no fish would come to bite. At length I made a beautiful cast. I started to reel in the line when my reel began to spin and the rod almost flew from my nervous hands. A thrill went over me. "I've got him! I've got him!" I shouted. But just as Jack turned to see what I had the line slackened, and I reeled in the remnants of my wire leader. The big fish had twisted the line and snapped the leader clean.

It was an ideal day, a wee bit cloudy, just enough to dim the sheen on the water and protect our eyes. The water was thundering over the falls, singing an inspiring chase song to the accompaniment of buzzing reels. The boats bobbed up and down. Perhaps fifty fishermen kept up a constant bombardment of the turbulent waters. Occasionally a line tightened and all ceased for a moment to watch a fish reeled in. More often a fisherman was seen to heave his anchor, draw in his rock—perhaps muttering unintelligible words meanwhile—float down to where his hook was caught, and vainly endeavor to save as much of his line as possible. It is said that, were it possible to drain the river-bed in this particular locality, a carload of spinner hooks would be found clinging to the rock. I lost six during the day.

Well-nigh exhausted, by noontime I was sitting in the boat resting, when Jack turned to me with a knowing grin. He said never a word; but I followed his eye to his line. It was taut, and his reel was beginning to hum.

"He's got one!" I heard several shout, and I was far more excited than the more stolid Jack, who was playing his fish like a veteran. Back and forth the line went. Now the reel sang, as the frightened and maddened fish made a desperate effort to escape. Now the fisherman was reeling in slowly and cautiously, as the fish relaxed his fight. He was close to the boat by this time, and I was standing ready with the gaff. "Don't let him get under the



BRINGING IN A LAME ONE

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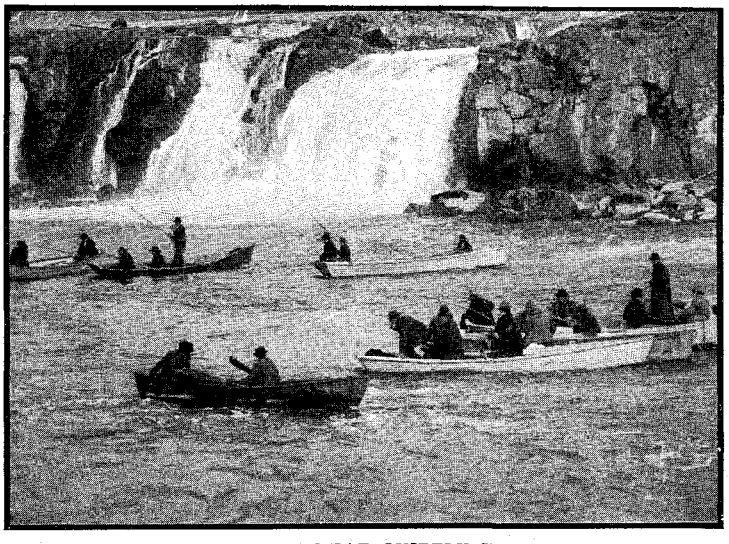
boat!" I shouted. "No danger," snorted Jack; but there was danger unless he was careful and retained his self-control. The Chinook would dart under one side, but a careful playing would bring him back safely, or allow the line to be carried around to the other side. "Ready!" shouted Jack. "Let him have it!" I made a cautious jab with the gaff. "Aw, what you afraid of?" said Jack, churlishly. "Hit him. Don't be afraid of hurting him." In my nervous state I presume that my efforts at gaffing the fish seemed more like a caress.

When the big gray body loomed up alongside the boat, I almost jumped overboard. I struck again with the gaff. The Chinook leaped a foot from the water and sent the reel spinning again. Once more Jack coaxed him in. "Soak him!" cried Jack. I soaked him all right, soaked him so hard and in so unsportsmanlike a way that he made a vicious leap, threw the hook, and made the water boil in his get-away.

I was so chagrined that I could not stand to look at the grinning fishermen about, who were guffawing at my amateurish efforts. Jack was mad clean through, but he held his temper. I doubt that Jack would have done a better job at gaffing himself, although he professes to be efficient at the art. No one has seen him gaff a twenty-five-pound Chinook. He says he has gaffed many a muscallonge, but a muscallonge is not a Royal Chinook by several miles.

It was several minutes before I gained courage enough to stand up in the boat and look about. Just as I arose I saw a one-armed man playing a fish. And he landed him, too! A one-armed man landing a twenty-pounder made me feel like a couldn't-come-back prize-fighter. Within a few moments a woman who was in the boat nearest us hooked her fish, and brought him out safely, too. That ended it with me. A one-armed man and a woman had done what I had failed to do, and helped Jack fail to do!

Every spring, when the spawning season arrives, generally during the months of April and May, the Royal Chinook start on their long pilgrimage from the sea to fresh water. The fish start upstream, following the spring freshets. They travel by slow stages, making but a few miles each day. The journey is continued until they find suitable grounds for spawning. A nesting-place once determined, the male proceeds to dig out a hole with his long nose, or snout. The nests are generally in about four feet of clear water. As soon as the water reaches the proper temperature (fifty-four degrees) the female deposits the eggs, which are fertilized by the male fish. Then—strange provision of nature—the parentfish, both male and female, start to float down-stream, tail first, and die within a few days.



A NUMBER OF FISHERMEN SAT QUIETLY IN BOBBING BOATS

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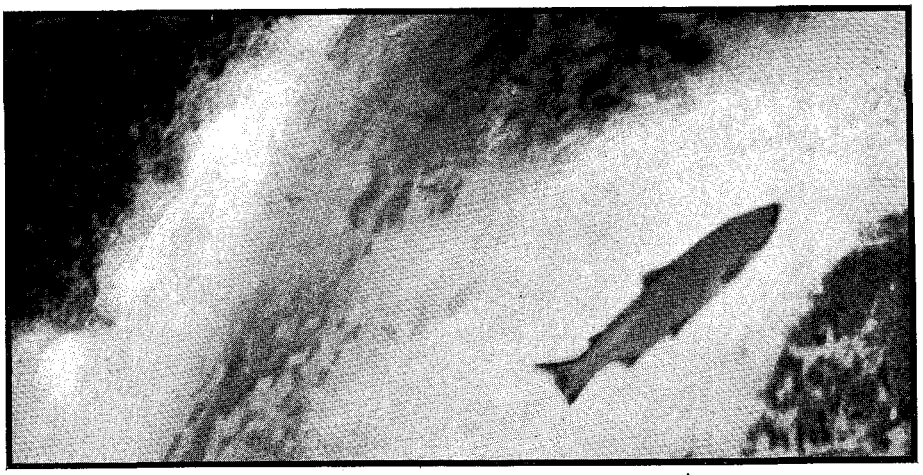
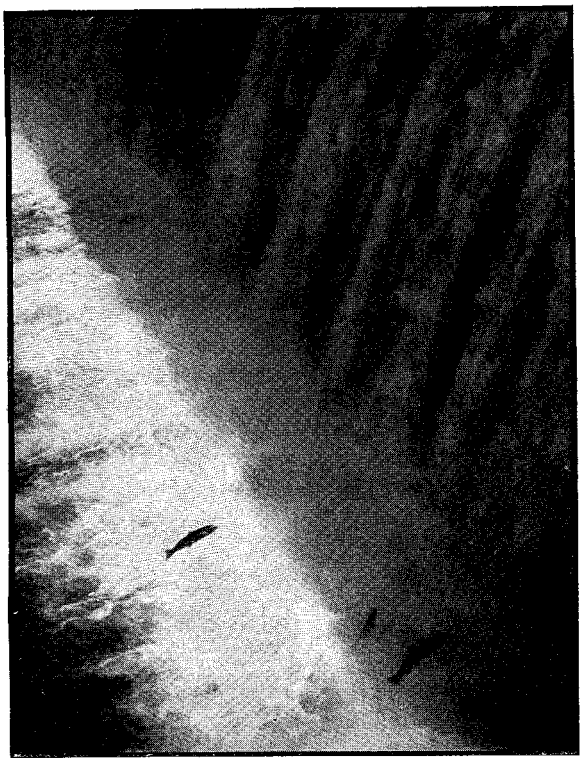


WHAT SPLENDID COURAGE HE DISPLAYED!



NO SALMON EVER LIVED THAT COULD JUMP THE FALLS

It is during the beginning of this pilgrimage from salt water to the spawning-ground that the sport of catching them is provided. No edible bait is used, for the salmon eat nothing from the time they leave salt water. The regulation enticement is a metal spinner about one inch in diameter, to which two strong steel hooks are attached, facing each other. Why the salmon strike at this dangerous object is not known. The assumption is that the glittering spinner, dragged over the fish's head time after time, angers him. Whatever the reason, he grabs the offensive object. Alas for him! there are barbed hooks, and he finds himself caught.

All day long the line of boats was being diminished by disgruntled fishermen leav-

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ing, or augmented by enthusiastic newcomers. The number of fish taken during the entire day was about equal to the number of passing hours—a very dull day.

The sport at length grew tame. Our arms were wearied by the constant casting, and my own reel was long since past the singing—I had worn the ratchets down to a mere mass of rough-edged metal; not a tooth remained intact. Just as we were determined to pull in our anchor and return to shore a thing happened which caused us to settle back in the boat in delight and disgust. Paradoxical as this statement may seem, it nevertheless expresses our feelings. Not twenty feet within the "dead line," over in the forbidden territory, we heard a mighty splash. Turning quickly, we were just in time to see the riffles left from a jumping fish. But another followed, and then another, until the water was fairly boiling with playful Chinook—they had chosen this hour for recreation and rejoicing, happy, it may be, because of their deliverance from the pitfalls and snares laid for them during the day. I am of the opinion that those fish were laughing at us.

"Isn't that the limit!" snorted Jack. "Making sport of us. Let's paddle over to the fish-ladder."

Within a few moments we had pulled in our rock anchor, rowed over the forbidden ground—there is no penalty for merely rowing through it—and had anchored to shore rock near the falls. To one end of the falls the authorities have constructed a fish-ladder to enable the salmon to continue their way up-stream. No salmon ever lived that could jump the falls unless assistance is provided, and the ladder supplies this aid. It is merely a system of small falls, with resting-places. The Chinook makes one of the small falls, rests a bit, then another, and so on until he has gained the top. We watched a big, husky, eighteen or twenty-pound fish essay half a dozen futile attempts to make even one of the smaller falls. What splendid courage he displayed! The State authorities prosecute vigorously any attempt to take salmon at this point.

While the sport is still good with hook and line, the supply of salmon for commercial purposes is being greatly diminished. Recognizing that one of the great industries of the West is being jeopardized by the too-greedy commercial fishermen, the States of Washington and Oregon are constantly passing and enforcing more stringent laws for the protection of the fish. The number taken by hook and line are but a drop in the bucket to the catch each year for commercial purposes. Every method is employed for the capture of the fish by commercial fishermen: fish-wheels, fyke and hoop nets, gill nets, seines, tongs, hoes, drags, etc. A recent report from the Census Bureau covering the fishing industry in Oregon alone contains some interesting statistics. The total value of all fish taken during the year was $1,356,000, represented by 28,474,000 pounds of fish. Of this total 24,000,000 pounds were salmon, the value of which was about $1,300,000. Almost five thousand men were engaged in the fishing industry.

The State authorities and the United States Government have been co-operating to preserve and enhance the fish supply. The State has built and is operating several hatcheries, where millions of eggs are cared for and hatched each year. One of these, the largest salmon hatchery in the world, is located at Bonneville, on the Columbia, some thirty miles east of Portland. This hatchery has a capacity of 60,000,000 eggs. It contains 248 troughs, each sixteen feet long, in which the eggs are placed and hatched. The water supply comes from Tanner Creek, a small mountain stream, exceedingly fertile in natural fish food. This water is brought to the hatchery through a twelve-inch wooden pipe-line, with a flow of 3,000 gallons per minute, providing an ample supply of pure snow-water. There are also a number of similar hatcheries throughout the State, several being owned and operated privately. The young salmon are turned into the Columbia when able to care for themselves, and then make their way to salt water. They return no more to the fresh water until they have reached the age of spawning.

With hook and line, a well-anchored boat, a propititious day, and good luck, there is no sport to compare with fishing for a Royal Chinook. It is indeed royal sport with a royal quarry.

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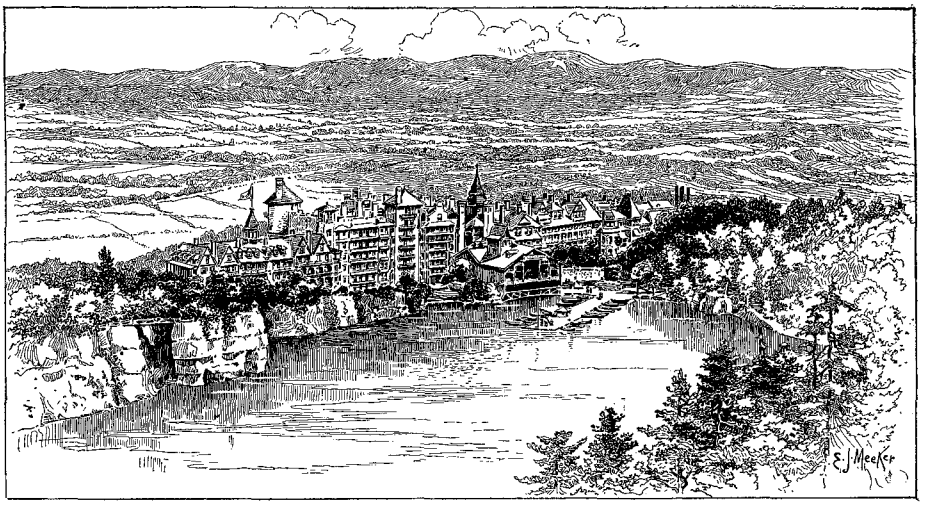

LAKE MOHONK DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER

A Moral Citadel

By Isabel C. Barrows

THIS is no Middle Age stronghold, no "mighty fortress," perched on an inaccessible rock. It lies open to all the winds that blow, amid smiling gardens and sunlit forests, while a beautiful mountain tarn reflects the gray stone towers and the beetling cliffs of Skytop. What matter that most of those familiar with Mohonk think of it as a model hostelry with luxury at command? Let them rejoice in its fireproof walls, its glorious open fires, its fine baths, and its palatial dining-hall, where nectar and ambrosia are daily served. We who look back to the early days in the quaint old structure that first received us, with the dining-room so low that a tall man could lay his hand on the ceiling, the parlors commonplace, and steam heat unknown, love the memory of those days of sweet simplicity which accorded so well with the high thinking and the warm hearts of the host and hostess who spelled hotel h-o-m-e.

Once upon a time there were two brothers, twin by birth and in ideals. They had long been school-teachers, and they loved nature and peace. In the course of years they found and settled on this beautiful Shawangunk range of low mountains, under the shadow of the Catskills, and at one end Mr. Albert K. Smiley built up Mohonk, and builded better than he knew. After improving his own dooryard and converting all his neighbors into industrious and helpful fellow-citizens, he looked abroad for other work to do. The powers-that-were in Washington promptly seized him and set him to studying the Indian question as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. We had taught the Indians our vices and had not adopted their virtues, and little had been done to fit them to enter our civilized fold. So Mr. Smiley, and General Whittlesey, also of the Commission, were sent to Dakota on a special mission. While in Dakota they quite accidentally fell in with a number of mission workers and others who happened at that time to be investigating, for personal or official reasons, conditions among the Sioux, and it seemed a very natural thing for them to come together for an informal discussion of Sioux problems, which they did at the home of the Riggses, the well-known missionaries. Among those present were Bishop Hare and Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the "Independent." The conference lasted four days, during which the Sioux problem was thoroughly discussed in detail. Mr. Smiley had been dissatisfied, and had openly expressed his dissatisfac-

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tion, with the one-day meetings of the Board of Indian Commissioners in Washington, and the value of this conference in Dakota so impressed him that he then and there announced his intention of calling together his fellow-conferees and others for a conference at his Lake Mohonk home that fall. Thus originated the idea of the Mohonk Conferences, and as a result of that idea eight thousand guests have spent halcyon days in that ideal union of work and enjoyment afforded by those Conferences. It is to a sketch of the personal memories of the thirty-two of the forty-five Mohonk Conferences, Indian, Negro, and Arbitration, which she has attended, that the present writer addresses herself.

THE INDIAN CONFERENCE

On the 10th of October, 1883, a little group of men and women gathered in the low-studded parlor, with the open fires and the magnificent rock crystals—found in the neighborhood—heaped high between the pillars. The men were General Fisk, genial, true, fearless, and wise; General Whittlesey, the patient saint whose judgment seemed as unerring as his manner was gracious; Mr. W. H. Lyon, the embodiment of rugged honesty; General Armstrong, that Bayard *sans reproche*, whose fiery zeal for the black people and the red had been kindled in his missionary home in Hawaii; Dr. Foster, alert and sympathetic; President Rhoads, of Bryn Mawr, solid in his honesty and kind in his ways; C. C. Painter, even then swinging his trenchant blade in behalf of the Indians, to whom he was faithful till death; Mr. Herbert Welsh, who acted as secretary, and others. That was the beginning of the Conference of the friends of the Indian which, without intermission, has met yearly upon the hilltop to study the characteristics of "the vanishing race," and how to make good citizens of them. Events shaped themselves with great deliberation, we thought then. The mills of the gods seemed endlessly slow. But to read the whole series of proceedings, three thousand pages, within a week, gives one an entirely different picture. It unrolls so fast that we wonder that we could have been impatient.

Mr. Smiley's idea was to have a conference of a week, but his guests convinced him that it would be difficult to hold the attendance for more than three days, which has since been the length of each Conference.

At the very first Conference, land, law, and education for the Indian led the way, and this for a quarter of a century was the burden of the demand. Incidentally agents, traders, rations, tribal funds, were discussed, and of course the religious side was seriously considered. It was urged that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs should be equal in power to the Commissioner of Education or the Commissioner of Agriculture. The Sioux bill to open the great reservation to white settlers was also under fire. The plan was to reimburse the Indians with a million dollars in cash, 25,000 breeding cows, and 1,000 bulls, letting the white men buy the land at fifty cents an acre.

Women from the first took a prominent part with their husbands and brothers at Mohonk. One of the earliest to share in the deliberations, as she was the first to allot land to Indians, was Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who "added fresh luster to American womanhood, representing, as she does, the scientific student and the practical humanitarian." Before the Dawes Bill was passed seven hundred acres of Omaha land were under the individual plow, thanks to her sterling work. Later she allotted land to the Winnebagoes and the Nez Percés. Helen Hunt Jackson had recently passed away, and tributes were paid to her memory, not alone on account of her charming writings, but because it was she who drew up the bill in behalf of the Mission Indians. And there was Miss Alice Robertson, glorying in the fact that nearly a hundred years of missionary labors lay behind her and her family, and that her father, for his love of liberty, had spent weary months and years in a Georgia prison, as one might do to-day in Russia. And Miss Cook, of the Indian Office, the best-known and the best-equipped employee in that office, who, after more than thirty years of service, keeps on the even tenor of her way, even correcting the figures of this article up to date. Republicans and Democrats have taken their turn at the wheel of state, but neither could spare this little pilot. And of

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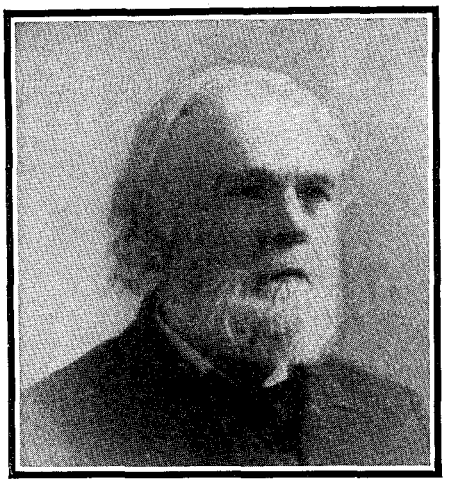
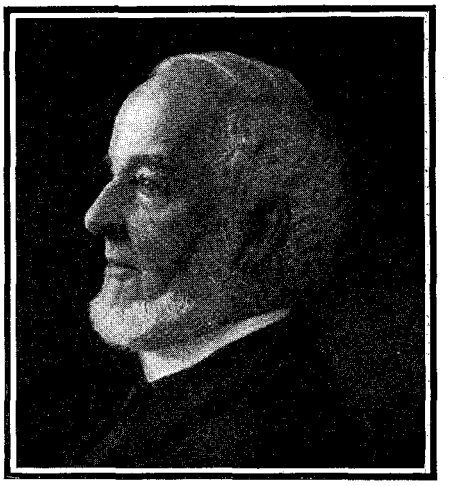
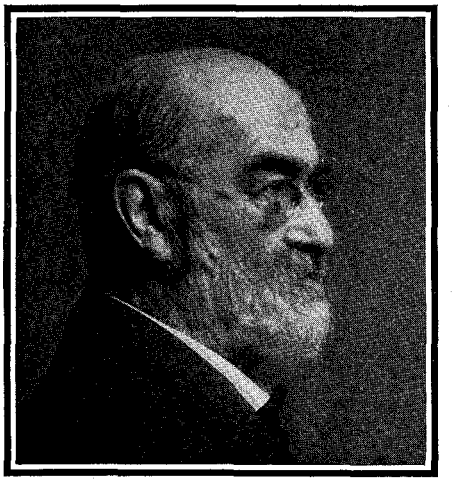


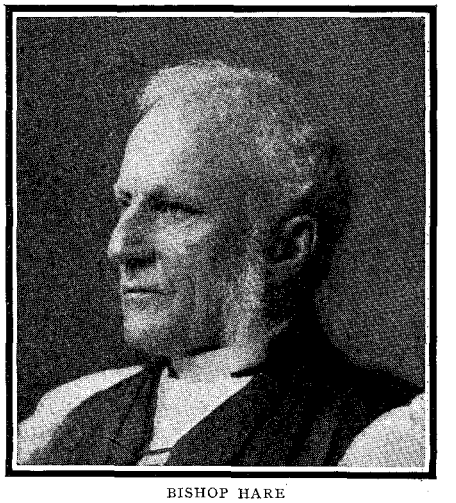
GENERAL WHITTLESEY



ALBERT K. SMILEY



DR. WILLIAM H. WARD



BISHOP HARE

THE FOUNDERS OF THE MOHONK CONFERENCE

practical workers from the field there were Mrs. Roe, whose sweet voice and earnest plea at one of the Conferences led Mr. Smiley to interrupt the proceedings and within a few minutes to raise the money which brought Mohonk Lodge into existence in about the time it took Jonah's gourd to spring up; and Miss Collins, who has served the mission cause so heroically, lo! these many years, that, like her place of residence, she too is called a "Standing Rock," though the Indians give her the gentler name of "Winona." And there were the representatives of women's societies—Mrs. Bullard, of Boston; Mrs. Kinney, of Connecticut; Mrs. Quinton, of Pennsylvania; and others whose faces rise one by one as we recall the early Mohonk days.

From Carlisle came Captain—now General—Pratt, the head of the Indian School. His name brings up the remembrance of battles royal, for there were giants in those days. His war-cry was, Scatter the Indians among the whites! As there were but a quarter of a million, they could easily be immersed in civilization, he was sure. Admirably did he succeed in scattering his Indian boys and girls among the farmers of Pennsylvania. The meetings were sure to be spicy when he was there, for he could throw down any gauntlet he desired. Man of peace that he was, Mr. Smiley rather liked a

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fair fight if only there were honesty of purpose and harmony of decision. The gauntlet that was "hole-proof" in Captain Pratt's hands was civil service. Endowed with a genius for reading character, he would thank no man, politician or otherwise, to select his teachers. He would not even trust that "Grand Mogul of civil service," as he called him, Theodore Roosevelt, to pick out men for him.

Another vigorous and piquant speaker was Mr. Painter. When he was stanchly defending a proposed commission to take the place of the Indian Bureau, Senator Dawes dryly retorted, "Your driving out one swarm of bees and taking a new one in doesn't help the matter at all."

When the Indian Conferences began, it was an iridescent dream on the part of a few that the Indian should have his own land and home. "We shall never live to see it," sighed the doubters. Yet the passage of the Dawes Bill, giving land in severalty, was reported at the fifth Conference. And to-day more than twenty-eight million acres have been allotted to 182,085 Indians. That is progress in less than a quarter of a century! Mr. Painter was always quick to reply to his adversary. Still arguing for a continuance of the old Bureau, some one had said that it was not well to take away the crutches from a man with a broken leg. "No," flashed back Mr. Painter, "but it is a mistake not to distinguish between millstones round the neck and crutches." He needed no stronger word to express his opinion of the Indian service.

Mr. Austin Abbott was the Damascus blade of this, and later of the Arbitration Conference, so keen, yet so pliant. We like to remember his tone of earnest conviction as he declared, "In the United States you cannot have even the beginnings of citizenship without the whole of religious liberty." His brother, Dr. Lyman Abbott, has been early and late at the Mohonk Conferences, a leader in each. Here is a clear-cut sentence out of one of his many addresses: "After all, religion is a matter of personal conduct. It is not a question of the catechism; it is a question of life. . . . If you put in a teacher with an unorthodox catechism and an orthodox heart, the Indians will come out baptized by the presence of his saintly soul." These things were said with reference to contract schools conducted by various religious bodies, and as to how far the Government should allow religious teaching.

Another brisk debate was on teaching English to the Indians, for the missionaries used the vernacular dialects in their schools. Dr. Abbott declared that "the impalpable walls of language are more impenetrable than walls of stone;" to leave the Indian hedged about by ignorance of the language of his neighbors "would be to convert him from the gypsy isolated into a gypsy of the neighborhood." The Indians had little schooling in those days. Now there are more than forty thousand Indian children in school, and the Government grants more than four million dollars yearly to carry on its educational work.

In those far-off days the schools, as they were one by one established, suffered from the frequent changes of teachers as a result of the spoils system. How often these changes were rung in let Mr. Painter tell us. "In 1886, out of seventy-two boarding-schools, forty-three had two or more superintendents during the year, seven had three, two had four, and one had five! Job said he would wait all his appointed days until his change came. It would be no great strain upon his traditional patience to wait for one's change in the office of principal of an Indian boarding-school."

As the Conferences grew in importance they attracted a larger number of distinguished people. Fortunate the man who had a seat for an afternoon drive—for charming drives about the great estate alternated with the long and serious indoor meetings—with John Burroughs, for instance; or who was sandwiched in between Dr. D. C. Gilman and delightful General Marshall; or who sat behind Miss Anna Dawes and President Slocum and watched for the shafts of wit and fun; or joined in learned discussions with Mr. Seth Low and Judge Francis Wayland. Myriads of anecdotes floated off among the trees, usually told to illustrate a point, as when Miss Cook told of an old colored man who rowed her over the Potomac, and when, as ever, eager for statistics, she asked him how much he

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could earn in a day, he replied: "Sometimes I gits ten cents a day, Miss, and then I lives down to it. And sometimes I gits a dollar a day, and then I lives up to it; but I keeps on livin' all the time." So the Indian question keeps on living all the time, and the picayune sum once voted by Congress has climbed up into these millions.

Our Dorcas of Mohonk was Miss Sybil Carter, a direct descendant of Sam Adams. She was like an embodied soul moving about in her nun-like dress, using her deft fingers to teach little bands of Indian women to make the exquisite filmy lace, as white as snow, which she brought to the Conference to sell for her industrious lacemakers. Miss Carter was also instrumental in having a kiln for pottery erected, and she told once about an intelligent young Indian who watched the first cup come out with a glaze. He saw at once what this meant for his people, and leaped for joy. "Oh," said Miss Carter, whose own unquenchable enthusiasm was sometimes chilled a little by the stolid dignity of the Indian, "I would like to have seen that Indian jumping up and down! I would like to have seen one enthusiastic Indian, just one, in my lifetime!" It gives one a pang to think that her soft Southern voice will be heard no more at the Indian Conference.

Once there came a meeting which Senator Dawes could not attend, but he sent a telegram of regret, adding, with a pleasant twinkle of the eye as he wrote it, I am sure: "May the Mohonk Reservation never be divided in severalty. We suggest contract with Mr. Smiley for all Indian schools." Dear man, greatly beloved, as modest as he was distinguished, as upright as he was learned, may Indians to the last generation revere his name! But we who sat at his feet and learned of him also are glad that he could mix a little nonsense with his wisdom.

Education for the Indian had its leaders in General Thomas J. Morgan, Dr. W. H. Hailmann, Miss Estelle Reed, and others. Law was upheld by men like Austin Abbott, F. J. Stimson, J. B. Thayer, and not a few others, including some like Philip Garrett, the unblemished, who demanded law for them as a matter of justice. Army officers there were too who were warm friends of the Indian, men like Captain Wotherspoon, who had charge of the captured Apaches, and who says of Geronimo: "This savage came down to Alabama, this savage who never drank a drop of liquor, who never told a lie, who never stole a thing, except what he considered fair booty in war, and I made him my justice of the peace, to give judgment in petty Indian offenses; and he got thirty-five cents a day for it and was a very excellent judge." General O. O. Howard had been the one to select Captain Wotherspoon for the work he did so well. Now both are gone, the good general and the rugged old captive to whom, after all, fate was kinder than he thought. General Charles Howard, who had exchanged his sword for a pruning-hook and his tent for the editorial office of an agricultural paper, was another army friend of the Indian, as was Captain Bourke, that royal fighter and talker who had never known a wild Indian to lie or steal, and who thought that the Government expected too much when it demanded employees for fifteen hundred dollars a year who should be "two-legged exponents of the Ten Commandments." He made the sensible suggestion that the Indians should be taught to raise varied crops of fruits and vegetables, "because these things would wean them away from base food," and he wanted the Government to give premiums for the cleanest houses and finest children among the Indians.

Of the clergy there were hosts, for every denomination was invited to send those who represented mission work among the various tribes. Dearest of all to the hearts of the original Mohonk disciples was the saintly Bishop Whipple. Yet so inconsequential is memory that as I try to recall his charmingly sympathetic addresses, with the touching stories of his flock in the wilderness, the first anecdote to jump to the fore is of the cleverness of certain Indians who carried an election in Minnesota once upon a time. The law was that any Indian who wore a civilized dress could vote. "We had a close election," said the Bishop, "and the next morning we found the whole tribe had been run through one pair of hickory breeches and shirt, and their vote knocked us higher than a kite." People astute

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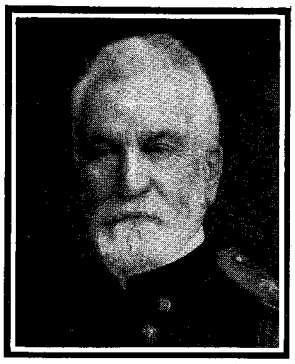
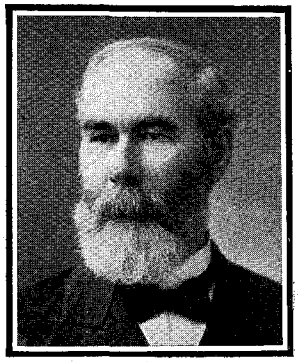
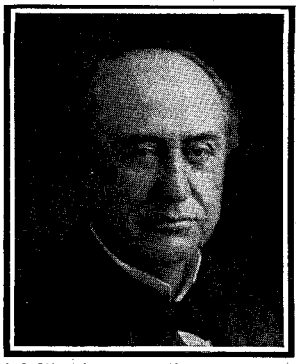


GENERAL O. O. HOWARD



DR. B. F. TRUEBLOOD

FRANCIS E. LEUPP



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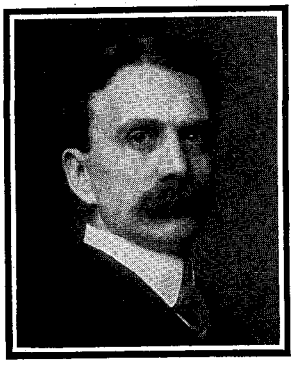
ARCHBISHOP RYAN



HERBERT WELSH

enough to adopt such a ruse, he thought, would eventually have to be reckoned with in politics. To show how even the pagan belief allowed them to revere what was sacred to others, Bishop Whipple told of an unconverted Indian woman who at the beginning of the terrible Sioux outbreak rescued from the mission chapel the big Bible and buried it in the forest and made a long journey to tell him that "the words of the Great Spirit were safe." "The good woman thought that it was the only Bible in the world."

The Indians had their human failings, even their best friends confessed, and one of them was dislike for civilized work. Senator Dawes used to tell of one who finally forsook the tepee and built himself a little house. But so great was his dread of ridicule because he had taken up white man's ways that if he saw any one coming he would sit down on a log and smoke and set his wife to chopping. His wife lives in the house now, he works all day, and snaps his fingers at Indians who will not work. "If a Crow Indian can reach that stage in four years," said the Senator, "it is very hopeful."

Educated Indians, like Dr. Eastman (a graduate of Dartmouth College), Mr. Montezuma, and others, have shared in the deliberations of the Conference, as well as many Indians who have not had such advantages of culture, and they are always warmly welcomed.

Most of the reforms asked for by the Mohonk Indian Conference have been inaugurated, if not actually carried out; the old reservation system is practically overthrown, though there remain more than forty-eight million acres of land to allot. The abolition of the spoils system in the appointment of agents has gone into effect. Farmers and field matrons to the number of 394 are employed to teach the methods of the civilized life, and nearly as many to train the Indians in carpentry and other industries. Measures have been adopted to ward off tuberculosis and other preventable diseases. Religious zeal has been encouraged and the work of the missionaries upheld. The church membership is large, at least thirty-five thousand being communicants. Mr. Roosevelt at one Conference told of attending a woman's

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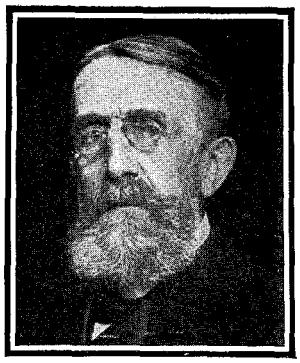
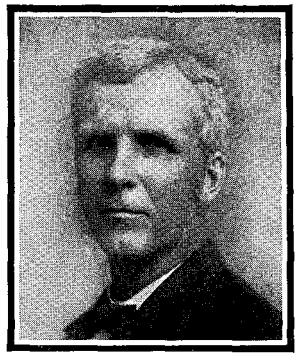
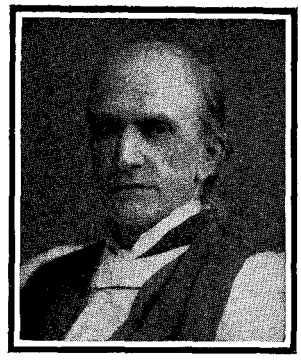


ANDREW D. WHITE



GENERAL ARMSTRONG



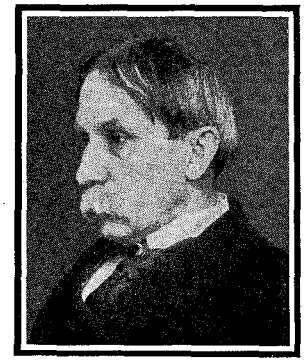
BISHOP WHIPPLE

meeting among the Sioux where in an afternoon these Indian women contributed $2,500 for missionary purposes, a sum representing great self-sacrifice and devotion to their new faith.

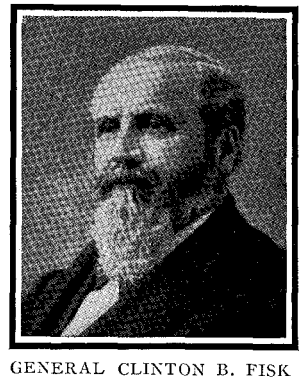
From the outset editors among the membership of the Conference have spread the facts and aspirations of that body. The wings of the press were like carrier pigeons. In one session alone the "chiels amang them takin' notes" were Messrs. Abbott, of The Outlook; Ward, of the "Independent;" Barrows, of the "Christian Register;" Buckley, of the "Christian Advocate;" Ferris, of the "Intelligencer;" Wayland, of the "National Baptist;" Dunning, of the "Congregationalist;" Gilbert, of the "Advance;" Kinney, of the "Courant;" Bright and Hallock, of the "Christian Work;" McElroy, of the "Tribune;" and La Salle Maynard, who represented a syndicate of papers.

Of these editors Dr. Ward, who was at that first meeting on the reservation, is still a power in the annual gathering. Dr. Abbott has driven a regular *troika* as a leader in the three Conferences which bear the name of Mohonk. When he speaks the Conference listens, and when he writes the readers of The Outlook know what is going on in this country for the Indian and other dependent races. Many Government officials have helped to carry out the suggestions from this citadel of light. When one recalls the list of Commissioners of Indian Affairs who have shared in these deliberations, the names of Price, Jones, Morgan, Leupp, come quickly to the lips, though they are not all who have in this way honored the position they held.

There are other names we do not forget: Mr. Houghton, the publisher; Mr. Frank Wood, so long the treasurer; Mr. J. W. Davis, the faithful secretary; and many business men who gave of their wealth as these gave of their time. It is this commingling of idealists with practical men of affairs, of army men and missionaries, of Congressmen and philosophers, which has kept the discussions at Mohonk safe and sane. Level-headed, large-hearted, clear-sighted men and women of faith, hope, and charity have made up the body of the Conference, the central soul of which has been



RICHARD W. GILDER



GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK

SETH LOW

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that man of large and far-seeing vision Albert K. Smiley.

OTHER DEPENDENT RACES

As the years sped the Indian problem came nearer and nearer a practical solution, and no longer required as full discussion as in the early years of the Conference. Meanwhile the United States had assumed new responsibilities, and it occurred to Mr. Smiley and his brother, Mr. Daniel Smiley, that the Mohonk Conference might well perform a duty for other races than the red. Accordingly, by 1900 the Platform declared that new days had brought new duties, and Hawaii and Porto Rico were placed upon the programme, followed in 1901 by the Philippines.

Since then the new dependencies have always had a place, and in 1904 the name was changed to the Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and other Dependent Peoples. With this change came a large addition to the membership. The hospitality of the Smiley family grew with the growth of the subjects under discussion, and new hundreds of guests came from this and other lands. Colonel Higginson was one of this new array, and his address on "The Path of Empire," in 1900, was as fearless as he has always proved himself in peace as well as war. At the close Mr. Smiley declared that he was delighted with its frankness and courtesy, "for I like an independent statement, *even if I do not agree with it.*"

Professor Jenks, Professor Rowe, Professor Charles H. Hitchcock, General Goodale, the Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, many of the highest officials in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaii, and dozens of others have enlightened the Mohonk Conferences on what is going on or what should be done for the various dependent peoples, and doubtless Congressional legislation will be helped by these discussions, as it surely has been in the past by the utterances of the Mohonk Conference. True, the Smiley tribe and their adherents have been scoffed at by the unregenerate as "rainbow-chasers," but they have seen in the rainbow they have chased the bow of promise arching over needy humanity, and their idealistic suggestions have one by one been embodied into law, as any student can find out for himself if he will compare the twenty-seven Platforms with legislation during the same number of years.

Mr. Smiley has steadily followed his ideal "*ohne Hast, ohne Rast*," and to few men has it been given to see the results of patient, unwearied effort followed by such rich fruition. Other men have helped to guide his Conferences with wisdom, wit, and skill (for it has taken all three at times to keep perfect peace and bring the members to a unanimous acceptance of the Platform) during the twenty-seven years—nine presiding officers in all: Clinton B. Fisk, M. E. Gates, Philip C. Garrett, S. J. Barrows, John D. Long, C. J. Bonaparte, Lyman Abbott, A. S. Draper, and Elmer E. Brown—good men and true, whose names will be remembered even if the alphabetical symbols which might be attached to them are here omitted.

How many seats are vacant in that lordly room where the Conference is now held! One by one leaders have fallen, and those who were left have paid their tribute of loving praise and then passed on to receive in turn the well-merited word of recognition from those who loved and honored them. But, happily, the gracious head of this nobly patriotic work, his gentle wife, his kind and efficient brother Daniel and *his* ever-delightful wife and family, still bless the world by their presence and make glad their many friends. One may not venture to speak the words of loving admiration that rise spontaneously from our hearts, for one is sorely put to it, in such a case, to say enough and not too much; but silence still is golden.

The breadth and catholicity of the Mohonk Conferences has often been remarked. Mr. Barrows once called attention to it in a striking little fact. It was when the distinguished and beloved Archbishop Ryan was present with his companion, Dr. Ganss. The latter was a fine musician, and played much between the sessions for the delight of the people. One day he was rendering a selection from Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" as the members were coming in. "It struck me," said Mr. Barrows, "as interesting that Luther's hymn was being played by

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a Catholic priest in a Quaker house, and that a Jew had written the music." It seemed to epitomize the spirit of Mohonk, where men and women of differing faiths united in the prayer of the good Catholic archbishop: "We believe in the same Lord and the same God. Let us work together, let us love one another and work for one another. Let us work for humanity through the love of the God of humanity."

THE NEGRO CONFERENCE

Mr. Smiley had always taken a deep interest in the elevation of the Negro race, and it had frequently occurred to him that a conference for the discussion of Negro problems might be of value. It happened, however, that near the close of the Indian Conference in 1889 ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes arose and stated that he had been powerfully moved by the discussions, adding: "So gratified am I with what I have seen of the methods and of the spirit of this Mohonk Conference that I cannot but hope that the day may soon come when that other weaker race, not of a quarter of a million, but of six millions, shall have some such annual assembly as this to consider its condition and to aid it to rise to the full stature of true American citizenship." Mr. Smiley immediately arose from his seat, and, crossing over to General Hayes, asked him in an undertone if he would preside at a conference on the Negro question to be called at Mohonk the following spring, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, turned at once to the audience and announced that such a conference would be called the next June. Thus, almost in a moment, was born the Mohonk Negro Conference.

Two of these Conferences were held in 1890 and 1891. For various reasons it did not seem best to continue them. It was too far for Southern men to come except in small numbers, and it was the general impression that such a gathering should be nearer the heart of the difficulty. Besides, the Negroes themselves were discussing their own affairs, and perhaps it was best to let them win their own way to success. But the two Mohonk gatherings for the consideration of this question were wonderfully interesting occasions. In the first place, they were held in June, when the laurel was in flower and the hills were a sheet of glory. And into this scene of glory came one hundred and twenty men and women of the highest moral type, the strongest moral fiber. Like the early Apostles, they were of one heart and one mind. General Hayes presided both years. To stay his hand were General Armstrong, General John Eaton, General Whittlesey, men honored and loved, known no longer here save for the great and good things they stood for while on earth. Of that one hundred and twenty I can count forty-one personal friends whose names have the little star beside them that shows they have ascended.

There was William Lloyd Garrison, earnest and emphatic, sitting side by side with John Glenn, a cultured Southern gentleman, exchanging views at dinner, on the drives, and in the meetings. It was Mr. Glenn who said, near the close of the three days' Conference: "These days have been to me a revelation. It is the first time that I have ever felt that I could speak with utter freedom with Northern men, and that, notwithstanding our divergence of views, it was possible for us to interchange ideas with that mutual consideration without which the solution of any problem would be impossible. I can say without hesitation that, if the mind of the North and the mind of the South can be brought together outside of this parlor as they have come together within it, the Negro problem would be solved." This is as true to-day as when it was uttered twenty years ago.

There were teachers present who had devoted years to work among the colored people, like Miss Smiley, Miss Schofield, Miss Botume, and others who will long be remembered for the noble work they did and for the self-sacrifices they made. There were others who agreed with Andrew D. White when he said: "I have felt at times that I could kneel before them and kiss their feet for the noble work they are doing, for the self-sacrifices they are making."

Though much stress then, as now, was laid on the value of the industrial education of the colored race, yet the Conference did not stop with the gospel of the tub and the broom. Higher education

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and professional training had stanch advocates in Dr. W. T. Harris, S. J. Barrows, Dr. W. H. Ward, A. D. Mayo, and others who believed in the highest mental discipline for those able to take it. Philip Garrett of blessed memory was eloquent in pleading for the establishment of a postal savings bank as a stimulus to self-dependence and thrift on the part of the colored people, and Mr. Morris K. Jesup argued for the same virtue. Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney paid a warm tribute to the bravery and patience of the Southern women who went into educational work for colored people "with an earnestness and zeal which . . . has hardly been surpassed even by our Northern teachers."

But why go on? One must read the two reports of these intensely interesting Conferences to understand how fine was the spirit, how warm the sympathy, how loyal the friends of the Negro, as seen those bright June days on the Shawungunk hills.

THE ARBITRATION CONFERENCE

For three years the spring field lay fallow, but out of sight the seeds were germinating, and one beautiful June morning the soil parted and there sprang to life a tree which should bear fruit for the healing of the nations. At first it was like the Scripture mustard, but it has grown till now its branches spread toward all the heavens. This time international arbitration won the day. It was not national but international in its scope, and it looked forward to the glad day when nation should no longer rise against nation, but reason and justice should rule between them and the rumor of war should be heard in no land.

Who that was there can forget the benedictory face of Mr. Smiley as he stood before the thirty or forty men and women that day in June of 1895 and welcomed them to the first Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration? It made one think of Moses when he came down from the mount and a great glow of inspiration made his face to shine before all the people. With a will they sang, Quakers and all, "The morning light is breaking"—sang, like the birds outside, with all their hearts, because, like Luther, they could no other. A wave of cheerful optimism carried their souls aloft, and it was not strange, for that prince of optimists Edward Everett Hale was there to lead them.

Mr. John B. Garrett was made presiding officer, and Mr. Smiley worded the object of the Conference—"To find means by which our own country may have all her disputes with foreign lands settled by arbitration, and bring other nations to join her as rapidly as possible." Dr. B. F. Trueblood, then and now the leading spirit of the American Peace Society, spoke of the possibility of a great international tribunal for arbitration. Mr. Philip Garrett thought the time would come when there would be an international *court* which would be analogous to the Supreme Court for the civilized nations of the world, an idea which had once been advocated by William Penn. "Arbitration," he said, "I regard as a temporary submission of any question to a temporary arbitrator. A tribunal like the Supreme Court is permanent, and all matters are submitted to it without appeal." It was, however, Dr. Edward Everett Hale who took up his live-oak cudgel in behalf of this idea of an international tribunal of arbitration. "A permanent tribunal," he said; "I want to urge, first, second, last, and always, a permanent tribunal! That is the thing which, if I may use the expression of the street, must be 'rubbed into' the public mind. . . . I shall say those two words a hundred times, . . . for I wish that people may dream of it at night and think of it in the morning—one permanent tribunal to sit for a hundred years, rather than to have to make a new tribunal for each particular case. . . . It is not enough to sing, 'No war nor battle sound was heard the world around.' This thing is not to be settled by singing. It is going to be settled by a hard and fast system laid down in consequence of historical precedents, and in such a way that it may command the respect of the practical people in the world."

Thus at a leap the quiet plan of Mr. Smiley was exalted into one which towered aloft like the mast for wireless telegraphy, and like that it flung its message to the world.

A resolution was adopted asking the

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President of the United States to invite Austria, England, France, Germany, and Russia to join the United States in the establishment of a Permanent Tribunal of the highest character, to which might be submitted from time to time for arbitration questions arising between those Powers. The committee elected to carry this resolution to the President comprised Messrs. P. C. Garrett, M. E. Gates, Robert Treat Paine, A. K. Smiley, James Wood, and John B. Garrett. That President Cleveland did not give them audience, feeling that "already the subject had received at his hands the attention which circumstances demanded," as was reported at the next Conference, does not lessen the honor conferred on these messengers of peace. The chairman of that committee, that union of vigor and gentleness, and Mr. Paine, whose life was devoted to things good and helpful, have joined the Prince of Peace, but the others are still active in the work for arbitration.

It should not be forgotten that in the early meetings of this Conference Mr. Smiley wisely included among his guests some of the best legal talent of the country, including many of the officers and members of the New York State Bar Association, and it is significant that on April 16, 1896—two years before the Czar called the first Hague Conference—that Association submitted to the President of the United States a memorial recommending the creation of an international court of arbitration, and submitting a plan for the constitution and procedure of such a court; and that this memorial was also placed in the hands of the Hon. Andrew D. White—America's chief representative at the first Hague Conference—to whose untiring efforts in the work of that Conference and loyal cooperation with the delegates from Great Britain may, more than is generally recognized, be due the establishment by the Conference of the permanent court of arbitration.

Before the second Conference the tiger blood of the Nation had leaped to life and there were growlings of a possible war with our nearest of kin across the sea, showing how greatly the general public needed education in a love of peace. Mr. Austin Abbott, whose silver voice had been hushed in death since the first Arbitration Conference, had recognized this, saying, "What is needed is that the children of the common schools should be taught the principles upon which this great object which we are seeking should rest, and that the young men in our colleges should have the same instruction." Ever since then there have been organized efforts to secure such instruction, especially in colleges, and prizes for the best themes on arbitration have been given. There is at present in hundreds of colleges active work for peace and arbitration, the result of a continuous propaganda directed by the permanent office at Mohonk.

In spite of the disappointment at the failure of the treaty between Great Britain and our country, the Conference plucked up courage to act on its own behalf for peace, and a cablegram of congratulations was sent to Queen Victoria on her happy jubilee, with "the hope that peace between her land and ours may continue through all coming ages," to which an appropriate reply was received.

Another twelvemonth rolled round, and the country was under a shadow. Even the optimistic Dr. Cuyler asked, "Why in a time of war do we hold an arbitration conference?" replying to the question himself: "War is transient, but the grand principle of international arbitration is as permanent as the cliffs of Skytop." Colonel George E. Waring, the President that year, the Columbia professors John B. Clarke and E. R. A. Seligman, Dr. P. S. Moxom, and other leaders of thought were still hopeful, and hope was rewarded, for by the following year the first Hague Conference was in session, with one hundred members from twenty-six different countries, representing five-sixths of the population of the globe. Telegrams were exchanged, and the wave of glad sympathy sped over invisible wires between the "House in the Woods" at Mohonk and the regal one in Holland.

Year by year to this mount of vision came great and good men in larger numbers. Among them was that saint and seer Mozoomdar, the leader of the Brahmo-Somaj of India at that time. Like another Buddha he stood before the Conference, and his dreamy, musical voice still echoes: "From the land of meekness

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and gentleness I come. The march of your aggressive civilization, the tramp of your armies, the clash of your swords, the roar of your cannon, awake us for short moments from the trance of our meditation, but we relapse again into silence and into thought;" and he closed his appeal for peace with a Sanscrit line, "He who is girt with the sword of peace, what harm can the wicked do to him?" Another good man was Ainsworth R. Spofford, the librarian, who brought a quotation from Victor Hugo, who presided over the first international peace meeting of which there is record, in Paris, in 1849, when there were two thousand present, with twenty American delegates. England was represented on one occasion by Professor Rendel Harris, who referred to Mr. Smiley as being "privileged to exercise one form of the 'Imitatio Christi' which does not come to many—the privilege of saying, 'Come ye up into this mountain and rest apart.'" And hither came that unapproachable idealist Henry Demarest Lloyd, whose words for humanity still ring in our ears as his love beats in our hearts.

Many countries have been represented in these gatherings, and these distinguished foreigners have been delighted with the position granted to women in the meetings, and one and all have expressed the desire that their own countrywomen might also work for peace and arbitration. Judge Brewer—always a stanch believer in the power of the mothers and wives of his country—assured these guests from other lands that women here are already bringing things to pass and that the influence of American women will be "outspoken and strong for the peaceful settlement of National disputes by arbitration rather than by war."

It is almost invidious to select a few names from the lists of hundreds who have attended these Conferences, but even a few will show how wide was the circle from which they were drawn, from Baron Takahira of Japan, Wu-Ting-Fang of China, to Senator Gamboa of Mexico, and our own Richard Watson Gilder, Carroll D. Wright, and many another whose names may never again appear on the list of guests at Mohonk.

The presiding officers during the sixteen years have been Judges Edmunds, Matteson, Stiness, Foster, and Gray, in addition to Messrs. Garrett and Waring and President Butler; while among the speakers have been many men like Ambassador Bryce, Andrew D. White, scholar and statesman, and F. W. Holls, historian of the first Hague Conference.

There has always been something to encourage, even when days have been dark, as when a million and a half dollars was given for a temple of peace at The Hague by the "Star-Spangled Scotchman," as some one wittily calls Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Within that temple Dr. Cuyler declared there should be a tablet of the whitest marble on which should be written the name Albert Keith Smiley—to which the Conference cried, "Amen."

There have been dreams and plans for practical work, such as starting a periodical and organizing a peace crusade in schools and colleges. Dr. Henry M. Leipziger was among the leaders of the latter thought. He may well know the value of such systematic instruction, since he gathers more than a million and a quarter hearers into the school-houses of New York to listen to instructive lectures. By such means the common people can be reached—the people who, after all, hold in their hand the destiny of this mighty Nation.

A wise and continuous effort has been made to enlist business men and organizations in the arbitration movement, and about two hundred such clubs are now affiliated with the Conference, and the brisk, crisp speeches of these business men add much to the value of the sessions. Another practical outcome of this Conference was the inception, at Mohonk, of the American Society of International Law. This was first proposed by Dean George W. Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School, and the permanent organization was completed in January, 1906.

The sixteenth Arbitration Conference was held last May. Perhaps no stronger evidence of the political power of this gathering could be given than the fact that the Hon. James Brown Scott, of the Department of State, was directed by Secretary Knox to announce the glad tidings, in advance of any other public statement, that

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the proposed constitution of an international court of arbitral justice, which had been recommended to the Powers, had been received with so much favor that he looked for the establishment of such a court in the near future. This was a glorious culmination to fifteen years' devotion to the cause of arbitration.

Dr. Trueblood's review of all that has been accomplished in the way of peaceful decisions of impending trouble was very telling. A service in memory of King Edward the Peacemaker was held at the time of his funeral; in short, the last session of the Conference was impressive and helpful, serious in thought and brilliant with wit and oratory.

Fifteen years only since the forty men and women met to fly the white flag of peace from these sunlit hills! The snowy banner unfurled to the breeze that beautiful June day has passed from hand to hand and State to State and nation to nation till now it waves in many a land, but its resting-place will be over the arbitral court of justice which is to be "the final court of the world from whose judgment there can be no appeal."

It is, of course, impossible for any Conference to adjourn without a word of appreciation and gratitude for the munificent hospitality of the occasion. It is always a trying moment for the Smiley family, whose genuine modesty has never become bronzed by lavishly expressed thanksgiving. Having seen them sit patiently through this ordeal some thirty times, I shall seek to spare them the words of appreciation that would gladly flow from my pen. Let me rather close by quoting from the resolution offered by Mr. Barrows in 1908. After an expression of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Smiley and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smiley, he said of the founder of the Conference: "We rejoice with him that in the autumn of his long and righteous labors in behalf of the Indian and in the cause of peace he is able to see the ripening sheaves of the seed he has sown. For him there can be no more glorious benediction than that which comes from the fulfillment of his prayer for international peace through international justice."

Though all the world knows what Mr. Smiley has done through these Conferences, too little is known of the man himself. There is not space here to tell of his whole life, but we may tell of four days, for he says that he has had four red-letter days in his long and happy life. The first was down in Maine, where he was born eighty-two years ago. He was brought up on a farm, getting his education in the village school, in the pasture and the woodland. One day the principal of the school advised him and his twin brother to study Latin and prepare for college. Latin it was, and while they chopped the year's supply of wood they learned by heart all the declensions and conjugations of the Latin grammar and Latin reader. It was straight sailing after that through Haverford College. This made him an educator in various schools for more than thirty years, a trustee of Bryn Mawr and Pomona Colleges and Brown University and of the New Paltz State Normal School. The second red-letter day, "and a great red-letter day it was," he says, was when he first met Miss Eliza Cornell, who for more than half a century has been the beloved Mrs. Smiley. The third was the day he bought Mohonk and threw all his money into the venture and ran in debt for fourteen thousand more. That original purchase has been followed by sixty others, till the estate covers seven square miles, with roads and walks innumerable. The fourth red-letter day was the 8th of July, 1907, when their golden wedding was celebrated by this heavenly-minded pair and twelve hundred loving friends gave and dedicated to them a testimonial lodge and gateway through which the pilgrim must now pass to scale the heights of Mohonk.

Of the combined beauty and grandeur of Mohonk there is not room to speak. Unique in its setting, the lake has a charm quite its own, as has the great castle-like hostelry. But it is the spirit of the place which captivates each comer. Rocks, crags, lakes, valleys, panoramic views, exquisite flowers, and stately forests one may find elsewhere, but with them the combination of hospitality, genuine brotherhood, spiritual breadth, and courteous kindliness—from the boy in buttons to the snow-haired host—the world does not duplicate.

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THE BIRD MARKET, A FAVORITE HAUNT OF SONNY SAHIB

Sonny Sahib

By Brenton Thoburn Badley

WHEN the little foreigner arrives in India, he sets up a howl. It is difficult to assign a reason for this howl. Perhaps it is because he feels his own insignificance on being ushered into a country with nearly three hundred million people. Perhaps he has expected the monsoon to be on, but finds himself unexpectedly in the scorching winds of May. Perhaps he overhears the new *ayah's*[1] certificates being read, and howls because he knows they are not her own. Moreover, he continues an intermittent howling until the fifth ayah has come and presented her worn and greasy certificates. One ayah goes to her home for the night, but does not turn up in the morning. Another says at the end of the first day that her old *mem-sahib*[1] has that very day arrived in Bombay, and that she has promised to go back to her. The third has no presentable apparel, and, as she refuses to have any, she is sent away. The fourth says that her husband has suddenly lost his *naukri*[2] and she will have to follow him elsewhere. The last one considers for a day or two the advisability of announcing her grandmother's death, but at length evidently decides to discredit the rumor. So she stays. But

[1] Indian nurse.

[1] Mistress. [2] Service.

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the baby howls all day long in her hands, until it is discovered that she has pinned the clothes with the safety-pin to the baby himself. This is the only way for her to get ahead of the safety-pin, her only chance to pervert its use. However, the boy lives!

But Sonny Sahib, for so the servants agreed on calling him, has some things to fight against in his early years. He hears that he will have a hard time teething—especially because of sleeplessness. But when the time comes, he sleeps like a little log all night. It is true he is dull and drowsy during the day, but he does not understand that. His torpor in the daytime becomes so noticeable, however, that it attracts the attention of his mother. Then it is found out that the ayah has been giving him opium to make him sleep. The little vial is found on her person. For a few days after this Sonny Sahib improves; but when, later on, he again takes to his languorous moods, it is discovered that the ayah has opium under the tips of her nails!

We must not pass on without taking a peep into the nursery where Sonny Sahib spends so much of his time during his early years. The European child brought up in India spends a unique babyhood and childhood. If the servants are vicious or careless, the life is sometimes somewhat too unique!

With the establishing of European homes in India there has grown up a body of folk-lore which, it seems, is not purely native, and certainly is not English. The songs and sayings have their roots in native thoughts and customs, yet it is plainly evident that the peculiar circumstances have had an effect on the form and expression of some of them. Only a glance can here be taken into that shadowy region of the past, which, alack! becomes interesting to us only when it has been left far behind, when the man has crept in and displaced the child.

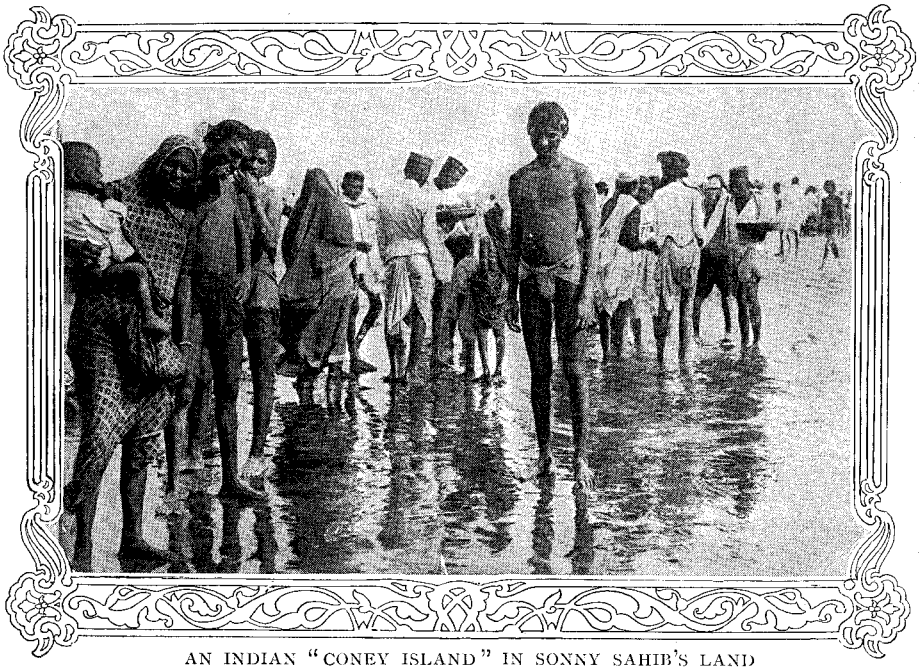
One of the commonest and most popular of all nursery songs in North India consists of a couplet which is crooned over and over until it has the desired effect. It almost makes one drowsy to think of it:

"Nindi bábá, nindi,
Roti makkhan chini."

A free translation of this gives the following:

Bread and butter—sugar too—
If you sleep, babe, are for you.

It is not easy to see why this simple thing is liked, but the materialism of its



AN INDIAN "CONEY ISLAND" IN SONNY SAHIB'S LAND

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philosophy is well fitted to beguile. Yet, if reason be brought to bear upon the subject, there seems more probability of the suggestion of bread and butter and sugar exciting a child to renewed activity than of lulling it to sleep. Nevertheless, as a soporific the song has stood the test of experience, and works on little Sonny Sahib like a charm. The English flavor in this lullaby is evident. Indeed, it might almost be that some mem-sahib made it up while awaiting the arrival of a new ayah!

The lullaby which more often than any other conducts little Sonny Sahib to the soothing arms of Morpheus is as sweet as the jungle plums of which it sings:

"Are koko, jare koko,
Jangal pakke ber,
Bábá mera khane mangta,
Damri ke do ser."

This can well be translated literally:

Haste thee, fairy, hie thee, fairy,
Jungle plums are sweet;
Two whole pounds for just one penny!
Baby wants to eat.

Of nursery rhymes Sonny Sahib hears an abundance. He is exceedingly fond of one of those evolution stories in rhyme which seem to have an existence in all countries. All are familiar with the story of the milkmaid who dreamed of such possiblities in one pail of milk that she would have transformed it into a house and farm had she not unfortunately spilled it. The Indian version is even more interesting, and, starting from a smaller beginning, is quite as ambitious.

Only a translation is given:

Playing round I found a *kauri*,[1]
Gave the kauri to the Ganges,
Ganges for it gave me sand;
Took the sand unto the parcher,
Parcher for it gave me grain;
Took the grain unto the grass-cut,
Grass-cut for it gave me grass;
Took the green grass to the cow,
Cow for it gave me some milk;
Took the milk unto the king,
He for it gave me a horse—

Riding on a horse,
With a tambourine,
Eating fine red pan!
Old walls decay,
New walls arise!
Old woman, look out for your trash
Or I don't know!

The change in the meter marks his exultation, and the perfection of bliss is attained when he can ride through the streets in this lordly fashion and, in his pride, ridicule the old woman who is now far beneath him. This is decidedly an Oriental touch. The milkmaid of the colder clime had dreamed of comfort and prosperity; the speculator of the tropics dreams of display. Is it that the different ideals are largely characteristic, the one of the West, the other of the East? Another interesting difference appears between the Eastern and the Western versions. The latter is marked by close reasoning, and the argument is at least commercially sound, while the former has some very weak links in the chain. The jump from a little milk to a horse is considerable. Note, too, that the benevolence of the king is greatly relied upon. Is it possible that we can thus trace the unusual spirit of dependence in this country back to the nursery rhymes of the people?

When Sonny Sahib is a little older, the ayah is able to take him out into the world in his baby-carriage. The *sardar*[1] usually goes along at such times, and Sonny Sahib sees something of Indian life. The *hawakhana*[2] most often leads to a secluded row of servants' houses belonging to another bungalow, and there the baby-carriage comes to a halt, while the ayah and the sardar refresh themselves with the *huqqa*[3] and the latest gossip. When Sonny Sahib gets tired waiting and cries, he is put down and allowed to play with the *dhobie's*[4] and *syce's*[5] children. If his clothes get soiled, the ayah always has some tale of Sonny Sahib's mischievousness which has led him out into the grass and dust.

Such hawakhanas are the regular thing, but there comes a day when the sardar shows a streak of originality, and does something new. He has often heard Sonny Sahib threatening his mother by telling her that he would take to worshiping idols. He remembers, too, that Sonny Sahib was actually found by his mother one day bowing down before a little pile of stones heaped up in the center of the room, and, in a baby tongue, muttering unintelligible sounds. Accordingly, one

[1] A small shell worth about the hundredth part of a cent.

[1] Head servant of the establishment.
[2] Outing; literally, air-eating.
[3] Tobacco pipe.
[4] Washerman.
[5] Coachman.

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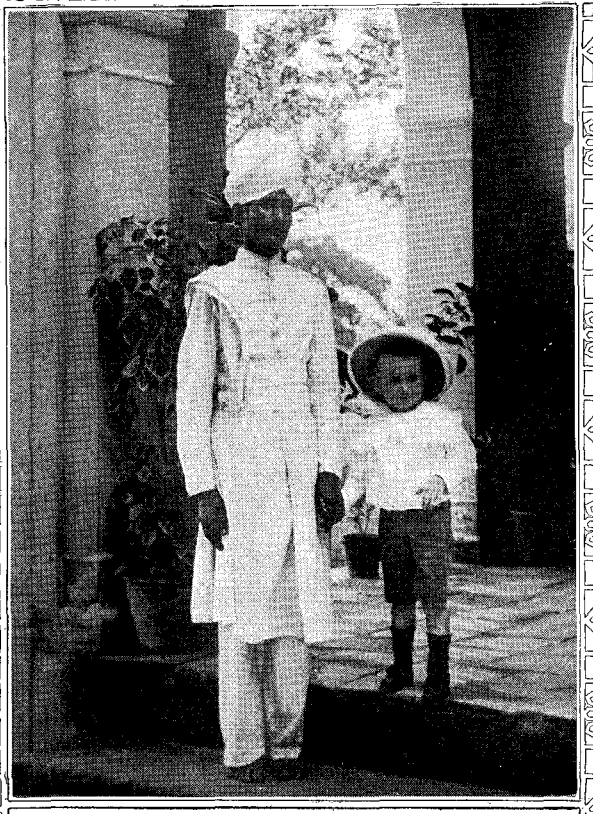
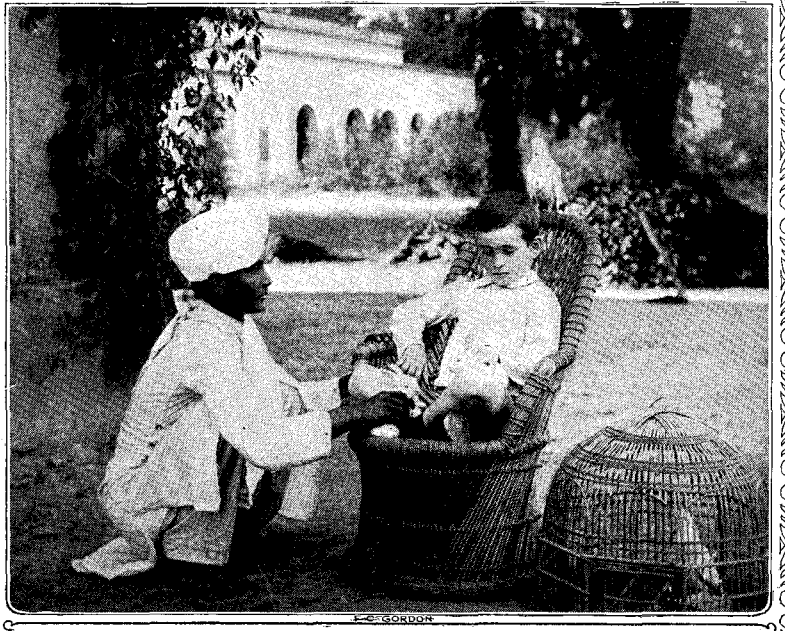


SONNY SAHIB AND HIS BEARER



SONNY SAHIB AND HIS PETS

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day when the walk has led to the temple on the river-bank, the sardar gets the old Hindu priest to put the *tilak* (mark of a god) on Sonny Sahib's forehead. How beautiful the bright-red color looks upon his fair young skin! Sonny Sahib, too, is pleased, and laughs when he sees himself in the looking-glass. Neither he nor the old sardar can understand the mem-sahib's wrath.

"My son, my son!" she exclaims. "'Tis the mark of the beast on you!"

But Sonny Sahib's mother is not so alarmed as a good ritualistic lady who happens to be calling, and who fears that the child will have to be rebaptized ere he can gain admission through the pearly gates!

But we cannot meander with Sonny Sahib's baby-carriage, or follow him all through the nursery. If we should, we would see that he prospers; for, with all the minor wrongs that he suffers at the hands of the servants, he receives an affectionate care which binds him to these dark faces. By the time he has become a real boy the "vexed servant question" never bothers him. He has all the servants at his beck and call, and has them all at his mercy. If the *khansama*[1] refuses to give him charcoal to run his little tin boiler, or to melt lead bullets for his catapult, he threatens to tell how his khansamaship gets vegetables from the *mali*[2] sometimes, and yet charges them up in the regular *hisab*.[3] If the *khidmatgar*[4] becomes obstreperous, Sonny Sahib brings him to time by assuring him that he knows of the smoking in the *bowarchi-khana*[5] against orders. If the sardar will not listen to reason, Sonny Sahib walks straight into the sardar's house at the time of the midday meal, and makes it necessary for the poor caste-bound man to throw away all his food and spend the hour of the *siesta* in scouring his vessels.

Sonny Sahib is liked, nevertheless; nor is it strange that a few years afterwards, when he has outgrown his pranks, the tears are both copious and geniune which he sheds when he sees the old sardar standing on the wharf, and finds the great ship, on which he himself stands, slowly moving away. The tears of the old man, too, are genuine; for the boy who stands on the west-bound steamer sobbing and waving a handkerchief, the boy who as a baby prattled on this old servant's knee, who as a child often clung to his neck even when wanted by father or mother, who all through his mischievous years showed the generous affection of a boy's large heart—this boy, among all the Europeans, has the only heart that, knowing all the old man's weaknesses, understands and loves him. The poor old servant knows he can get common sense from any European and a godly example from the missionaries, but the boyish sympathy of his Sonny Sahib can never be replaced.

The carefully reared Indian child will not be left entirely to the servants, but will be allowed to mingle sufficiently with them to get their language and the broadening influence that will come from knowing people different from himself. If every civilian could have such a training, the problems of this Indian life would more readily be solved.

It is in the games and amusements that the boy sees deepest into Indian life. What a fund of interesting information comes within our young Sonny Sahib's experience because he spends some of his time as the people of the country spend theirs! To give only two illustrations, what a new world is opened up to him through the common pastimes of kite-flying and pigeon-flying!

The European idea of kite-flying is insipid when compared with the Indian one. It is an art in India. Kite-making is a regular profession, and a skillful kite-flyer commands a good income There are men in the bazaars who for twenty years have done nothing but make kites. With the large, heavy, bungling kite of the West compare a little beauty of the Orient weighing under half an ounce. This dainty thing does not require a stiff breeze to carry its message to the skies, but when there is not wind enough to sway the delicate poised pipal leaf, it can be hoisted with one hand, and by a man in a sitting posture. When up, it has a sweep of two-thirds of the horizon, and can be made to describe any figure desirable. It would be easier to carve the English alphabet in the clouds by means of the kite than to

[1] Cook. [2] Gardener. [3] Account. [4] Table servant. [5] Cook-house.

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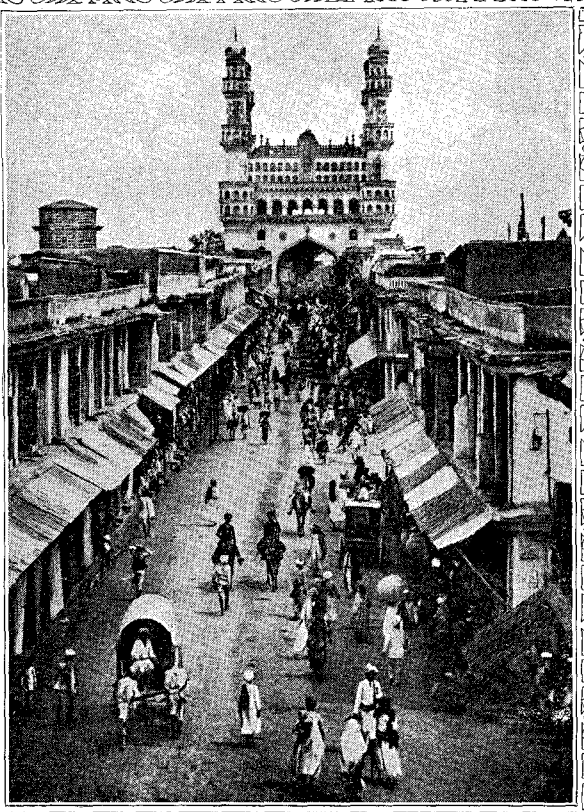
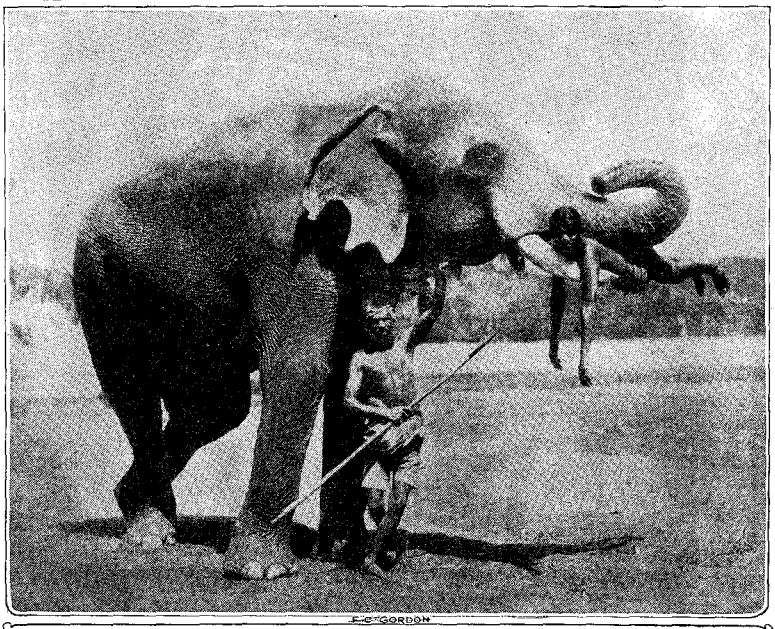


THE BAZAAR IN SONNY SAHIB'S TOWN



"MOTI," THE ELEPHANT WHO PERFORMS FOR SONNY SAHIB'S PLEASURE

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trace the letters on the same scale on the ground. It is possible, for a short time, even to force the kite in the face of the wind, and so describe a complete circle.

The romance of kite-flying does not consist merely in the flying. That is a species of tameness and idleness which suits the Western lad. It is in fighting kites that real skill is displayed and keen enjoyment found. The string by which kites are flown is never thicker than ordinary sewing cotton, and the finest quality is made of pure silk. The string used in fighting kites is put through a solution of finely powdered glass, rice starch (or some other adhesive), and brick-dust. When this dries, it leaves the thread covered with minute particles of glass well cemented on, giving it a very sharp edge. The object in fighting is to get your string to strike your opponent's string in such a way as to cut it. The maneuvering in a skillful contest is beautiful, and sometimes lasts half an hour. When a kite is cut, it becomes common property, and belongs to the person who first catches it. One would no more think of claiming a kite lost under such circumstances than one would of demanding from an inhabitant of Mars a piece of soil which might have flown from the earth to that distant region. This constitutes one of the unwritten laws of India, and the kites thus caught afford pocket-money for many men or boys, who in the season (October to April) spend much time in catching and disposing of them. The most dignified way to catch a kite is not to run after it with a long pole and wait until it descends, but to go up after it and catch it on the wing. This is accomplished by bringing the string of your kite against the floating string of the kite and entangling the two by making your own kite revolve rapidly in small circles. The connection thus established is secure, and kites may be caught half a mile up and pulled down to your very hand. Kites sell all the way from four for a *pice*[1] to an *anna*[2] or two annas each. The size most used costs one pice. The pastime can be indulged in by the poor as well as the rich. To do away with it would be to darken with disappointment and grief thousands of homes containing boys and to take bread out of hundreds of mouths. The rich derive their exclusive pleasure by hiring specialists at kite-fighting, getting up a sky tournament with some one else, and by staking large amounts of money on the outcome of the contest. Kites, indeed, are a means of refined and extensive gambling in India.

Pigeon-flying, as it prevails in India, is quite unknown in Europe or America. It occupies no inconsiderable place in a city like Lucknow. Morning and evening one can see great flocks circling over the native portion of the city. The object is to get a flock of pigeons so trained that at your call they will drop down to their home without a moment's hesitation. When this not very difficult task has been accomplished, one is ready to send one's pigeons out foraging—to put them out on usury, one might say. When some other man is ready for the same thing, the fun begins. Each one turns his flock of pigeons loose and starts them circling overhead. So long as the men keep up their shouting and waving of flags the pigeons continue to enlarge their circles. At length the two flocks meet, and are then allowed to fly together for a while. At a given signal, however, both men drop their flags and each gives vent to a prolonged cry, "A—O!" (come). It is an impressive sight to see that large flock of perhaps two hundred birds divide into two flocks just as distinctly as if a screen from heaven had come down and parted them. But, alas! in the moment of confusion, there are some pigeons which, though ever so well trained, will lose their bearings and go with the wrong flock. When the flocks have settled, a little grain—not enough to satisfy, but merely to keep from starving—is thrown out to the pigeons. During the feeding each man notices at a glance any new pigeon, catches it, clips or securely ties the feathers of its wings, and thenceforth it is his own. The pigeon thus captured may be sold, or trained and pressed into service by its new owner. The pastime thus comes to have an additional zest because of the risk and chance of gain connected with it.

Such are some of Sonny Sahib's pastimes and pleasures in far-away India.

[1] Half a cent. [2] Two cents.

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The New School of American Archæology

By Eleanor Hope Johnson

COMMUNAL HOUSE

THERE is a section of country in this wonderful Republic of ours, known to comparatively few of its citizens, a visit to which will completely break down the old belief that there are no ruins in the United States. On the great central plateau of the Southwest, cut into by many cañons and gorges of indescribable grandeur, are the crumbling homes of peoples long since vanished. Located on high and wind-swept mesas, or down in the brilliantly colored cañons, these deserted towns offer a field for valuable study as well as for sightseeing of the most rewarding sort. Last summer there was inaugurated in the midst of this desert country of the Southwest what should be of deep interest to all patriotic Americans, the first summer session of the new School of American Archæology; and it was my very good fortune to be a visitor there for a short time.

It is certainly greatly to the credit of the Archæological Institute of America that it has added to its various schools one on American archæology. The Institute was founded in Cambridge, Massachusetts, about thirty years ago, largely through the efforts of Charles Eliot Norton.

There were until very recently only three schools under the direction of the Institute: the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, and the American School for Oriental Study and Research in Palestine, each offering fellowships. But it was not until a very few years ago that notice was taken of the evidences of an ancient independent culture in this country, and of the inspiration

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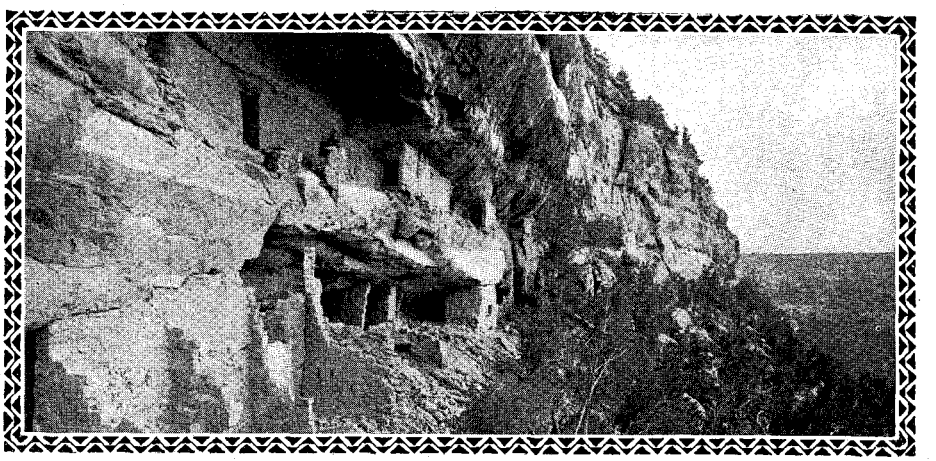

RUINS OF MESA VERDE

which a study of the native American races, the "actual sources of ancient culture" in this land, might be to students in our own and other universities.

In the year 1904 the attention of the Institute was directed to the American field through efforts to secure legislation to protect from spoliation the ruins of the Southwest. Work had been carried on here and there in this region for some years under different auspices, and various ruins explored, not always very wisely. Patriotic Americans who lived near by had long recognized the historical and ethnological value, not only of the ruins at their very doors, but also of the neighboring pueblos, still occupied by races rich in custom and tradition. Through the interest thus roused, the Southwest Society, with headquarters in Los Angeles, was organized to study the history of these tribes and their connection with the early Spanish explorers and with the forgotten cave and cliff dwellers. For twenty years it was urged that a law should be passed to protect the ruins, but without success, until at last, by a combination of the forces of the Institute, the Smithsonian Institution, and the universities, such a law was finally obtained in the year 1906. The Institute then decided to organize the work which, as I have said, had been going on for some time in the American field, and to place all its activities under an officer to be called the Director of American Archæology, and late in the year 1906 this was done. A year later the School of American Archæology was created.

GOVERNOR GONZALEO

I can best describe the School and its methods by taking you with me through my memories of a week's visit to it last August. As I have said, it was the first session of the School as such, though work had been carried on during preceding summers in the place chosen for its location, and the region thoroughly explored. We were cordially welcomed. "We are always glad to have interested visitors," wrote the Director; and, carrying our tents with us, we took the thirty-mile drive across the mesa from Santa Fé to that oasis in a desert, the Cañon of the Rito de los Frijoles, called by the irreverent Bean Creek. Picture a ride over dry brown plains cut by deep *arroyos* (the beds of streams long since vanished, or raging for a few breathless weeks in the summer), all the horizon bounded by high and jagged mountains, touched by the sun into a splendor of color. Sage-brush, cactus, and occasionally dwarfed cedar and piñon gave the only vegetation—prickly and inhospitable, though charming in color scheme. There was one village through which we passed, a lumber station;

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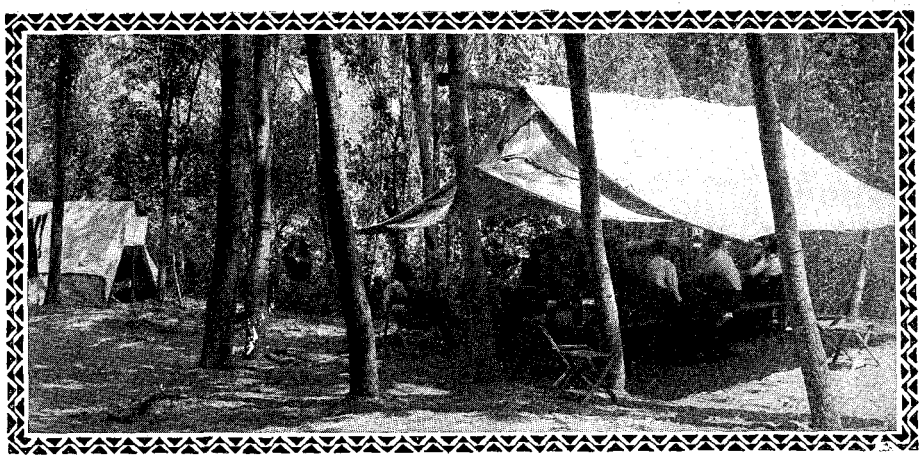

THE STUDY ROOM IN THE OPEN

and a near-by cañon, quite robbed of its best timber and left in a tragic confusion of fallen or partially cut trees, marked the scene of its activities. After leaving the village we crossed the wide Rio Grande, and at the end of a dusty day reached a forest of larger piñon and juniper trees, then the southern rim of the Mesa del Pajarito, and there, five hundred feet below us, lay the Rito, threading its sparkling way through cultivated fields and groves of pine, alder, willow, and cottonwood, with patches of brilliant wild flowers brightening it all. We were met by a handful of Indians from the near-by pueblo of San Ildefonso, led by friendly young students sent to the School from their respective universities, who shouldered our various packs of tents and personal luggage as if they had been playthings, scampered down the steep and winding trail, which we trod with the greatest care, and over the wonderful cliffs into a spot of verdure almost like our dear New England in its freshness and fragrance. We found one little stone ranch house, where the School was most acceptably fed, and tents for every other purpose — lectures, study, museum, and delicious rest at night. The stream, quite contrary to the habits of bodies of water in that country, never dried, and was from every point of view utterly satisfying for our purposes.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

The day began at half-past six for the workers, with the oversight of the excavations, lectures, study, and personal conferences with the Director and the staff. We were allowed easier hours, but were invited to attend the lectures and accompany the expeditions when we would, and our interest in the subject and the method of attacking it grew with the hours.

The Cañon of the Rito de los Frijoles we found to be about ten miles long and at the most a quarter of a mile wide. It extends from east to west, and can be entered only by trail from the mesa above, as the walls come together at either end to the narrowest gorges. Near the lower end, or *boca*, the water falls in two cataracts of nearly one hundred feet each to the valley of the Rio Grande below, and the black cliffs are so steep that as we peered through the narrow opening down which the water poured it was clearly evident that the most daring marauder would be unable to scale the wall. There are several trails leading into the cañon, one or two with rough steps cut into the soft rock, and evidently of great antiquity. They have been made by the Indians from time to time, and one of them, leading on to the wide desert country beyond the mountains, is named by

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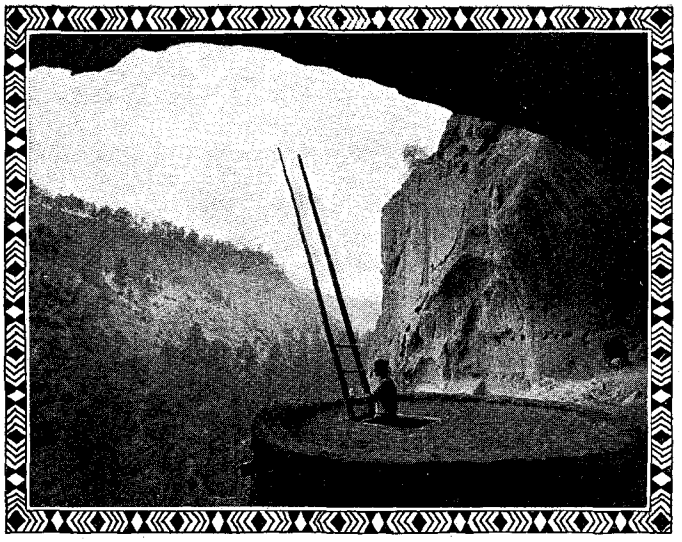

CEREMONIAL CAVE

the Pueblos the Navajo trail. One wall of the cañon—that to the south—is somewhat sloping and covered with the straggling piñon and its companion, the cedar. But the opposite wall was where our interest lay, and to it our footsteps were directed each morning. On its face there is no room for vegetation, but the walls rise straight and bare to a height of some three hundred feet. To it came, an unknown number of years ago, a people in many respects like the near-by Pueblo Indians of to-day—some believe their actual ancestors—and built their homes on the floor of the cañon and against this sheer north wall. It is easy to see why this location should have been chosen for the old town—far easier than in the case of other ruins on the mesa above. The great fertility of the cañon, its inaccessibility, and the workable quality of the tufa rock of which the cliffs are composed, made settling there simple and profitable. In the cliffs, with their tools of obsidian, these Indian pioneers carved out rooms; with blocks of the tufa, easily cut, they built their square houses. The first white visitors to this cañon, after it was deserted by the town builders, some hundreds of years ago, were probably Mexican renegades and horse-thieves, who found here a refuge to their hand from vengeful pursuers. They have left their mark in a dwelling, round like a guard-house, planned, no doubt, for a last retreat, and also in the confusion and despoiling of the Indian ruins. Because of their destructive tendencies, and those of white settlers near by, as well as of the ravages of time, when the first archæologists investigated this green cleft in the floor of the dry mesa they found many caves in the cliffs, and piled on the sloping ground in front of them heaps of stone in square blocks, with here and there well-defined rooms. They also found in the widest part of the cañon more heaps of stone and outlines of a village, or, more properly speaking, a communal house. Everywhere there were fragments of pottery showing in design and workmanship something of the thoughts of the makers. But of relics for collection there were apparently very few, whether unbroken pottery, stone tools, or even human remains.

Some years ago the cañon was visited and thoroughly explored by Bandelier and Lummis, two students and interpreters of the Southwest, and since then it has been a field of intense interest to archæologist and ethnologist. It was therefore a most natural place for the School of American Archæology to choose in which to hold its first summer session.

We began our first day at the School by making a tour of the work with the Director, and found at the first stopping-place a group of about seven Indians carefully removing the surface

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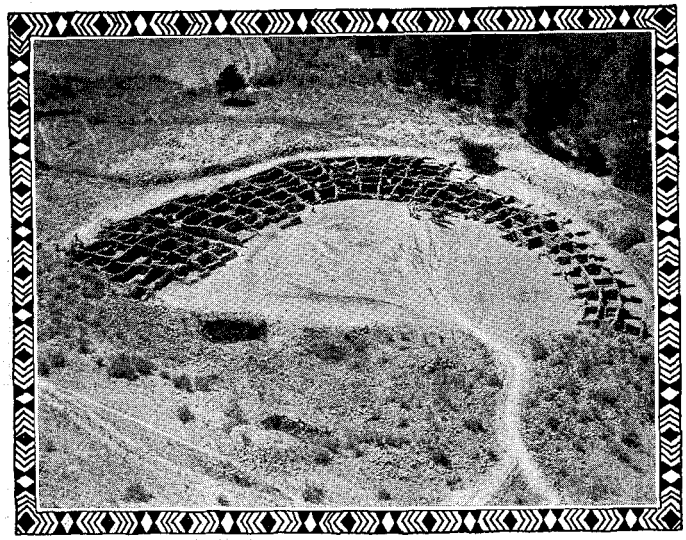

THE MAIN COMMUNAL HOUSE

soil from rooms of the communal house and carrying it away in barrows, after making certain that it contained no object of possible interest. Directing this work was a young graduate of the University of Utah, whose cordial relations with the men under him were proved by the eager interest with which they brought for his inspection the smallest bits of pottery, a piece of bone, or, best of all, an unbroken stone implement. About two hundred and fifty small rectangular rooms in this village of Tyuonyi had been uncovered, showing that it was once a roundish pueblo with curving walls, the rooms arranged from three to seven deep about a central plaza; the amount of débris, piled in heaps about, would indicate that it was once three-storied and terraced. The Indians living within these circular walls could easily defend themselves from attacks, as the rooms were all entered from the interior court, which had but one outlet, a passageway leading toward the east. The rooms had, with few exceptions, no connecting doors, but were entered by means of ladders leading to the roofs, and then by hatchways and ladders down into the little chambers. The only thing that made the cramped quarters seem at all possible was the always lovely out-of-doors in which these true disciples of nature lived, and which furnished them the inspiration for their mythology, much of which is very beautiful. The walls of the village are now standing to a height of from four to six feet, and in some cases the stones for grinding corn and the hearthstones are in place. Some of the Indians we found at work there were employed in mending these walls, and in some cases the rooms were being plastered with the thin coating of mud still used in the pueblo of San Ildefonso. It was a striking sight, the industrious Indians, with their dark, eager faces and their happy laughter—for the stoic red man who never smiles is a legend of the past—trundling the barrows in and out of this city of the dead.

But our delight and wonder grew as we came nearer to the caves in the cliffs which rose sheer before us. Tawny brown, with strange and grotesquely formed crags jutting out like sentinels to guard the doors of these forsaken homes, the north wall of the cañon stood frowning and seemingly inhospitable. We clambered into many of the caves, and found them often well-shaped rooms formed partly by wind erosion or other natural causes, partly by the rough Indian tools. They were, as a rule, the back rooms of houses which had been built on the sloping ground or talus in front of the cliff, and the regular holes over the caves showed where the ends of the roof timbers rested. These houses, like Tyuonyi, were often two or three stories high, and the crumbling of the house

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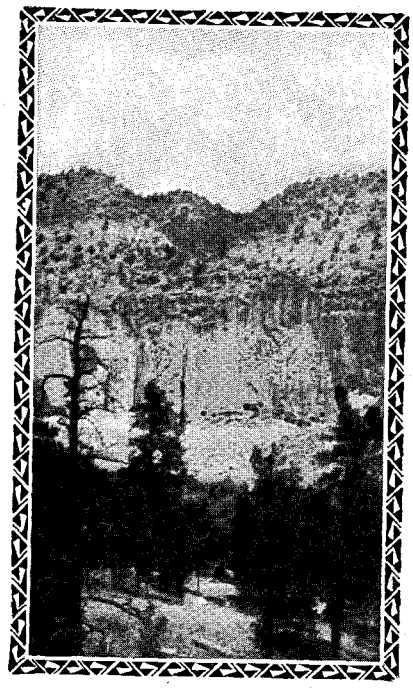
GOVERNOR SANTIAGO



THE NORTH WALL

walls has made some of the higher caves quite inaccessible. Thirteen of these talus villages have been discovered and named from various symbols painted on their walls or from remains of one sort and another found in the excavation; thus we have the Sun House, the Snake House, the House of the Mountain Sheep. But, on the whole, very few objects of interest have been found in or near the dwellings. In one little room, however, entered through an outer cave, they came upon a strange mummy, wrapped in the tattered remains of an otter fur robe, and resting in the position in which so many primitive peoples have buried their dead. This rather weird object made the cave-dwellers of the past seem to us very real and human.

About a mile and a half up the cañon we visited the Ceremonial Cave, where, no doubt, the priests went to prepare for the tribal mysteries and ceremonies, and where perhaps some of them lived. This cave is about one hundred and fifty feet above the waters of the Rito, and is approached by ladders and steep trails with some of the steps cut in the rock. Foundations of buildings can be traced in the great cavern, some of them two stories high, with rooms cut into the back wall of the cave. In its floor there is a *kiva*, or round ceremonial chamber, roofed over with beams of cedar and entered by means of a ladder. The view from the cave up the cañon, with the tops of the mountains showing dimly in the distance, is a most beautiful one.

On beyond the cave are a few straggling cliff houses, but most of them are in the wider part of the cañon, some near the ground, some part way up the cliffs and approached by steep and winding trails. Did these farmer Indians of long ago seek the shelter of the frowning northern wall because its porous rock offered them dwellings ready to their hand, or because they dreaded fierce neighbors who were always ready to attack them? We can only guess at the answers to these and many more questions which confront us, but in the guessing facts of great interest are discovered and we learn more and more of the history and character of these old inhabitants of our country. Indeed, in the trips through the caves, the talks with the Indians, and the lectures about the blazing camp-fire at night, archæology seemed no longer a science of dead stones, but of the human emotions and deeds

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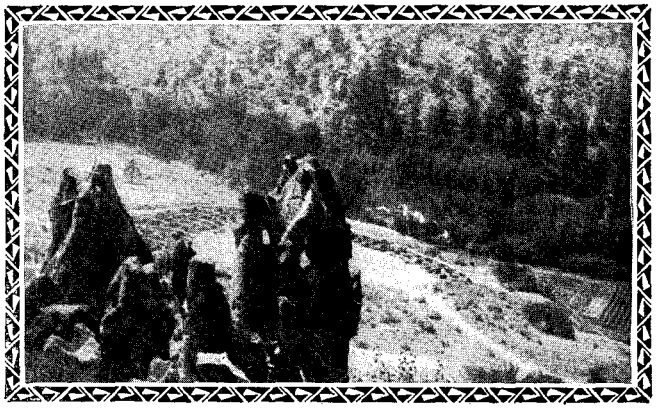
inclosed in them. The cliffs were a sort of petrified forest of men, and their life and dreams began to seem very real, though we could not wholly describe the peoples nor tell with certainty whence they came. And, best of all, the reason for the study of these primitive peoples became plain to one visitor at least—that we might have a clearer insight into the lives and characters of our primitive citizens who are coming to us in hordes from the forgotten corners of distant lands.

But all this, to be sure, argues the layman. Of purely scientific work we saw and tried to comprehend a great quantity. There was careful word-by-word study of the neighboring dialects by a young Californian who lectured eagerly and exhaustively through several evenings—lectures not only on the formation of the dialects and their relation to each other, with many mysterious signs and sounds represented on a chart, but, what was more intelligible to our ignorance, Indian place-names and their histories, giving us a glimpse into this strange and supposably savage mind. Most interesting of all were the mornings when we surrounded in fascinated silence a little group composed of the linguist, a biologist from the University of Colorado, and three of the most intelligent of the Indians, who were telling the two young white men their names for the various flowers and the uses to which many of them were put. It seemed that nothing had escaped the Pueblos, and many of the flowers we did not know, or classified in a general way as weeds, had very descriptive names and a great usefulness. The good comradeship existing between these really noble red men and their white brothers was a satisfying sight, especially when I compared it with the stories of unjust dealing or of influence to evil ways—too often the only relation between the two races. Here was an actual companionship in which the advantage was not by any means all on one side.

KIVA PLAZA OF BALCONY HOUSE



ROCK FORMATION IN FRONT OF CAVES

But to tell the story of the days and nights of unceasing interest and beauty, whether it was studying the ruins, listening to the result of some alert-minded student's researches, or lying on a pile of blankets in our little pointed tents, listening to the rustle of the cottonwoods or the murmur of the brook, would cover many pages. Two points, to my mind, cannot be too greatly emphasized: first, the enthusiastic support given each man in his special subject by the others, the interest of the older men in the work of the younger, the hearty spirit of co-operation; and,

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second, the interest roused in the Indian workmen in the labor of excavating the ruins, their interest even extending to the attendance of a few of them at the evening lectures, when their silent figures in the dusk, touched now and then by the flashing firelight, added to the unforgetable picture. These Indians were a very likable and gentle people; keenly interested in the white men; personally devoted to the Director, whose management of them was so wise in its firmness and sympathetic kindness; and full of gayety and humor. Juan, their captain, endeared himself to us at once by his outgoing friendliness and his charm of manner. His dignity and real gentleness came partly from his character, partly from the fact that he was elected governor of his pueblo as often as the rule would allow, and, though he did not disdain the work of the hoe and the barrow, his sense of position, in the best meaning of the words, was unmistakable.

The museum to which the work of the School contributes has been established in the Old Palace in Santa Fé, under the directorship of the present Director of the School, and the building is slowly being restored to its original form. This very picturesque structure is the oldest Government building now standing in the United States. It was constructed in the early part of the seventeenth century for the residence of the Spanish Governor, and has for three hundred years been the seat of authority under Spanish, Mexican, and American rule successively; it is therefore one of the most venerable relics in the history of our country. Santa Fé is doing all that it can, and that is a great deal, to make up for the days when the old records were sold as waste paper and the fine old beams of the palace were plastered over, by supporting the museum generously and the plans of the Director with enthusiasm. The rooms of the palace are being arranged one by one, as new regions are being studied and their treasures uncovered. A talented young artist was found to study the natural features surrounding the ruins as well as the restorations carefully worked out by one of the School staff, and he has put a frieze about the walls representing the places as they are and their probable appearance in the early times. Thus, in the Rito room, we have a painting of the cañon, of one of the caves restored, and a glimpse of an old ceremony; and under the pictures are cases set into the walls, containing only the best of the objects discovered which typify the various arts and occupations. The place is thus a rest and refreshment to the eye as well as a stimulus to study, instead of a bewildering assortment of more or less valuable fragments.

Work of extreme interest has also been carried on in the Puyé under Dr. Hewett, and on the Mesa Verde, in southwestern Colorado, by Dr. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, and later by the School. Explorations have also been begun under the School and the University of Utah in that State, where very wonderful ruins have been discovered. Utah and Colorado are helping in the financial support of the School and museum, as well as by sending to them their best men.

DWELLINGS FOR WHICH CAVES FORM THE REAR ROOMS

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Prisoners of War

A Soldier's Narrative of Life at Libby and Danville Prisons

By George Haven Putnam

The writer of this record of prison life and of attempts to escape from prison was adjutant and brevet major of the One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers. The present narrative comprises the most stirring, interesting, and remarkable incidents in Major Putnam's complete account, which was prepared at the request of the Commander of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and will be published in a future volume of the Reports of the Commandery. Major Putnam took part in the battle at Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864, and was then made a prisoner. The story of his experiences begins with his arrival at Libby Prison in Richmond, and all the incidents described took place during the last year of the Civil War in the Libby and Danville prisons. Time has softened and in large measure removed the feeling of animosity and mutual recrimination which during the period of hostilities accompanies every war. This narrative was not written, and is not published, with the design of renewing old feelings of hostility, but solely as a thrilling story of human experience and adventure.—THE EDITORS.

THE first of the prison functions was the stripping of every man to the skin for the purpose of a further appropriation of any valuables that we might have succeeded in concealing. In this fresh search I lost $150 that I had sewed into the inside of my shirt. The moneys that had been saved by a few of the officers after the first search were, with hardly an exception, taken possession of at the second examination. We were interested to see that the adjutant of the prison noted down in a little memorandum book the sums from each man. "It will be all right, gentlemen," he said, reassuringly; "these moneys will, of course, be returned to you." This ceremony completed, we were shown into the general living-room on the top floor of the Libby building. It is my memory that at this time, October, 1864, the prison was full, but not crowded. Floor space was made for us under the supervision of one of our own officers, who took upon himself the responsibilities of what might be called quartermaster's duties. At our request, Vander Weyde and myself were given floor space together, and we then took an account of our joint property. I had picked up *en route* (I do not recall where) a small piece of blanket, and I had also succeeded in retaining a broken pocket-knife. My chum had a tin cup and a pocket comb. These things were held in common. As personal appurtenances we had been fortunate enough to save our tooth-brushes, which the examining sergeant; had not considered worth appropriating; and my chum, who was a clever artist, had also been able to retain possession of a pocket sketch-book and a pencil. These tooth-brushes later became noteworthy. It is my memory that there were not more than a dozen or so among about three hundred and fifty officers. The possessors placed their tooth-brushes through the buttonholes of their blouses, partly because there was no other safe or convenient storage place, and partly perhaps to emphasize a sense of aristocratic opulence.

In Libby, as later in Danville, the prisoners, comprising only commissioned officers, maintained an organization and ordinary discipline. We accepted as authoritative the orders of the senior officer in the prison, and this officer associated with him two or three men who divided up between them responsibilities for keeping order, for assigning quarters, for adjusting difficulties, etc. Our general went through the form, and it was not much more than a form, of appointing on his staff a commissary. It was the duty of

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this officer to receive from the prison sergeant the daily ration and to arrange for an equitable distribution of such ration among the prison messes. We had, for the convenience of such distribution, been divided into groups of six or eight. The so-called commissary had, of course, nothing to issue but the ration that was brought in. His office reminded me of the description given by the young showman in the menagerie, "This is the jackal what perwides for the lion, always perwiding that there is anything to perwide." The Libby ration in these last months of 1864 comprised soup made out of inconspicuous little beans and a chunk of corn bread. During the close of our sojourn in Libby the soup part was cut off and the ration reduced itself to the corn bread. The corn bread as baked was marked out into squares, but, for some reason which I never had explained to me, each square of corn bread was a ration not for one but for two. The messes, therefore, were subdivided into pairs, and the chums had to arrange between themselves each morning for the division of the flat chunk into two portions. My chum and myself took turns in cutting that chunk into two pieces. On one piece was laid the broken knife, and the man who had done the cutting then called to the other fellow, who stood with his back to the cake, to say whether he would have it "with" or "without" (the knife). Whichever piece one got, the other always looked a little bigger.

The abiding-place through the night and through the greater part of the day was, as I have said, the strip of floor allotted to each. It is my memory that at this time Libby was not so crowded but that each man could have had the advantage of putting his head back against the wall. Later, when we were transferred to Danville, the arrangement of space required four rows of sleepers, two with their heads to the wall and two with their heads to the center. The wall spaces were, of course, in demand. At the point of the wall in Libby where my own head rested (more or less restlessly) I found scratched (apparently with the point of a nail) on the two or three bricks the names of previous occupants of the quarters, names representing in some cases men who had "joined the majority." I naturally added, in order to complete the record, my own name on a brick a corner of which was still free. Some years after the war a correspondent wrote from Richmond that he could, if I wished, send me this autographed brick in consideration of the payment of five dollars. As, however, there would be no difficulty in scratching my name on another brick, I did not think the purchase worth while.

The ship chandlery of William Libby & Son was placed close to the edge of the James River, so that the goods could be landed directly on the Libby pier. Looking across the river from the back windows of the prison, we were able during the nights of December to see from time to time the flashes of the guns from the lines of the Army of the James. We used to make our artillery officers study out the line of fire and give us their opinion as to whether they did not believe the flashes were getting nearer. I suppose the distance was something over six miles. The prison had by this winter been so protected that there was no chance of any further attempts at escape by tunneling. The cellar floor through which Rose and his associates had dug their tunnel in 1863 had been masoned over, and under the later arrangement of the guards it would have been impracticable in any case to secure admission to this floor without observation. A most important part of the protection, however, was given by the addition to the prison guard of a magnificent bloodhound. The sergeant marched in front of the guard and the hound in the rear, and, looking from the prison windows, we could see him cock up an eye at us as he passed, as if he very fully understood the nature of his responsibilities. From time to time the hound would also, either under orders or possibly of his own motion, make the circuit of the building, sniffing around its foundations. There would have been no chance of an undiscovered tunnel while that dog was within reach. I had trouble with that dog some months later when I was on parole in Richmond. I had been told that the intelligence of the bloodhound enabled him to be taught all kinds of things, but that it was very difficult, if not impossible, to unteach him anything.

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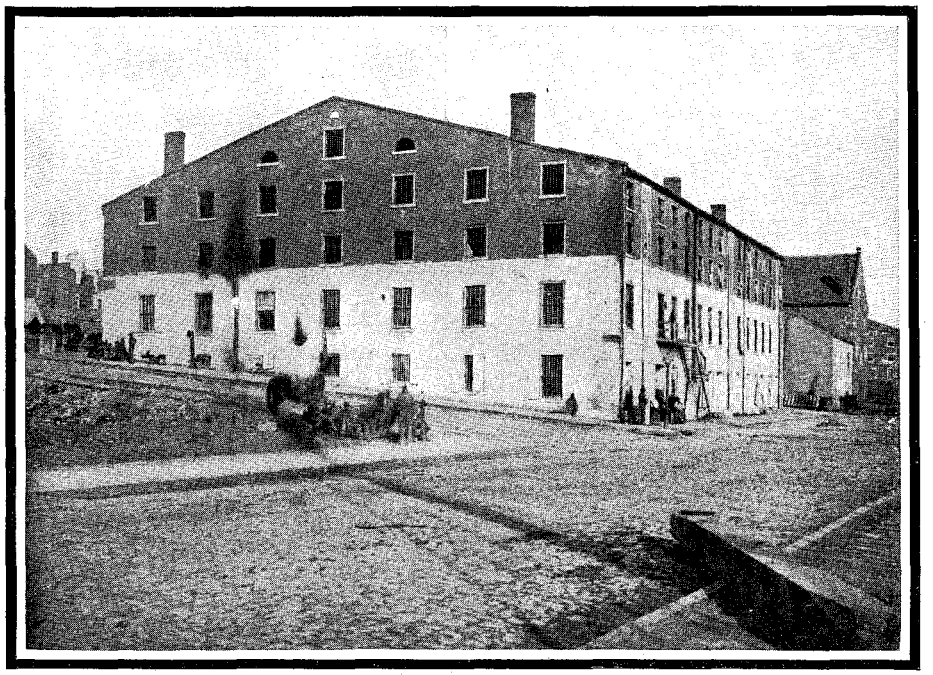

LIBBY PRISON

A photograph made in 1865. From the "Review of Reviews" Collection of Civil War Photographs

This hound had been taught to go for anybody wearing blue cloth. At this later time I had secured clean clothes from home, and the blue was therefore really blue instead of the nondescript color of my much-worn prison garments. I had from time to time to go to Castle Thunder, where the dog was kept, and the sergeant of the prison guard amused himself by putting the dog on a long leash to see how near he could get to the little Yankee adjutant without quite "chawing" him up. I complained in due form to the captain of the guard that the jaws of the hound did not constitute a fair war risk. He accepted my view and had the dog put on a shorter leash, so that I was able to go past him into the prison door. I was told that when Weitzel's troops entered Richmond the dog was captured and was later brought to New York and sold at auction on the steps of the Astor House. If the buyer permitted any of his home circle to wear army blue, there certainly must have been trouble.

One night late in December we had an interruption which, while at the time fatiguing, gave ground for encouragement. We were ordered up at two o'clock in the morning, and were hurried across the town and packed into box cars for Danville. We gathered from the exchange of a word or two with the guards who permitted themselves to talk that there was a scare at headquarters about the advance of our lines. The journey was exhausting, partly because in the hurry of getting rations for us the authorities had found nothing more convenient than salt fish, and the train was allowed to stop but seldom. But, thirsty and tired as we were, we were happy with the thought that perhaps our men really were getting into Richmond. They really were, but it took five months more to accomplish the task.

The tobacco warehouse where we were lodged in Danville might have made a fairly comfortable abiding-place if it had been properly fitted up and cared for. But the glass was broken from many of the windows, and Danville lies high enough to give many cold days and many still colder nights in the months of winter. The building comprised three rooms, a ground floor and two upper floors. The so-

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journering of the prisoners was restricted to the two upper floors. The lower floor was used merely as a thoroughfare to the yard and for the water parties who were permitted once or twice a day to bring water from the river. It was the duty of the guard who protected the yard and of his fellows who patrolled the lower floor to see that no prisoners were permitted to linger in the yard or on their way back to their own floor. Now and then, in fact, the prisoners were subjected to some very annoying hustling. The two floors were divided so that by the beginning of the winter there were about two hundred on each floor. I emphasize at the beginning of the winter, because as the months rolled on the numbers became smaller. There were enough vacancies through death to give space on the floor. At the outset, however, the men were arranged in two rows with their heads to the wall and two rows with their heads to the center. The additional comfort of the position by the wall was to some extent offset by the fact that it was nearer to the cold wind that came through the broken window. The floors were dirty when we took possession of them, and they became dirtier as the weeks went by. At one time we essayed a petition to the officer of the guard for hoes with which to scrape off the surface of dirt. The request was denied, on the ground, I believe, that the hoes might have been utilized as weapons. At either end of the room was an old-fashioned stove fitted for the burning of wood, and as the weather grew colder sleeping positions near the stove advanced in value. Exchanges of berths were made for property consideration. A piece of blanket, a pair of shoes more or less dilapidated, or a pocket-knife constituted the exchange currency. The wood for the stove was brought in from the wood-pile in the yard by the prisoners, the work being, of course, done under guard. The supply of wood was kept pretty scant, and there were long hours when the fires were out and when our application for permission to bring in more wood received no attention. It is my recollection that in Danville the daily ration was brought down to the corn bread alone. There were apparently no damaged beans available, and the good beans that were fit to eat must have been very much needed in Richmond.

In spite of fatigue, and of the fact that we were nearly all youngsters, sleep was by no means an easy accomplishment. The floor was hard, and cold currents of wind coming in through the broken panes made it chilly. There was hardly anything that could be called covering. I suppose that among the three hundred and fifty men there may have been sixty or seventy scraps of blanket. As before stated, the overcoats had been taken, together with a large number of shoes, so that shoulders and feet were both chilly. Last, and by no means least, sleep was interfered with by the constant irritation of the big vermin, which grew bigger as we grew smaller.

It was not easy to find occupation for the long hours of the day. In the earlier weeks of the winter the more energetic of us drew lots for the opportunity of making the trip to the river, a hundred yards or so away, for the bringing in of water. The water parties comprised from six to eight men, who were watched over by two or three guards. Under the earlier arrangement each man carried a pail, but later, as we grew weaker, a pail full or a pail half full was more than one fellow could manage, and the routine finally came to be for two men to carry together a pail about half full of water. There was also occasional requirement for parties to bring in wood from the wood-pile, but in this luxury we were sadly stinted. There was for a time some activity in chess-playing. Two groups were formed at either end of the room who fought with each other in a series of tournaments. Our chess-boards were made out of a couple of pieces of plank which we had been permitted to secure from the guard-house, and the squares on which had been marked out with charcoal. The chessmen had been carved with no little labor out of pieces of our firewood. Later in the winter our chess-playing came to a stop. We found that the attempt to concentrate eyesight and attention, when we had had so little to eat that our brain-cells were denuded of blood, caused dizziness, and occasionally fainting-fits. I think, in fact, that an order to stop chess came from the

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general or his adjutant. Something was done in the way of occupation or amusement by the more active-minded in telling stories by turn, stories which comprised everything from actual reminiscence to the vaguest fantasy. Under the pressure of contributing their share to the entertaining of the group, men who, according to their own account, had never been guilty of imagination and had not had any special experience, found it possible to add something of personal interest to the entertainment. There were also instituted a few classes of instruction. In company with three or four others, I took lessons in Spanish from one of the officers who was a Mexican by birth. We succeeded in securing a second-hand Spanish grammar, which was divided up into as many pieces as there were students. Some of us, therefore, had to begin the grammar in the middle, and some tackled their Spanish language from the final pages; but before the book was absolutely worn out we did make some progress.

The desire of occupation, whether in the way of amusement or instruction, was not merely for the purpose of passing the time. We realized, in looking about the room, that unless our minds, or at least our thoughts, could be kept busy in some fashion, there was risk of stagnation, that might easily develop into idiocy. I recall a number of cases in which men who, as their vitality diminished, had lost the power of hopefulness, had lost also the control of their wills; the faces became vacant, and in the more serious cases their conscious intelligence disappeared. These men would sit twirling their thumbs, or would stand looking out of the windows with a vacant stare and with eyes that saw nothing. I should have been interested in learning how far this loss of will power and understanding persisted with such of the men as survived the imprisonment, but there was no opportunity of tracing the later fortunes of our prison comrades.

I have referred to the "government" of the prison and to the fact that we accepted, at least in our officers' prison, the authority of seniors just as we should have done in camp. I believe that this acceptance of authority and maintenance of discipline accounted for the better success on the part of the officers as compared with the enlisted men in maintaining the vitality and in lessening the percentage of illness and death. There were two other prisons in the town, both, I believe, tobacco warehouses, in which the enlisted men were confined, possibly a thousand or more. There was no difference in the quarters and no difference in the food between the two prisons, but we understood from the Confederate sergeants that the percentage of death among the men was very much greater than among the officers.

One day news came from Richmond to the Confederate commander of our prison that a band of Yankee raiders were operating somewhere to the west of Danville, and were probably intending to make a dash at certain of the bridges on the railway running southward. A couple of companies, comprising perhaps one hundred and fifty men, had been brought into Danville by train as the first contingent of a force which was expected to head off the raiders and to protect the bridges. We knew the number of this force because they were made the guests of the prison guard, and in going into the guard-house for their noonday meal they had stacked their muskets within sight of our prison windows. It occurred to some one that if those one hundred and fifty muskets could be seized, we should have enough force to overcome, at least for the moment, the prison guard, while the unarmed owners of the muskets would be helpless. Duffie (the officer highest in rank) jumped at the idea and called for volunteers to make a rush for the muskets.

We youngsters were naturally not called into council, but we were able to hear some of the discussion. A number of the older, or at least of the more experienced, officers gave their opinion at once against the scheme. The opportunity for getting at the muskets was to be made by the sending out of a party for water, and at the moment of the water party's return a rush was to be made with a column of a hundred or more at the open door of the basement. The difficulties of the immediate execution of the scheme were serious.

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THE "SARDINE SYSTEM" AT DANVILLE

A sketch made by Henry VanderWeyde in January, 1865, while confined in the Danville Confederate Prison, which was formerly used as a tobacco warehouse

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Even, however, if the first steps had been successful and we had secured the muskets, and if we had been able with these muskets to get control of the guards and of the guard-house, the position would have been a very unpromising one. In order to get to our own lines on the northeast it would be necessary to make our way through Lee's army. The only direction in which we were not likely to encounter rebel forces was the southwest, towards the mountains of North Carolina. That plan meant, however, finding our way, without food, with very little clothing, and with hardly any shoes, through many miles of wilderness. Such a body of men could have been easily overtaken by a comparatively small force of cavalry. To most of us the plan seemed, therefore, to be an absurdity. Among those who took this view was Colonel Ralston. Duffie listened to the objections and then asserted his authority as commander. "I order the attempt to be made," he said, "and I call upon the men who have not forgotten how to obey orders to follow." With such a word there was, of course, no alternative. A hundred and fifty of us fell in and received our instructions. Three or four were detailed to overpower and to choke senseless the guard who had charge of the prison yard, while another group was detailed to take care in the same manner of the guard, or of the two guards, who patrolled the lower floor. Other men were detailed to make up the water party, a party which, being left outside of the building, if we succeeded in breaking out, would, of course, be in no little peril.

The signal was given and the rush at the guards was made. One man was successfully stifled, but one of the two, or of the three (I have forgotten the number) succeeded, before being finally jumped upon, in getting out a yell of warning. The yell came just as the door had been opened to let in the water party. The guards outside made a rush at once to close the half-opened door, and the column from within, taken by surprise, was a little late in making the counter-rush. The guards succeeded in getting the door closed and the bar up; and then, putting their rifles through the gratings of the windows, they fired one or more volleys upon our men assembled on the lower floor. A number were hit; I do not now recall just how many, but I do remember that one of the first who fell was Colonel Ralston, who, while protesting from the beginning against the movement, had been at the head of the column. The water party, fortunately, was not molested. We carried our wounded upstairs as the men from the guard-house rushed out and took possession of their muskets. There was nothing more to be done, and the Confederate colonel in charge realized that the attempt was over. He marched in a little later with his adjutant and a couple of guards and had the wounded carried to the hospital. As Ralston was taken off, I recall his answer to a question from one of his friends as to the extent of his hurt: "It is," he said, "neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'twill do." He died that night.

In the course of the winter a plan of escape of a very different character was attempted. In looking out of the upper windows of the prison, we could see on the side towards the open country a big ditch which was not many feet from the prison wall. The suggestion came to some that if, by means of a tunnel from the basement, one or more men could reach the ditch, they could lie quiet until an opportunity came to slip away in the darkness towards the open country. The first difficulty was how to get to the cellar for the necessary work on such a tunnel. We had noted on first visiting the prison yard a pair of folding doors, barred from the inside, which from their position evidently gave entrance (or, as barred, refused entrance) to the cellar. One of the guards was posted in the yard, and it was his duty to remain there through the two hours (or later, as the watches were extended, through the four hours) of the service. The walls about the yard were high enough to make impossible any scaling, and even if an exceptionally tall prisoner, a man with a Jean Valjean capacity for flying over a wall, could have got across, he would have found himself under the fire of the muskets of the guards who patrolled

NOTE: The inscription below the drawing on the opposite page reads as follows: "G. H. Putnam and I slept where figure is placing cup on second window sill. The rafters overhead were whittled down to breaking point to boil "crust" coffee. Rations ¾ of a pound of corn bread per day."

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about the building. The guard having charge of the yard got into the habit, therefore, as the winter progressed and the weather became more severe, of taking his station inside the door of the lower floor. This absence of the guard gave us the opportunity of testing the bar which held closed the doors leading into the cellar. It proved to be wooden, and, a hand-saw having been produced through the nicking with a penknife of the edge of an old table-knife, the bar was, on one stormy evening when the wind made a sufficient noise, sawed through with no great difficulty. The pressing open of one of the folding doors revealed, as it only could reveal, an unknown darkness. We had, of course, no means of knowing how deep below the floor of the cellar might be. Lots were drawn for the duty, or the privilege, of finding out, and a couple of men tumbled over, who found the drop not more than four or five feet. A third man snuggled into a corner of the yard to give warning when the coast should be clear so that the interlopers could make their way back again. It was only in stormy nights that this invasion of the cellar became possible, but there were in the course of a month or two enough such nights to make possible a beginning of the work on the tunnel. The operation had to be conducted entirely by "feel," as the cellar was in total darkness. The floor of earth was, fortunately, fairly dry. A point was selected midway along the outer wall—that is to say, the wall towards the open country—at which, by measuring by touch the length of the bigger stones in the foundation, the prospector secured, or thought he had secured, a stone big enough as an archway for the tunnel. The excavating instruments comprised a couple of tin plates and a few shingles. The ground, fortunately, was soft, and as the cellar was not visited, there was no such difficulty in disposing of the excavated earth as was encountered with most of the attempts at tunneling from prisons.

In the course of weeks progress was made, but a miscalculation as to the length of the superlying stone, or as to the strength of the stone, came near to costing the life of one of the tunnelers and resulted in the necessity of beginning the work over again. The stone fell in and caught our man somewhere on the shoulders. A hurried signal was given out to the yard, and, at considerable risk of discovery (fortunately there was a heavy sleet on), several men tumbled in and succeeded in lifting the stone and in bringing out, in a half-smothered condition, their unfortunate comrade. He had his face washed and was slipped upstairs without being observed, and the next day, after a more careful examination as to the safety of the foundation stone above, a fresh beginning was made. In the course of a few weeks this tunnel was projected out beyond the building and beneath the walk along which marched the prison patrol.

We had, of course, no spirit-level, and there was no light with which one could have been utilized. The working of the line of excavation was therefore a matter of feeling and of guesswork, and it is not surprising that under the circumstances the engineering failed in precision. The tunnel had been permitted to slant upwards too close to the surface of the ground. As a result of this mischance, one of the guards in an early morning hour (fortunately at a time when no workers were busy in the cellar) fell through. Frightened as he was (I believe his arm was broken), he yelled murder, and the guard next to him fired off his piece. Then followed a general firing of pieces into the darkness and the turning out of the entire prison guard. We understood afterwards that the alarm had come to the guard-house that the Yankees were attacking the town, a belief that was shared by that number of the prisoners who had not been invited to take part in the work of the tunnel and who had no knowledge of the scheme. Nothing more serious happened, however, than the spoiling of our sleep for the early morning hours. When the poor guard whom we had unwittingly entrapped was pulled out of the hole, there was, of course, no difficulty in tracing the line to the tunnel. The folding doors admitting to the cellar were closed with an iron bar, and we judged that the guards whose duty it was to hold post in the yard must have received a pretty sharp reprimand from their superiors. Through the rest of the winter, however inclement the weather, the man with the musket remained outside. A tin plate had been

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left behind by one of the workers, and this was brought into the upper room by the sergeant of the guard for the purpose of identifying the owner. Fortunately, the plate carried but a single initial, and the owner preferred to lose his property, valuable as it was, rather than to incur the penalty that was visited upon all attempts to escape.

I recall but one other method of escape that was tried during the winter, and that did bring a small measure of success. The path which we traveled from the prison to the river on our trips for water passed the back of a foundry, the works of which went through to the street beyond. One of the furnaces abutted almost directly on the path, and we noticed that during certain days in the week this furnace was out of blast. It occurred to some one that it would be possible for a man to tumble in from the pathway to the cavity of the furnace, and, lying there until nightfall, to make his way in the dark across the turnpike bridge to North Carolina and possible safety. In the early part of the winter the guards had been strict in their supervision of the parties, counting the group as we came out and as we returned and keeping a close watch as we marched. Later the supervision decreased; it was realized that the chances of escape were small, and that, apart from the difficulty of getting out of the town, the prospect of getting safely through the journey to our lines was very slim. The water parties were also made larger because we had insisted that no one man was strong enough to carry even a half-full bucket. The men whose shoes still possessed any possibility of service drew lots for the chance of tumbling into the furnace. The first trial came out happily. Under a prearranged plan the last man of the water party, losing his shoe in the mud, stopped to regain it, and the guard who brought up the end of the procession naturally had to stop with him. The man marching immediately in front of that guard was the one who had drawn the lot, and he tumbled over unobserved into the furnace hole on the right.

A week later another chap got off in the same way, and in the course of four or five weeks four men in all succeeded in getting away. Each attempt had to wait for a convenient opportunity. The furnace fire must be out, the water party had to be fairly large, and the guards must be not too observant. The question as to making good the count at the morning roll-call had of course been considered. The sergeant who had charge of the roll was a good-natured one-armed veteran from South Carolina. It was his habit, after seeing that the yard was clear, to count the men in the lower room, and then, making his way up the straight steps and watching to see that no one passed him, to add to his count the men who were in the room above. If these two figures made up the number of prisoners who ought to be present, his responsibility was ended. We managed, before the first man got away, to cut a trap-door in the flooring between the two rooms in the corner diagonally farthest from the hatchway. We had still available the saw that had been utilized on the folding doors, and I think that another saw was manufactured for the purpose. Over this trap-door was placed a chap who groaned with more or less real inflammatory rheumatism, and the scraps of blanket on which he lay covered the lines of the trap-door. A certain amount of groaning on the part of the rheumatic patient kept the good-natured sergeant from inspecting his corner too closely. On the morning after the first escape, the patient being for a moment removed from his corner, a prisoner from below was hoisted up on the shoulders of a comrade so as to be counted over again in the room above.

There was, of course, a little more difficulty after the second and after the third escape in getting two, and then three, men through the trap-door while the sergeant was passing up the stairway. The sergeant was, however, kept engaged in conversation on the causes of the war, on the history of South Carolina, or on some other engrossing subject, and as long as no one passed him on the stairs he had no reason to feel suspicious at the delay. When the fourth prisoner got away, the problem of the trap-door became, however, quite serious. It was finally arranged that there should be an accident on the stairway. A couple of chaps began scuffling, as if in play, near the top step, and at the critical moment when the sergeant was half-way up, the scufflers tumbled

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over, rolling down the stairs and carrying the sergeant with them. There was, of course, risk of broken arms or something worse, but they all got off with a few bruises, and, after earnest apologies, the sergeant was permitted to make his way upstairs and to complete his count. Two of the men who took the furnace road to freedom got across the river into North Carolina, and one of these, after a long and freezing sojourn in the mountains, actually turned up within our lines somewhere in Tennessee. The other was never heard from, and doubtless perished in the wilderness. The other two thought they would have a better chance in Virginia, but they were both captured before they had got very far North and were taken to Richmond. The first man was identified as coming from Danville, and General Winder, the commissary of prisoners, sent word up to the commander of our prison, a word that must have been in the shape of a reprimand, to know why he had not reported the escape of his prisoner. Our commander, a one-legged Marylander, reported that there must be some error, or that the Yankee was lying, as he had all his prisoners in hand. A week or two later the second chap was captured, and also taken to Richmond, and a similar, and probably sharper, reproof was received in Danville. Then the commander said he would do the counting himself. He had us all put into the upper room and went over the ranks man by man. When he found that there were four Yankees short, he was a very excited lieutenant-colonel indeed. He made us an address, speaking with tears in his eyes of the pains he had taken to make us comfortable. He was actually reproaching the three hundred and fifty men who were left with the crime of the four who had gotten away. His indignation that there should be any dissatisfaction on our part reminded me of Mr. Bumble's impressive words to Oliver Twist. As far as I know, the secret of the trap-door was not discovered, but the poor sergeant of South Carolina was deprived of his job, and thereafter the roll was called in the upper room with all present. It happened, further, that after the escape of the four men the work in the foundry became more active and there was practically no time when the chance could be utilized by us.

The Gospel of Faith as Against the Spirit of Unfaith: A Lenten Sermon

By the Very Rev. A. P. Doyle

Rector of the Apostolic Mission House (Roman Catholic) at Washington, D. C.

And Jesus saith to him: If thou canst believe. All things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway, the father of the child cried out and said with tears, Lord, I do believe, help thou my unbelief. —Mark ix. 22, 23.

HOW full of the pathetic was that scene at the foot of Mount Thabor! Jesus with his three favored disciples had just come from the transfiguration. There must have been something of the glow of the Shekinah about him, for when even Moses came down from Sinai, his eyes did gleam with an unearthly brightness. Anyhow, the remembrance of that wonderful scene consumed the hearts of the disciples. They had been lifted above the things of earth for a short hour. They got a glimpse of the inner life of the Master and the glory of paradise concerning which it was not lawful for them to speak. Their hearts were on fire with a heavenly influence, when, almost immediately, they were plunged into the vapors of the pit. The poor boy possessed of an evil spirit was the central attraction of a multitude of hangers-on. He was the object of the deepest sympathy as, foaming at the mouth and gnashing his teeth, he strug-

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gled and tossed about in the affectionate grasp of his father. It was with the utmost difficulty that the father held him so as to keep him from doing injury to himself. Heaven and hell are not far apart in the lives of frail mortals. When our blessed Lord made his way through the crowd to where the boy was struggling, the poor father, with pleading look, entreated him: "If thou canst do anything, help us, having compassion on us." Our Lord, always touched by human sorrow, said to the father: "If thou canst believe. All things are possible to him that believeth." And immediately the father of the boy, with tears in his eyes, and with great fervor in his heart, made his act of faith: "I do believe, O Lord, help thou my unbelief." It was assurance enough for our Lord, and straightway he commanded the evil spirit to leave the lad, and, taking him by the hand, lifted him up, and restored him to his father's arms.

The indispensable condition for the release of the boy from the power of the evil spirit was faith. The indispensable condition for our release from the withering influence of doubt and skepticism is faith—a strong, vivid, reliant faith, that makes God and his rights over us a reality. To half the world religion and its obligations are but ropes of sand, parted at the slightest pressure, and not strong enough to hold to definite obligations, because a profound sense of the majesty of God and his claims on their life has not filled men's hearts. Many men plainly say in effect: "What is God to me? This world with its pleasures is a reality that compels my attention. What is there beyond the veil that need disturb the smooth flowing of the stream of this life?" and so their lives follow the line of least resistance. They listen to the dictates of a narrow policy that sees but the limitations of birth and death, and nothing beyond. There is a reality about this world that compels recognition, but the spirit world beyond—well, the best that can be said is that it is "unknowable." And the affirmation of a paradise of eternal joy as a reward for fidelity, or an "outer darkness, with weeping and gnashing of teeth," a punishment for infidelity to God's law, is met with a chilling "perhaps." That "perhaps" has never yet loosened the grasp on ill-gotten gain, nor has it compelled resistance to the allurements of forbidden pleasures, nor has it ever lifted any one to any heroic sacrifice for God's glory or one's neighbor's good.

It is faith that brings conviction to the heart and makes the world of the unseen a living reality, with much more definiteness and with greater certainty than any evidence the senses may give. From the heights of faith we get the proper perspective between the things of this world and the next; we get a broader and saner outlook over life.

From this vantage-point we see beyond the narrow valley of this world, and are therefore convinced that existence here is only a phase of our real life; that our years between birth and death are only a breath in the real life of God and our soul, that even the centuries of history are but ticks in the great timepiece of the Creator. When Leo XIII, the greatest Pope of the nineteenth century, was nearing the end, after a long life in close touch with divine things, with one hand drawing aside the veils of eternity, he turned to speak to men, and among his many words there was one of special import. He said: "This century has so resounded with the clamors for the 'rights of man' that it has almost forgotten, and in some instances completely ignored, the rights of God." The spirit of faith brings into the forefront of our lives the dominant rights of God over every breath we breathe, over every act we perform. The potter possesses no more perfect ownership over the clay vessel he models than God does over our being. Our coming and going is in his strength, our slightest act is with his permission, our very existence is only with his ordering.

It is easy to be seen, then, that when these thoughts possess our very souls, what totally different men we become. The man of faith and the man of doubt are as different from each other as day is from night. Their purposes in living originate in antagonistic views of existence, while their standards of ethics are based on contradictory principles. A man may live a mere animal life, and there are some who do. Their yearnings are for gross, sensual pleasures. A man may live an intellectual life and still have no God

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in his thoughts; and there are those who do. On the floor of the Stock Exchange it was once asked of a crowd of listeners, "How many could affirm that they had said a prayer that day?" and not one could say that he had. This may not indicate that the crowd was made up of godless men, but there are men who go year in and year out and give God no recognition, nor are their lives molded by any divine influences.

They are not blatant infidels, but men of unfaith. They have never been brought face to face with great religious principles, and they have paid little heed to them. They have considered faith and its demands a negligible quantity, and so they have side-stepped its obligations through life.

Then, again, a man of the highest culture and intellectuality may live a life that is full of God. Faith is not only in accord with reason, but it superadds to rational living the sweet perfume of the sanctuary's incense. There is about it the glow of the sunset that illuminates with heavenly colors the leaden clouds of this life, and lines with silver the commonplace things of this earth. Man is more than body with its gratifications, he is more even than mind with its pleasures. He is soul as well, with its obligations of service and obedience; and no man lives the perfect life until he has entered fully into the last of these relations "He that believeth on the Son hath life everlasting; but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth in him." (John iii. 36.)

The indispensable condition for salvation is the life of faith. This fact is written broad over the divine Word. If there is one message that our modern world needs more than another, it is this. What the air is to our lungs, and what water is to our physical life, faith is to the life of the soul. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. xi. 6.)

The man in the street says: "It makes no difference what one believes." The professor in the university says: "I shall believe as I please, and believing, anyhow, belongs to the swaddling-clothes of humanity." But the Christian who has risen to the full stature of his inheritance says: "O Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." And he so lives up to the divine law as to shape his living according to it.

Faith is an act of friendship for God, for, in the first place, it is a profession of our confidence in him. When Alexander the Great, on the banks of the Cydnus, in the height of his great career, was stricken with a deadly malady, his physician, whom he tenderly loved, undertook to give him a draught which would break the fever and set him again at the head of his conquering army. But as it was being prepared one of Alexander's advisers handed him a letter, warning him that the physician was a traitor, and that in the draught was placed a deadly poison that would end his career. Alexander read the letter with the greatest attention and quietly weighed the consequences. The next day, when the medicine was presented, Alexander with one hand reached for the glass to drink the potion, and with the other extended to the physician the letter with its warning of treason.

It was a supreme act of faith in the friendship of the physician. So is the Christian's faith in God. As holy Job says: "Even though he slay me, yet will I trust him." By his act of faith he gives God the homage of the best thing he has, his intellect. He may not understand fully the divine truths, but, as Cardinal Newman says, "ten thousand difficulties never make a doubt," and his loyalty to God never admits of a deliberate doubt.

Along with the acquiescence of the intellect in the truths of divine revelation faith demands a bending of the will to the divine law, because God is our supreme Master and Father, and therefore can command the loving service of his children. In this consists religion that is the crown and perfection of any man.

It is by such faith that "the just man liveth," and, we may well add, by such faith men are lifted into the highest heroism. It was faith that led Abraham to obey the divine command and, in spite of parental love, to raise the sword over the bowed head of his son as he was bound on the altar of sacrifice. Though exhausted in body, he was prolific in heart, and he knew that the God whom he served could raise up children from the very stones of the desert, and his confidence was not misplaced. It was faith

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such as this that strengthened the hearts of the martyrs as they tripped along with joyful step over the sands of the arena and awaited with courageous smile the bounding lions who came to crush their bones between their fierce jaws. A shiver of horror passed over the multitudes in the raised seats surrounding the arena, but songs of triumphant joy came from the steadfast and faithful warriors of Christ. The heavens were opened above them, and angels were coming to carry their souls above the clouds to the bosom of their Father in heaven.

It is faith such as this that strengthens the heart of every missionary who carries the message of the Gospel beyond the seas to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; and, in order that he may do it the more effectively, in the spirit of that same faith he gives up the pleasures of society and denies himself the comforts of civilization. His reward is assured because he believes that the Master whom he trusts will not let him go empty-handed. It is faith such as this that drives into our very being the conviction that there is nothing when placed in the balance against our immortal soul that can outweigh its infinite value, and therefore the supreme purpose of this life is to save our soul.

O that the days of faith may come in their fullness again, when men will believe without staggering in their hearts! when this pestilence of blighting doubt shall have passed away, and when religious convictions will so possess men's souls that they will find it easy to disregard the judgments of men in order that they may better conform to the judgments of God!

When we are possessed with the fullness of such faith, and have seen things in their proper perspective, we shall realize that there are, after all, only two great things, and they are God and my soul. Some day or other my soul will stand alone before the judgment seat of God. Then the world will have slipped from my grasp. Then money and power and fame, and all the things that we strive for here, will have been left behind. The two things of any moment will be God and my own soul.

"Whosoever believeth in him, and doeth his will, shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

THE NEW BOOKS

The Taft Administration has already become a part of history. Its records are found in such legislative acts as the Postal Savings Bank Law; the Bureau of Mines Law; the laws guarding the lives of workers in railways and in mines and providing for the Inter-State Commerce Commission's investigation of all important railway accidents; the law providing for further Governmental control of inter-State commerce carriers and establishing a Commerce Court; the laws reducing tariff burdens, establishing a Customs Court, and empowering the President to avail himself of the services of tariff experts who constitute the present Tariff Board and are engaged in studies looking towards scientific tariff adjustment; the law initiating practical free trade with the Philippines; the law increasing Federal revenues by collecting a tax from the corporations and bringing all the corporations' fiscal operations under Governmental supervision; the laws further conserving our natural resources; the law admitting Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood when Congress shall approve the State Constitutions adopted; the laws providing for examinations, promotions, and housing in our consular and diplomatic service; the law providing for publicity of campaign contributions; the law establishing a National Art Commission; and, above all, the White Slave Law. As adding very much to popular appreciation of just what these and other legislative endeavors really mean, the opinion of one who has been a prime mover in such legislation is certainly of interest. No one's opinion should be of more moment than that of the President of the United States. In the volume entitled "Presidential Addresses and State Papers of William Howard Taft" we have an excellent commentary on the results of the first year of the Taft Administration as represented by the President's state papers, messages, and speeches. The well-printed book should find a place in the library of every student of current politics, and will, we trust, be followed by one of similar size containing Mr. Taft's state papers, messages, and speeches covering the second year of his Administration. We hope that the index will be ampler than that appended to the present volume. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Vol. I. $1.80.)

In one important respect the new volume of "The Cambridge Modern History" is

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superior to any of the preceding eleven volumes. It contains in a preliminary chapter a concise yet sufficiently comprehensive survey of the distinguishing characteristics of the period under review—the past half-century—thus affording a distinct vantage-point from which the student can scrutinize the detailed exposition that follows. It is a great pity that such a chapter was not made a feature of every volume of this history, for in the tremendous mass of facts that the collaborating experts have presented it has often been impossible to perceive with any clearness the traits and trends of which these facts are indicative. The task might well have been intrusted to Mr. Leathes, the author of the preliminary survey in the present instance, for, while we cannot wholly agree with his conclusions, it is quite evident that he possesses an interpretative insight that would have been of illuminating value if applied to the entire work. Briefly, the characteristics on which he lays stress are: the extension of European influence throughout the world; the steady advance in democracy during the past fifty years, and in movements for social reform; the growing tendency to international arbitration, coupled, however, with an equally obvious tendency to increase armaments; the constantly increasing power of financial interests as affecting political movements; the growth of scientific knowledge; and, finally, the spread of a materialistic spirit, which, in Mr. Leathes's opinion, has had a profoundly adverse effect on literature, art, and religion. "Even the Church," he bitterly observes, "has been infected; the modern priest is sometimes more concerned for the unemployed than for the unrepentant." Most decidedly we cannot agree with him in regarding the growing interest of all classes of the world community in schemes for social betterment as evidence of the materialistic spirit. Undoubtedly the aim of social reform is material to the extent that it strives to bring about a juster distribution of the goods of the earth, but the underlying note is in the main surely one of a lofty spirituality, and, comparatively small as has been the achievement to date, it justifies a far more optimistic note than that sounded by Mr. Leathes. For that matter, it is noticeable that the evidence marshaled by his colleagues—particularly in the chapters on "The European Colonies," "The Modern Law of Nations," "Social Movements," and "The Scientific Age"—warrants a strongly hopeful outlook for the future. These four chapters, by the way, contributed respectively by Mr. E. R. Benians, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Sidney Webb, and Mr. W. C. D. Whetham, are almost encyclopædic, and might well be issued in separate form as manuals of reference. The balance of the work, in which each country's history is reviewed by some specialist, is as detailed and accurate as could be desired. Special mention should be made of Major Maurice's account of the Russo-Japanese War, Professor Pares's two chapters on Russian affairs, and Professor Oncken's masterly study of the history of Germany since the establishment of the Empire. Altogether this volume brings to a notable conclusion a work indispensable to all students of world history. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.)

A book of reference on Australia has become increasingly desirable. Not only is that continent interesting in its geographical features, but the Australians themselves are particularly interesting because, like the New Zealanders, they have been developing an independent political policy. Mr. John Foster Fraser's "Australia" is noteworthy, however, only as reflecting the opinions of a visitor, not of a resident. His observation seems in some respects biased; hence the work's chief merit is probably in stimulating the reader to consult a more thoroughgoing volume of reference, the "Commonwealth Year Book," for instance. But this should not imply that Mr. Fraser's volume is not worth reading. It is very well worth reading, as are this author's other books on Canada, Australia, and Siberia. For Mr. Fraser is a free critic, especially when he describes population and immigration. One of his most interesting chapters comments on the conviction of Australians that colored labor must not be admitted to their continent. The Australian problem, we should note, is not the Californian. We are developing all California, but the Australians are not developing all Australia, and Mr. Fraser pertinently asks them what they will say when the question is put to them: "As you are not developing the northern part of your country, is it right for you to prevent others from developing it?" The undeveloped part of Australia is, of course, the northern and warmer region; it naturally does not attract white labor. Despite the prejudice of Australians to the introduction of colored laborers, Mr. Fraser's conclusions would indicate that only by the introduction of Hindus from India will the problem be solved economically, even if it does stir up strife racially. The feeling of Australians regarding outside labor is also extended to attempted domination by outside capital, as has been shown in the Government's notice of its determination to take immediate and drastic action to discourage and, if necessary, to prohibit the American Meat Trust's operation in Australia. (Cassell & Co., New York. $1.75.)

A charming account of Portuguese doings and of how a foreigner may fit into them is Mr. Mark Sale's "A Paradise in Portugal." For the sum of twenty-five thousand reis ($25) a year Mr. Sale rented a little annex to a Portuguese sea farm. Many a man will envy him his experience there. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.)

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The Truth About "K"

BEING AN EXAMINATION OF THE ATTACKS ON THE WOOL SCHEDULE OF OUR TARIFF LAW—TOGETHER WITH SOME REFLECTIONS UPON THE METHODS AND MOTIVES OF THESE ATTACKS—AND A FEW BRIEF FACTS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

(*"Schedule K" is the section of our tariff law which defines the duties to be levied upon wool, and wool products, and the methods by which such duties are to be figured.*)

By George B. Spencer

EVERY disputed question is taken as having two sides.

Until both have been weighed, a fair decision cannot be reached.

The expression "a square deal *for all*" is said to be "*an epitome of American justice.*"

The manner and kind of the attacks on our Wool Schedule—and the motives which seem to have actuated these attacks—demand its defense.

Because

—as stated by one "investigator" (perhaps more aptly than he realized)—"*Every man, woman, and child is interested in 'K.'*"

This is unquestionably the fact.

But—to what extent every loyal, coun-

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try-loving American is interested in "K," few appear to realize.

This country's greatest industry is the raising of foods.

Next in importance is "*the raising of clothes.*"

Over a million farmers raise sheep for their wool.

The cloth manufacturing industry (principally wool and cotton) of this country is its *second largest*—in money investment, number of employees, and size and importance of business—being exceeded only by steel.

Our woolen mills employ nearly a quarter million people.

The stock of companies engaged in woolen manufacture is owned by thousands of Americans (a single concern—The American Woolen Company of America—having over 12,000 stockholders).

Stock held by these people was purchased with savings—often hard earned.

Therefore, everything concerning a tariff schedule which protects the woolen industry of America is *of direct interest* to millions of American people.

Every one of these people derive a part, or their entire income from the wool industry—protected by Schedule K.

Over a million American families derive all—or part—of their income from the raising of wool.

Over a quarter million American families are supported by the manufacturing of wool into cloth, blankets, carpets, underwear, socks, stockings, gloves, mittens, and other articles of wool.

At the regular average of four to a family, *over five millions of American people* are directly dependent upon wool for all, or part, of their daily bread.

This gives you some idea of the importance of wool as an article of American commerce and industry.

We are now asked to remove "protection" from this industry.

And for what reasons?

Shall we here examine the manner in which so-called "investigators" (their methods *compel the quotation marks*) of the woolen industry have tried to convince the American reading public that "free wool" would be a good thing for the American people?

We are told that "since 1867 (from 1893 to 1897 excepted) *vicious duties* on wool have prevailed."

Please note very particularly *the stated year* of inception of these "vicious duties," *and the years mentioned in the parenthesis*, because these parenthetically mentioned years mark the beginning and end of the Wilson-Gorman law (under which we had "free wool"), and we shall presently need to examine particularly the significance of this "free wool" period under the Wilson-Gorman law.

Not in 1867, but during the *Civil War*—Schedule K came into being.

Why?

At that time our American woolen industry amounted to little.

The bulk of our woolen fabrics were then imported from Europe.

During the Civil War there was an attempt to blockade our ports. Our maritime commerce was practically destroyed.

Our own woolen mills could not make enough cloth to decently clothe our soldiers, and cloth we were able to get from foreign ports "through the blockade," and in spite of Germany's and England's "privateering," was found to be cheap "shoddy" mixtures, unfit for soldiers' uniforms.

To win victories, our soldiers needed to be warmly clothed.

Warm uniforms help, as much as good weapons, to fight battles.

Our Government asked American business and working men to invest their money, brains, time, and labor in making the woolen cloth needed for our soldiers' uniforms.

This our American business and working men were willing to do, but—they said, "What will happen to our industry after the war is over? When peace is restored, European manufacturers will send good cloth here and sell it for less than our cost of making, because wages are so much lower in Europe. Over here, wages are

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two and three times what they are in Europe. This makes American cloth cost more. We cannot compete with the low wages of Germany and England."

Remember—at this time, we could not get good cloth from abroad and we had not then enough woolen mills in America to make the needed cloth at home. To make this cloth here, new mills would have to be built.

So—our Government said to the American business and working men: "Build the mills, and make the cloth, and we will put a tariff on wool and woolens which will offset the difference between wages in Europe and America. In this way, the business, and your employees' wages, will be protected after the war is over."

Thus was the planning of Schedule K authorized.

But—it was not to become law *without powerful opposition*.

At that time the wool manufacturers of this country were few in number and weak in influence.

The importers were far more powerful, and they did not propose to see new woolen mills "protected" in America, if this could be prevented.

The records of the Civil War show that, when "K" was born, "*powerful influences from the importing interests* were brought to bear upon the President to prevent his signature," but—*he signed the bill just the same.*

And "K" became law.

The President upon whom "powerful influences were brought to bear" *not* to sign the bill, but—who signed it just the same, because he knew it to be a law *needed by the whole American Nation, was*—

Abraham Lincoln

What were the immediate results?

First—our soldiers were provided with the needed uniforms. Victories were won. War was ended. All this is history.

When the war was over, our American country began to grow and the American woolen industry began to grow also.

This woolen industry soon provided work for, fed, clothed, and housed thousands of American people.

All Americans then seemed to think the tariff on wool and woolens a good thing. Other industries of our country also prospered. America began taking her rightful place among the nations. No one thought of changing a tariff law which had helped the country's growth, and under which all classes of people were prosperous.

Schedule K seemed to continue to have merit—the woolen industry continued to grow—America kept on developing—and all the increasing number of wool mill workers lived as well, and were as happy and contented as the average American citizen.

Then—one of the big political parties, finding a campaign issue needful, seemed to think the tariff would make most interesting material, and so—started a "campaign of education" to convince the American people that they needed a change from prosperity.

"Protection"—under which American industry had flourished—was attacked and denounced, while the virtues and benefits of "free trade"—*with which we had not then had experience*—were preached and applauded.

The voters of this country were told that a tariff under which they paid more than was paid in Europe for goods which cost more to make in this country, because of high wages, was a very bad thing for everybody.

This theory sounded big to many—it afforded opportunity for much finely phrased newspaper talk and—things were pretty generally stirred up.

After great expenditure of eloquence, and much burning of red fire, enough candidates were elected to put the party which had advocated "free trade" in power. The duty on wool—which had been considered a good thing for thirty years (from the Civil War to 1893) was abolished. "Free wool" was made a fact.

The law which made it so was called "the Wilson-Gorman bill."

Do you remember the year just prior to its enactment—1893?

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Think back a bit.

Can your memory picture *those "panic years"?*

Can you recall the bank failures—the closed mills and mines—the men begging for work *at any wage*—the discouraged farmers—*the low prices*—with no wages in our pockets to take advantage of any sort of prices?

For three years, "the Wilson-Gorman bill" remained law—three long, weary years, during which—*nearly every wool mill in America was closed.*

Thousands of men were out of work.

Hard-earned, long-kept savings had to be drawn upon and spent for bread.

Even at that, many went hungry—some hungry ones were women and children.

Farmers could not sell their wool.

Wool-raising sheep had to be killed for food.

What little woolen cloth we had money to buy came mostly from Europe—cheap, coarse mixtures, mostly "shoddies"—poor stuff, but, at that, often higher priced than we could *then* afford to pay, even though sold at the low figures made possible by the low wages of foreign mill workers.

Europe's woolen mills were the ones which prospered *from 1894 to 1897.*

Europe's mill hands had plenty of work—and plenty to eat.

Need we review more of the "free wool" benefits conferred by the Wilson-Gorman law?

In 1896, the party which had taken the tariff off wool was overwhelmingly defeated. Such a rebuke is seldom administered by the American people as was administered to the Congress which passed the Wilson-Gorman law.

In 1897, a new tariff bill, which a new Congress had been elected to enact, *reinstated Schedule K with scarcely a change worth mentioning.*

Why?

Possibly because—after the practical "free wool" teachings of four years' "hard times"—Schedule K may have then appeared to possess merit—at least enough to be desirable.

From 1897 to the present time, there have been no material changes in "K."

And again—what have been results in the woolen industry during these past dozen years of "protection"?

Flocks of American sheep have increased mightily.

Woolen mills have been extended and new ones have been builded.

Better machinery has been invented and put in use.

Factory methods have been improved.

Working conditions have been made vastly better.

Wages have increased.

(In Massachusetts—the great wool mill State—*wages have advanced more than 31% during the past ten years.*)

Shall we allow the American woolen industry to continue its development for our benefit or—is it desirable that we should go back to such times as those of the Wilson-Gorman bill?

Need the answer be feared—from those who remember *the four years from 1893 to 1897?*

* * *

Now let us take up some of the direct charges made against Schedule K by the self-appointed—or, maybe, inspired—"investigators."

It is charged that Schedule K "weathered the tariff revision of 1909 *without a single change of any consequence.*"

Is this unpardonable?

If Schedule K is a bad part of a bad law, why wasn't it changed?

Let us find out.

Evidence shows that "Information upon which Schedule K was based *came from wool growers and woolen manufacturers.*"

Where else should it have been secured?

Does any business man expect practical, usable, technical information about his business from any save those acquainted with the business?

Congressmen are mostly law-makers—not manufacturers.

Their business is that for which they are elected—making laws.

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Few of them know the intricacies of any commercial business.

When a commercial law is needed, therefore, to whom should Congress go for information, unless to those best acquainted with the business involved?

The tariff affects all business.

A tariff law must, necessarily, deal with complicated phases of many businesses—phases which are understood only by those engaged in those businesses.

This is true of the tariff on wool.

Schedule K is not easily understood by the average reader.

But any—and every—part of Schedule K can easily be explained by wool growers, woolen manufacturers, or others directly concerned with the business.

Such people are the legitimate sources of information for the making of a tariff on wool.

And such information always has been, is, and will continue to be gotten from legitimate sources, for the obviously simple reason that reliable information is not to be had elsewhere.

May we not, therefore, dismiss this "charge" of getting information upon which to base duties on wool from woolen manufacturers—as being *against* "K"?

May we not even go further and state that it is *in "K's" favor* that the schedule is based upon reliable information, obtained from authoritative sources?

* * *

The "investigator" next proceeds to tell us that "The tariff coddles them (worsted manufacturers) and, in order to coddle them, *flimflams the wool growers* out of a promised protection."

If this is true, why has there been no authoritative protest from the wool growers themselves?

The wool growers first helped to make Schedule K and have since helped to keep it a law.

This being the case, why are the wool growers silent as to their alleged wrongs?

Why are not their voices raised against the "flimflamming" they have suffered at the hands of the worsted manufacturers?

If this is true, wool growers should be crying aloud and sparing not.

Their lamentations should pervade our broad land.

In the United States there are over a million farmers who raise wool.

The families of these wool raising farmers number four million or more souls.

Are all these dumb?

* * *

The next charge is that Schedule K "coddles one part of the woolen industry—the worsted manufacturers—at the expense of another part—the carded woolen manufacturers."

Added to this charge is another—to the effect that "The worsted manufacturers are banded together in the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers"—and still further—that "one of the members of the Association is '*a trust*,' a child of the Dingley bill, controlling *a third* of the woolen business of this country."

The "trust" referred to is the American Woolen Company of America, not fathered by the Dingley bill—but, a result of "the Wilson-Gorman bill," when a few of the woolen manufacturers consolidated into one company to effect economies which might ultimately enable them to produce cloth *at lower cost to the American consumer*.

The "trust" controls—*not* "one-third"—but *an eighth* of the woolen industry of America. The "trust" *is* a member of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, which has been in existence for over forty-seven years.

The "trust"—which makes mostly worsted and is, therefore, one of the "coddled" and "favored" manufacturers—*also makes more carded woolens than all the other carded woolen manufacturers put together*, and is, therefore, one of those at whose expense itself is said to be coddled.

Other members of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers make *more*

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than one-half the remainder of this country's "carded woolens."

This leaves *less than twenty-five per cent* of the carded woolen industry to be dissatisfied, because we can scarcely be expected to believe that worsted manufacturers, who are also carded woolen manufacturers, would favor discrimination against themselves—especially when one of their number is a wicked "trust," needing no coddling of one side of itself at lively cost to the other side.

* * *

The next charge is that Schedule K "*defrauds the importer* by making him pay all wool duty on cloth that is almost all cotton."

Such clauses are put in the tariff bill *for the express purpose of preventing the Government from being defrauded* by incorrect classification.

Importers have been known to classify *nearly all wool* cloth as "cotton," because it had a thread or two of cotton in it, and cotton, bearing less duty, would cost less to import.

Experts in classification maintain that, to prevent fraud of the Government, "mixed products" should invariably be classed for duty rating with—*that portion of their material bearing heaviest duty*—not that bearing least.

Therefore, any cloth made wholly, or in part, of wool takes the wool rate, and any attempt to evade this is *a direct attempt to defraud the Government—not* the importers.

That such attempts to defraud the Government are continually being made is proved by frequent seizures of fabrics fraudulently classified or *undervalued* by "the double invoice method" (one invoice, a "dummy," gives a low price for the Government to reckon duty on—the other invoice, the real one, showing the correct and higher price, is mailed to the importer's agent privately, and, by these higher prices, this agent is governed in selling the goods. If the method works, *the Government loses*).

The clauses referred to are, therefore, *not* "to defraud importers" but to prevent fraud of our Government *by importers.*

* * *

Again—we are told that "Schedule K enables manufacturers to sell 'part cotton' cloths as 'all wool.'"

Such frauds do not come within the jurisdiction of a tariff law.

This is a matter for "cloth experts."

Manufacturers cannot sell "part cotton" cloth as "all wool" for the very simple reason that those who buy from manufacturers—their customers—are as expert in judging cloth as the manufacturers themselves.

The test for cotton, wool, and "mixtures" is a very simple chemical one, which any one may apply.

An attempt to sell "part cotton" as "all wool" would, therefore, serve to make the one who attempted it as ridiculous as this charge is ridiculous.

No law of any kind could protect any one against buying "part cotton" cloth for "all wool"—*if they were wholly lacking in sense.*

Yet—our "investigator" proceeds to tell us that, *because of the iniquities of Schedule K*, "part cotton" clothing may be sold *to users* as "all wool"—*at an all wool price.*

Need we weigh such statements further?

Have you ever paid ar "all wool price" for "part cotton clothing"?

Do you know any one who has?

Do you ever expect to know any one who will do this?

Besides—to mark "part cotton" cloth as "all wool," or to attempt to sell it as such, is illegal.

Such an attempt was exposed—and ridiculed—in the New York Times of February 1, 1911.

Our "investigator" also tells us that "K *probably* (the italics are *not* the 'investigators') discourages rather than stimulates new economies and new developments of skill."

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The answer to this is found in *the present condition of the woolen industry in this country*, which is the subject of further study later on in this article.

* * *

Once more—fault is found with a tariff which allows four pounds of "grease wool" to the pound of finished all wool cloth because "few wools shrink *more than two-thirds*, as far as the scouring goes, *with an additional loss of perhaps 25% by wastes in making.*"

Let us figure this carefully.

Two-thirds shrinkage *in scouring* leaves but one-third—*or four-twelfths*—of the whole after the wool is scoured. If this four-twelfths shrinks 25% "by waste in making"—or another twelfth—only three-twelfths are left. Three-twelfths are one-fourth. From one pound of "grease wool" we, therefore, get but one-fourth pound of finished cloth.

If, therefore, it takes one pound of "grease wool" to make one-fourth pound of finished cloth, to make four times that amount of finished cloth—or one full pound—four times one pound of "grease wool" would be required, or *four pounds.*

Anything the matter with such arithmetic?

The "fault" finding seems to be with the cost figuring of manufacturers—that they base their costs on *greatest shrinkage.*

Suppose manufacturers should base cost figures on *least shrinkage* and then there should be *more shrinkage*—would they gain, or lose?

Scientific cost experts tell us that "The only safe way for manufacturers to make prices is to base them upon costs including *maximum shrinkage always*—never minimum."

Figuring minimum shrinkages in costs deceives no one more than those whose costs are so figured.

To figure minimum shrinkage in costs means "selling at a loss."

Selling at a loss means "closed mills."

The Wilson-Gorman bill taught that closed mills do not induce prosperity.

Hence—foolish cost figuring would be almost as dangerous as "free wool."

* * *

Ad-valorem duties (duties figured on value) are next suggested as a salve for the cure of all ills—real or imaginary.

Wool duties are now mostly "specific"—that is, figured on wool by the pound.

If a change should be made to exclusive ad-valorem figuring, how would the wool be valued?

Who would value it?

What would be the cost of such valuing—to our Government?

Every sack—or lot—of wool might have to be valued separately.

Can you see in this—first, an army of "wool valuers" to draw salaries and increase the cost of our customs houses; and, second, multiplied opportunities for fraud and mistakes in valuation?

Let us look at this matter squarely.

Fifty years' experience proves the present methods of levying duty on wool to be fairest to all concerned—to wool growers, to woolen manufacturers, to wool workers, to wool users—to the American people—and to the Government of the United States.

To change to the ad-valorem method of reckoning duty on wool would be as logical as to require publishers to pay ad-valorem postage on their periodicals. Ad-valorem duties on wool would be just as logical—*no more so;* just as reasonable—*no more so;* just as beneficial to all concerned—*no more so.*

Perhaps the ad-valorem method for figuring wool duties might be just a trifle more absurd than ad-valorem postage for periodicals—*certainly not less so.*

Shall we, then, advocate ad-valorem postage on periodicals?

Why not?

Getting at all the facts—comparing our American tariff law with English tariff laws, the German and the French—we find ourselves no further along.

Strip this tariff subject of misinformation.

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Consult our national statistics.

Forget all sensational agitation.

Get down to the "brass tacks" of practical common sense, and we find that the only honest method of levying duty on raw wool is to figure it by the pound—as we do now—in specific duties.

* * *

The attack on "K" thus far dealt with is a single voice.

In another attack on "K," an American woman is made to say to her husband, "This year I have paid *over a fourth more than I did ten years ago* for all the things we need made out of wool."

It would be interesting to learn whether this woman's husband is one of those whose wages have advanced 31%. If so, she can probably afford to pay the higher prices for woolens—*which have not advanced so much as the advance in wages.*

This species of attack need scarcely have further attention than to quote from one of its paragraphs, *in the first eight lines of which* we find the following:—

"*If* we had the correspondence," "we *might* set forth" and "*probably* we shall not go far astray."

Can this be classed as "*evidence*"?

Is it "*information*"?

Can it relate to facts—or to any semblance of facts?

If not, then—how may we class such hypothetical phraseology?

What impression are we intended to get from such utterance?

What is its purpose—what its intent?

* * *

It would be interesting to learn who—or what—has inspired the attacks on "K."

Perhaps the few "small and independent, *because of the nature of their business*," carded woolen manufacturers are behind it.

Can it be possible they believe the American people would allow the sacrifice of *over three-fourths* of the carded woolen industry (*all* its progressive section) and the whole of the much greater worsted industry, in the interest of a few men—*representing less than one-fourth of their own carded woolen industry*, and this fourth the least progressive?

* * *

"Importers are at the bottom of it all!" exclaims a timid one.

We will not believe this *of American importers.*

True—"American Agents" of German, English, and French woolen mills may think the abolition of "K" would result to the advantage *of their employers*—as it certainly would *for a time.*

But—how long do you think this would last?

It is known that German and English woolen manufacturers do not favor "K."

Why should they? But for the protection of "K," these German and English manufacturers could send their cloth to America, and have for German and English pockets profits, and wages, which now go into American pockets, and help to develop "the *second largest industry in America.*"

* * *

"Politics!" shouts a protectionist, as reason for the attacks on "K."

Perhaps!

Indeed, we believe it is usually the case that "the party out" wishes to be "the party in," and it is very possible that the agitation of which "K" is the object is looked upon as "good campaign ammunition."

In speaking of this, however, we cannot refrain from asking the attention of ambitious politicians—and statesmen—for that un-cheerful dilemma in which some of our Congressmen even now find themselves upon their attitude concerning "Canadian Reciprocity."

* * *

It has been hinted that this whole muss has been stirred up by a few writers who

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discount their ability for the renown and glory of so many cents per word.

This? "*A bagatelle!*"

* * *

Inside information to the effect that "publishers, seeking to boom circulation and hoist advertising rates, would kick up any sort of row promising to serve their purposes," can hardly be taken seriously when accompanied by suggestions of a remedy consisting of "weightier business considerations."

* * *

Mid the masses of statement and counter-statement—accusation and counter-accusation—explanation and counter-explanation of the "investigations"—the conscientious seeker for real truth is apt to be struck by one circumstance.

This is *the similarity of objects desired by* those who complain of "K."

For instance, those "small and independent carded woolen manufacturers" demand what they think *might benefit themselves*, but—with no apparent thought for those who might suffer greater comparative loss from their comparatively lesser gain.

Again—importers, asking "free cloth" so as to bring the products of Germany and England over here to compete with American labor, ignore the pockets which would suffer from such importers' increased business.

And thus they proceed.

All those who would have "K" changed *wish only such changes as would benefit themselves*.

"Never mind the rest, so long as *we* are enriched," is the spirit and soul of it all.

In view of this, it may be well to examine *all* complaints with equal care.

Such complaints are subtly worded.

Many of them sound plausible.

But—few are without hidden meaning.

We will do well to study them closely.

* * *

Let us now turn our attention to the other side of the case—to *the constructive effect* of "K."—or what has been accomplished in upbuilding the woolen industry of America, under the wool schedule's protection.

To-day—high-grade worsteds made in America rival the very finest of European made goods.

The American demand is supplied almost wholly, by American manufacturers, with goods of American make.

American mills use all the wool raised in America and import almost as much more "wool in the grease" from Europe, South Africa, South America, and Australia.

Our woolen mills are the largest and finest in the world. They are light, airy, modern, and sanitary. American mill workers perform their labor in clean, pleasant, healthful surroundings.

American labor is the most intelligent.

American machinery is the most modern.

American methods are the most efficient.

What is the result of all this?

The result is the finest of wool cloth, produced under conditions most favorable to healthful labor and—*at lowest comparative cost.*

Why "comparative"?

Because the actual cost of making wool cloth in America is a great deal higher than in Europe.

Our mills seek the best machinery and beat the European manufacturers in efficiency—in methods.

But—European manufacturers do not build mills as comfortable for their workmen, nor do they pay those workmen as high wages.

Therefore, the actual cost of European-made cloth is a great deal less than the cost of similar cloth made in America.

In Europe the mills are old, crowded, dusty, badly lighted, and unhealthful.

In America the mills are new, clean, well lighted, and well ventilated.

This explains why so many European mill workers come to this country every year. They seek better conditions and higher wages.

Did you ever hear of any going back?

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Did you ever hear of American mill workers going to Europe to better their condition?

Wages in England are *half* what they are in America—in France and Germany wages are *one-third* the American.

An English manufacturer who came over to this country and started a mill in Greystone, Rhode Island, pays his hands *more than double* what he paid for the same work in England.

A German manufacturer who now has a mill in Passaic, New Jersey, pays his workmen nearly *three times as much* as he paid for the same labor in Germany.

This is why it costs more to make woolen cloth in America.

The difference is in wages paid to workmen.

The "protection" afforded by Schedule K makes this possible, but—the protection of "K" *barely covers* the difference in wages here and in Europe.

The balance of "protection" for the difference in wages paid workmen is made up by improved machinery, more efficient methods, economies in operation, superior intelligence and *smaller demands of American stockholders for profits.*

All of these items of saving go to help protect American wages—the highest paid in any part of the world.

* * *

Now let us examine the conditions under which American woolen mill workers live.

We need not take the newest and finest mill.

But—neither is it fair to take the oldest mill.

Let us take an average mill—one built five years ago (few of the large mills are older than this).

Let us go to one of the mills owned by the American Woolen Company of America—the Wood Worsted Mill at Lawrence, Mass.

Here we shall discover how the face of American labor is ground in the dust by a "trust."

What do we see?

The Wood Mill is a great, modern, fireproof building—a quarter mile long—six stories high—built in the form of a long, square-cornered, open court.

Lighting, ventilation, sanitary arrangements—all are the most modern that science has produced.

Great windows, modern ventilators, heating plant, water system—everything to protect the health and comfort of workmen and make their work easy and pleasant.

Is there dust?

Yes—in the "combing room," occupying a portion of one floor, but—this dust is not perceptible in the atmosphere. You cannot see dust here unless you look for it in corners. Aside from this necessary dust from the wool in process of combing, the room is clean—scrupulously so.

All other parts of the mill are practically dustless. From cellar to attic, you find only cleanliness—no odors, no accumulating waste, no unsanitary conditions.

Is there noise?

Yes—where the weavers are. Looms cannot be run without racket. Elsewhere, the mill is comparatively quiet.

In this Wood Mill, there are now employed nearly five thousand hands (the limit capacity is over six thousand, with abundance of room for all). There is no crowding—no disorder—no unnecessary clamor.

You are impressed with the intelligent appearance of the workers.

They seem healthy, well dressed, prosperous, and contented.

Everything moves like clockwork, yet—there appears to be no rigid system of rules.

It might surprise you to see over four hundred girls in "the mending room," sitting side by side in pairs, facing each other, chatting as they work. The impression gotten is that of a social meeting—only less noisy. You hear only a gentle hum of conversation—no loud talk.

Seldom will you see a finer-looking—more self-respecting body of men and

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women than are at work in the Wood Mill.

This is the American Woolen Company's largest mill—the largest worsted mill in the world.

Another great mill—" the Ayer "—was completed only last year. The Ayer Mill is " the very latest " in wool mills.

In the Wood Mill, you find many conveniences for the use of employees—conveniences of a kind you rarely expect to find in any industrial institution for the use of the workers.

For instance, there is a moving stairway to take the mill workers to the upper floors. This stairway represents an investment of $130,000. Interest on the investment, cost of maintaining and operating, runs to a good round sum each year. This pays the stockholders of the American Woolen Company no direct dividend. But—it takes women and girl workers to the top floor without tiring them. It saves their backs, and limbs, and breath from the tax of stair-climbing.

Then there is a big, comfortable waiting-room for children who bring lunches to fathers and brothers. At most mills, such children must wait out of doors in all sorts of weather.

At the Wood Mill, " the children's waiting-room " is provided with plenty of comfortable, easy seats.

It cost a lot to build this room. It must be cared for and kept clean constantly—at considerable expense.

But—it protects children from driving spring rains, from torrid summer heat, from the fierce blasts of autumn wind, and from winter's bitter cold, and—that is all that is expected.

This room was built " for the children." It's their room—to keep them warm, or cool, or sheltered, as they may need in different kinds of weather.

There is also a restaurant at the Wood Mill.

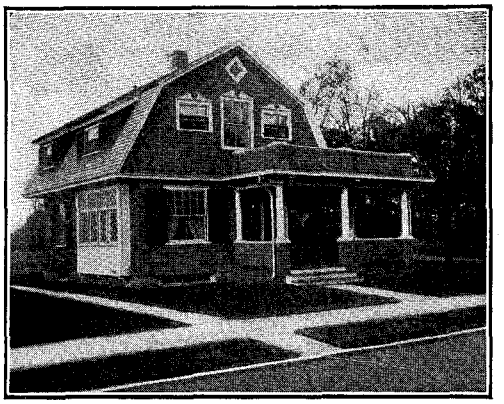
Here, hot lunches—as wholesome food as is found anywhere—are served at cost.

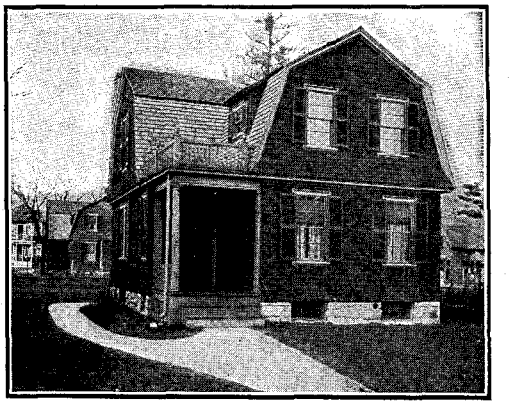
Another matter—the American Woolen Company of America has built many houses for its workmen so they may have the best possible living accommodations at lowest possible cost.

In a great natural park just beyond the Wood Mill, you find detached houses, terrace houses, apartment houses.

This is no attempt at a " model city." Individuality is encouraged—not repressed. A detached house of eight rooms rents for $4.15 a week, a terrace house of four rooms for $2.75, a four-room apartment for $2.85.

Each has a bath-room, electric lights—all the modern conveniences. All are built so they have abundant light and air.





HOUSES BUILT BY THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF AMERICA—FOR THE USE OF ITS EMPLOYEES—AT A RENTAL OF $4.15 PER WEEK

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There are no inside rooms. There are lawns, flower gardens, and vegetable gardens. A recreation park stimulates interest in outdoor sports. There is a big general park—just for walks or to sit in and enjoy. There are schools, and churches, and clubs. Go see all this for yourself and then—ask whether American mill hands are self-respecting, prosperous, progressive.

A visit to the Wood Mill makes one ask whether "trusts" may not, after all, have some good in them and—considering—one finds one's self inclined to answer, "They have."

Not alone in the Wood Mill does one feel the atmosphere of progress—of co-operative team-work—of shoulder-to-shoulder loyalty.

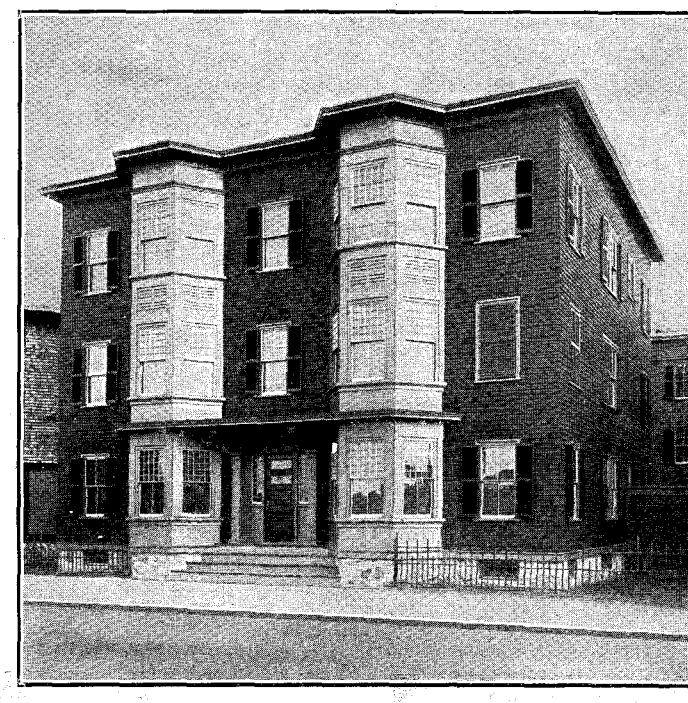
Everywhere about the mills and offices of the American Woolen Company—in its executive departments—in its sales-rooms—in its mill offices—in its mills—all pervasive, is the spirit of working together for a purpose, yes—for an ideal.

Seeking the personality responsible for all this (for "every great organization is the reflection of one master mind"), it is found in Mr. William M. Wood—President of the American Woolen Company of America.

A history of the progressive development of the woolen industry in America during the past decade would be almost equivalent to the story of the life of William M. Wood for that period.

And—such enormous strides have been made in improved conditions under which American wool workers live and perform their labor, that Mr. Wood may be said to be "a welfare worker *for the interest of all mankind concerned with the wool business*," rather than a man who is merely promoting the business interests of a single company in a great industry.

Mr. Wood's company—the "trust"—is



APARTMENT HOUSE BUILT BY THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF AMERICA—IN WHICH APARTMENTS ARE RENTED TO ITS EMPLOYEES AT $2.85 A WEEK

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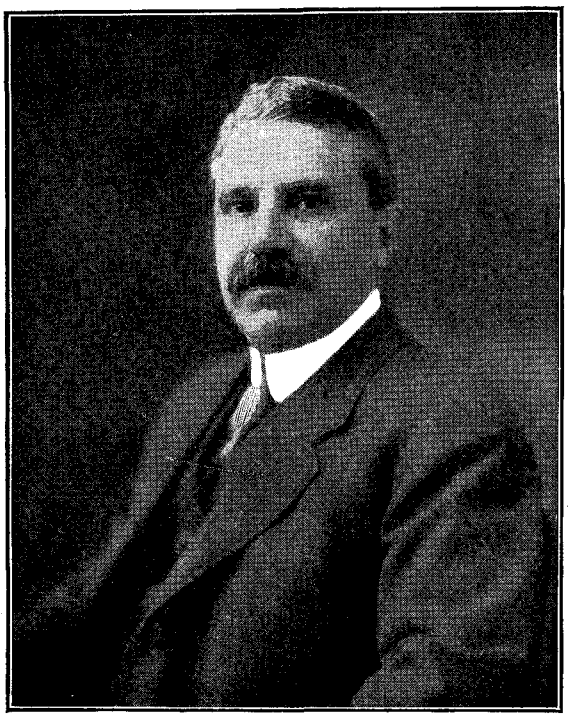
the largest woolen manufacturing concern in the world.

It owns and operates thirty-four mills. Its preferred capital stock is Forty Millions of dollars. Its shares are owned by more than 12,000 people. The average number of shares owned by each is small. These represent savings—often from hard-earned wages.

high, in strength and power of character, to the chief of the American Woolen Company of America.

Mr. Wood is instantly perceived to be the born executive—the man destined to shape affairs, and, in so doing, command the loyalty, co-operation, and affection of his associates.

Asked the why of Mr. Wood's success-



WILLIAM M. WOOD
—PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF AMERICA—
LARGEST WOOL MANUFACTURING CONCERN IN THE WORLD

Mr. Wood is, therefore, chief executive for over 12,000 stockholders, as well as for over 30,000 people who work in the offices and mills of the American Woolen Company of America.

In Mr. Wood, we find a man of qualities so big that he has been able to surround himself with other big men for helpers, and suffer not at all by contrast. Big though they be, few men are shoulder

ful leadership in the woolen industry, a man in charge of one of the American Woolen Company's great mills—a man whose own intellect and achievement also measure full stature—answered, "Because he lets his men do their work. He doesn't interfere with details. He picks his men carefully, outlines their duties, and then—gives them opportunity to 'make good,' unhampered by interference."

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What better description than this for the masterful executive mind? It is power to depute power—ability to know whom to trust, and to what extent—that makes the real executive.

To understand the loyalty of Mr. Wood's associates you need but the measure of the man in your mind's eye. Alert—keen—resourceful—urbane—uniformly kind to all—Mr. Wood's prestige is not difficult to comprehend.

Meeting the man—getting to know him well—learning his virtues and his faults—you feel that even the most critical could not fail to find in William M. Wood—President of the greatest woolen company in the world—a man with whose constructive executive ability few may compare—a man more than equal to his position and the great human interests entrusted to his keeping.

To Mr. Wood—more than to any other one man—are owing the constructive, progressive, up-building, standard-raising, quality-improving conditions prevailing throughout the entire American woolen industry to-day—in the business of other companies as well as that of the American Woolen Company of America.

Do you think such a man as this would—for an instant—tolerate either the spirit or intent of such machinations as have been charged to the account of maintaining Schedule K?

Black as "K" has been painted—loud as has been the outcry by the destructive, and the temperamentally discontented—no man can study the wool tariff, and conditions in the woolen industry of America as they are to-day, and honestly and fairly say that Schedule K is not just to all concerned—to wool growers, manufacturers, mill workers, and to all users of wool in every form.

As the American woolen business further develops, it is possible that the American tariff on wool may be further improved, but haphazard changing of a schedule so important could not but be accompanied by grave dangers.

The welfare—and livelihood—of too many people are involved.

The subject is too serious to be given light attention—half attention—or any save the most profound and considerate attention.

Suppose "K" should be abolished.

Suppose "the Wilson-Gorman law" were re-enacted.

Suppose America should again have "free wool."

Do you know what would happen?

Our wool mills would be closed.

Thousands of men would be out of work.

Thousands would be seeking jobs in other industries.

Millions of dollars' worth of machinery would go to rust.

Our mill towns would see "hard times."

Other industries would suffer.

For—the interests of American people are so inter-knit that no one great American industry can be injured without hurting all the rest.

Throw a quarter million people out of work and those with whom they trade—grocers and meat men, milkmen and dry goods merchants, druggists and clothiers—all suffer.

Men unable to get work in their own industry seek it in other industries.

Competition for jobs brings down wages.

All business—everywhere—gets a setback from such conditions.

People who now wear fine American worsteds might need to go without entirely or else—wear cheap German or English "shoddies."

Our markets would be flooded with cloth of the cheapest and coarsest kind.

German, English, and French mills would prosper.

Sales-men, now working for American houses, would be seeking work with importers—at lower salaries than they now receive.

German and English factories could increase their dividends.

American factories would be in receivers' hands.

Do you think this picture "impossible of realization"?

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Do not allow yourself to be so deceived.

American agents for European mills are even now on the ground. They already have offices established in New York City.

At a moment's notice, they could begin gathering larger sales organizations. In a few months, recruiting from American manufacturers, German and English houses would be fully equipped to go after our trade.

Do you wish to see this?

With "K" repealed, what is described might happen again just so surely as it happened under similar conditions—in 1894.

For what you help pay (and this all comes back to you in the prosperity of your country) to maintain a great American industry, as against foreign labor, are you willing to have the wool workers of America thrown out of jobs, perhaps to seek work in your own industry—to compete with you for your bread?

The case of Schedule K resolves itself into a question purely of constructiveness.

Does "K" benefit America?

Has it helped to build up American industry and ideals?

Though "K" possessed all the faults with which it has been so unjustly charged, has it not still far more than enough merits to offset?

Isn't the balance of good—the great big balance—overwhelmingly *in favor of "K"?*

You need take no one's "say-so" for this.

You need trust no printed statements.

There need be no uncertainty.

Ask those you know to be thoroughly informed.

Ask those you can trust.

Find out for yourself.

If many are self-deceived, none will suffer more through the deception.

* * *

One further word and the case of "K" will be ready for your judgment.

One of the most emphatic denouncers of "K," in writing of the Senate debate on this wool schedule, makes the following statement:—

"*No fair-minded person* can go to the records of the debate on 'K' *without being convinced that 'K' was thoroughly exposed.*"

Thus—it seems that the iniquities of Schedule K were, after all, well aired. All the faults and failings of the tariff on wool were uncovered. Nothing was allowed to remain hidden. Every clause, every phrase, "jokers," "riders," et cetera, et cetera, and so on, were dragged to the light and "exposed" without mercy, and yet—*the schedule was allowed to stand unamended.*

What may we infer from this?

Or may we go farther than inference—may we even feel privileged to feel certain that Schedule K may, in a measure, have been allowed to stand *on its merits?*

If such thorough debate had shown that Schedule K possessed no merits, then—on what was it allowed to stand?

But—let this cross-examination cease.

Let us return to the naked truth.

Let us—once and for all—strip the mask from these shameless "investigations" and let them answer to what they should be called.

The only reliable investigation of Schedule K was that which took place before the House and Senate committees appointed to deal with our tariff.

The investigation of "K" was conducted by reputable American citizens, elected to Congress by the votes of reputable American citizens.

Are we, then, ready to be convinced that the entire machinery of our American Government is corrupt?

Are we wholly mistaken as to the purpose and intent of American institutions and ideals?

The testimony at the investigation of "K" by our Congress was given by wool growing, wool handling, and wool manufacturing experts—men acquainted with the subject—the most intelligent and reliable sources of the information required.

On the strength of this properly author-

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ized investigation—by those properly authorized to investigate, and informed by those competent to inform—through merits thus made apparent, Schedule K was allowed to stand.

Schedule K still stands on its merits—and on its merits alone.

It will continue to so stand until permanently replaced by a better law or—if repealed in haste, without due consideration—Schedule K may be re-enacted by those chosen with wiser foresight, for purposes which time alone may be able to make clear, to administer to misled ignorance the rebuke its mistakes may make necessary.

Enacted by American citizens—maintained by American citizens—protecting all American citizens in fair measure, and with like justice (whether wool grower, wool manufacturer, wool mill worker or "ultimate consumer"), Schedule K—if destroyed by ignorance, malice, or party politics—will ultimately be returned to its own by an indignant and aroused American people whose eyes will then be opened alike to motives, and intent, of "investigations" conducted without authority, and in behalf of interests which have not yet dared to declare themselves in response to the demand that they come forth and stay no longer hid.

The case of "K" is now in your hands.

Evidence for the defense is submitted.

Whatever your verdict, our country must abide by it.

All the five millions of people directly interested in the wool business of America—in whose behalf this side of the case has been presented to you—have faith to believe in the ultimate quality of American justice and fair play.

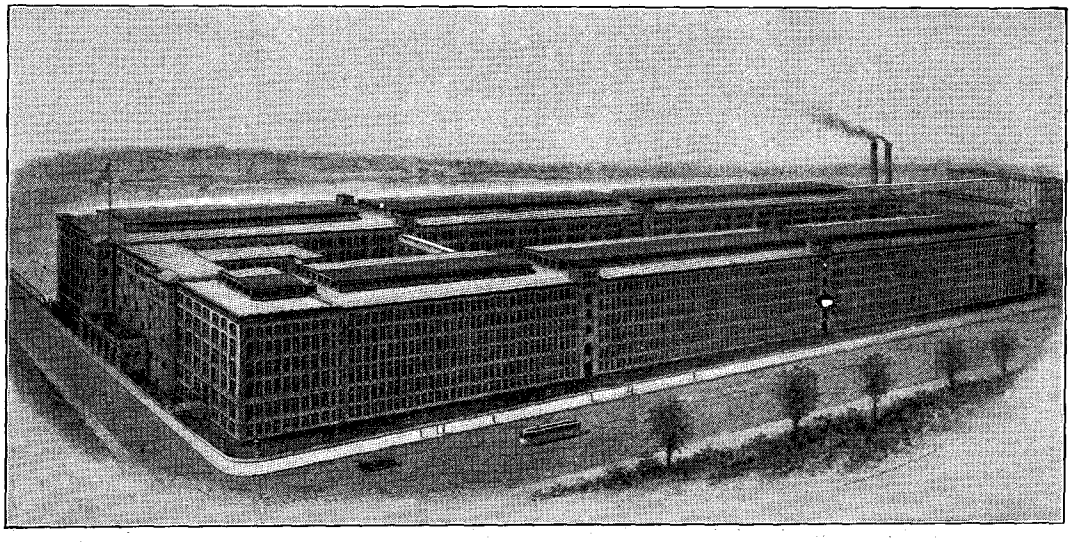
They believe in America, and Americans.

They believe in America—*for Americans.*

They believe in "the square deal" for everybody.

They believe, with the great American General who, upon hearing of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln—the incorruptible American President who, *in spite of all influence*, signed the bill that made the original Schedule K a law—exclaimed, "God reigns and the American Nation still lives."

They believe also in the Golden Rule, and that you will—"Do unto others even as ye would that they should do to you."



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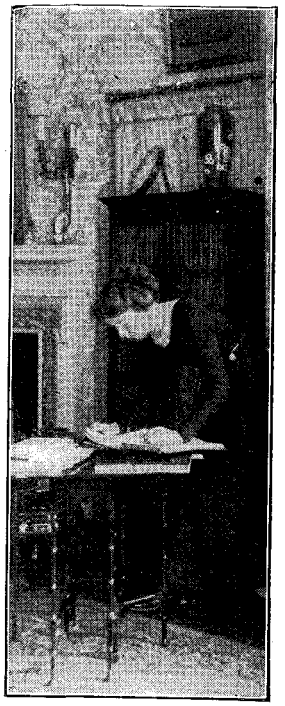

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